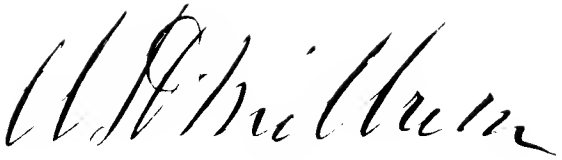
THE

RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS.



RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS,

AND

OTHER LECTURES.

BY

WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY REV. J. McCLINTOCK, D.D.

Portrait of the Author on Steel.

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To

GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.,

A FRIEND,

WHOSE THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS AND BROTHERLY AFFECTION

HAVE BEEN TO ME

A JOY AND BLESSING,

This Volume is Inscribed.

CONTENTS.

THE SYMBOLS OF EARLY WESTERN CHARACTER AND CIVILIZATION.

PAGE

First Invaders, ... 27
The Untamed Wilderness, ... 29
Daniel Boone, ... 31

THE RIFLE.

White and McClelland, ... 35
The Female Captive, ... 37
The Mysterious Shot, ... 39
A Narrow Escape, ... 41
The Real Young America, ... 43

THE AXE.

A Backwoods Marriage, ... 47
The Wedding Dinner, ... 49
A Dance, ... 51
Homes in the Wilderness, ... 53
Justice in the Backwoods, ... 55

THE SADDLE-BAGS.

Preachers in the Wilderness, ... 57
William Burke, ... 59
Good Looks Heretical, ... 61

PAGE
Modesty and Courage, ... 63
Accommodations for Man and Beast, ... 65
The Preacher's Dormitory, ... 67
Henry Beidelman Bascom, ... 69
Value of a Song, ... 71
"Old Jimmy's" Reproofs, ... 73
Judge White Surprised, ... 75
The Work of the Clergy, ... 77
The Vision of John Fitch, ... 79
The Pioneer's Work, ... 81

SONGS IN THE NIGHT; OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS OVER BLINDNESS.

Beauty and Effects of Light, ... 87
The Eye, ... 89
Eminent Blind Men, ... 91
Nicholas Saunderson, ... 93
His Remarkable Sense of Hearing, ... 95
Francis Huber, ... 97
His Investigation in Bees, ... 99
Augustin Thierry, ... 101
Madame Paradisi, ... 103
A Triumph of Resolution, ... 105
Mr. Prescott, ... 107
Francis Parkman, ... 109
John Milton, ... 111
His Early Studies, ... 113
His Controversial Career, ... 115
Premonitions of Blindness, ... 117
Sonnets on his Blindness, ... 119
His Immortal Fame, ... 121
Blindness an Impediment to Oratory, ... 123
Sympathy Necessary to the Speaker, ... 125
The other Senses Quickened, ... 127
The Blind Man's Need is his Gain, ... 129
The Blind Man is an Optimist 131
"I am Old and Blind." 133

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT WOMAN.

Their Various Expounders, ... 139
Old Influences not yet Removed, ... 141

PAGE
"The Bridge of Sighs," 143
True Power lies not in the Physical, ... 147
The Moral Greater than the Intellectual, ... 149
John Howard the Philanthropist, ... 151
Self-education, ... 153
Woman's Sphere, ... 155
Ancient and Modern Women, ... 157
Woman's Capabilities Examined, ... 159
Education Ceases with School, ... 161
Frivolity a Prevailing Evil, ... 163
A Strict Regard of Time Required, ... 165
Earnestness of Female Authors, ... 167
Surfacism, ... 169
Women the Best Literary Instructors, ... 171
A Fast Age, ... 173
Woman's Responsibility, ... 175
Asceticism to be Avoided, ... 177
Pharisaism Replaces True Religion, ... 179
The Power of Sympathy, ... 181
Conversation, ... 183
The Importance of Conversation, ... 185
Educational Suggestions, ... 187
Our Domestic Life, ... 189
An Illustration, ... 191
Class Separatism, ... 193
Evil Influences, ... 195
Woman the True Reformer, ... 197
Domestic Solicitudes, ... 199
Her Moral Requirements, ... 201
Maternal Teachings, ... 203
Practical Counsel, ... 205
Educational Suggestions, ... 207
Future Hopes, ... 209

FRENCH CHIVALRY IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Early Charters of Trade, ... 215
Early Discoveries in the Southwest, ... 217
Exploration of the Mississippi, ... 219
Discouragements of the Colonists, ... 221
The French Charter Renounced, ... 223

PAGE
The Assiento Contract, ... 225
Gold Unsuccessfully Sought, ... 227
Foundation of New Orleans, ... 229
Development of Internal Resources, ... 231
Collisions between the French and Spanish, ... 233
Gradual Growth of the Colony, ... 235
Sufferings of the Colonists, ... 237
Collisions with the Indians, ... 239
French Outrages, ... 241
Massacre at Fort Rosalie, ... 243
Extermination of the Garrison, ... 245
Retaliation by the French, ... 247
Attack upon the Chickasaws, ... 249
Growth of the Louisiana Province, ... 253
Destruction of a French Colony, ... 255
Cession of Territory to the British, ... 257
Cession of Western Louisiana to Spain, ... 259
Oppression of the Spanish Governor, ... 261
Expansion of the Anglo-American Element, ... 263
Purchase of the Louisiana Territory, ... 265
Historical Traditions, ... 267
Incidents of Forest Life, ... 269
Military Tyranny, ... 273
Anecdote of Montberaut, ... 275
Bossu's Anecdotes, ... 277
McGillivray, ... 279
Forest Diplomacy, ... 285
Treaty at New York, ... 291
Character of McGillivray, ... 293
William A. Bowles, ... 295
Establishes a Trading Post, ... 297
Imprisoned by the Spanish, ... 299
The Napoleonist Refugees, ... 301
"The Vine and Olive Company," 303
Ill Success of the Adventure, ... 305
Dispersion of the Settlers, ... 307
Anglo-Saxon Supremacy, ... 309

INTRODUCTION.

It has come to be somewhat common for new writers to get their books introduced to the world by other hands. The practice is not a commendable one; certainly, at least, it requires strong justification in the character of the book, in the circumstances of the author, or in the relations of both to the public.

The present case affords such justification to an ample extent, as the reader who will follow me through a few pages, will freely admit.

I have known William H. Milburn from a boy; his early days were spent within a stone's throw of my father's house in Philadelphia. He was born in that city, Sept. 26, 1823. In early childhood his eyes were injured; the sight of one was lost irretrievably, and of the other, partially. From that day to this he has lived on, nearly, but not quite, blind; sometimes able to read, painfully and slowly indeed, but yet to *read*. A blessing has this small share of occasional eye-sight been to him; many a lesson of wisdom from the printed page has that little corner of a wounded eye let in to feed and stimulate the apt and quick-seeing soul behind it; and now and then, a winged arrow from "the golden quivers of the sky," has shot into that small opening of the elsewhere sightless orb always offering itself as a willing target. But of the brilliant beauty of the fair earth,

trembling in its joy under the ceaseless shower of sunrays on a bright day; of the shining pageants and braveries that every-day life affords to every-day eyes; of the rich dyes that nature is ever dropping from her light-tipped fingers—the crimson, the purple, and the gold of the evening sky—the pale light of stars studding the deep azure—the violet, the purple, and the emerald of garden, and field, and meadow; of the full effluence of

> That tide of glory which no rest doth know,
> But ever ebb and ever flow,

—of all these he knows nothing except by recollection and by imagination.

But he has this great advantage over the born blind, or even over those who have *become* totally blind in after life, that he is not entirely dependent upon what others tell him about the outer world; that he *did* get images of it in his childhood, which still furnish the inner chambers of his soul; and that he yet sees, now and then, at least, a little of the world's beauty—enough to stimulate his fancy and at the same time to rectify its aberrations.

And as the eye, however physically perfect, is only an instrument for the mind to use; as it remains true, now as ever, that the eye only sees in nature what it brings means of seeing; so, Mr. Milburn's little modicum of vision has availed him more, for all purposes of culture, than most men's perfect eye-sight. It is doubtless true, also, that his very defect of vision has quickened his power of attention, enlarged his faculty of observation, and strengthened his memory of things once seen. At all events, in these capacities he is very largely endowed. But, above and beyond all this, he has that richest of all possessions to any man—precious, especially, above all price, to *him*,

> The light that never was on sea or land;
> The vision and the faculty divine,

which floods, for its possessor, all things, visible and invisible, with its unceasing radiance, brighter than the sunlight. Under this inspiration his mind clothes, in its own forms of beauty, the

world of things he sees not; weaves, from its own abundant stores, garments of light and loveliness for his wife, his children and his friends; and creates, from the common material that every-day sounds furnish—from the talk of the fireside; from a friend's voice reading the daily newspaper; from the street cries, the tread of many feet and the rattle of wheels, in the busy city; from the tinkle of cow-bells, the babble of brooks, and the songs of birds in the country—a world of its own, in which he lives (in spite of what appears to be, and is, so great a privation) a life far richer in joy and peace and gladness than falls to the lot of ordinary men.

Mr. Milburn left Philadelphia while yet a boy, and for some years I lost sight of him. The following sketch of the outward facts of his life, written by T. B. Thorpe, Esq., for a New York journal, is in the main, I think, accurate; though it gives no notion of the painful and continued struggles of the half-blind youth in getting on in the world. "We find him at the age of fourteen in Illinois, earning a living as a clerk in a store, and by the aid of friends reading to him, occupying his leisure time in preparing for college, which he finally accomplished, and made great proficiency as a student. In 1843 his health, in consequence of close application, failed him, and active life was prescribed as the only thing calculated to restore him to vigor. Determining to be useful, he commenced his public life as a Methodist preacher, and for two years suffered almost incredible hardships among the cabins of the West. In the fall of 1845, he made his appearance in the Northern and Eastern States, as an advocate for the cause of education in the West, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm, not only on account of his intellectual qualities, but also for his amiable disposition, and eminent social virtues. On his journey north, Mr. Milburn found himself on board of an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become pretty well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of

members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted Mr. Milburn's attention, on account of their exceptionable habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat, that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn, who had up to this time attracted no attention, was hunted up and called upon to 'give a discourse.' He promptly consented, and in due time commenced divine service. The members of Congress, to whom we have alluded, were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal, towards the 'honorable gentlemen,' he said: 'Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of members of Congress; from their position they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct, but from what I have heard of them they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance; nay more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity and drunkenness. And,' continued Mr. Milburn, with the solemnity of a man who spoke as if by inspiration, 'there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Saviour for forgiveness, and reform their lives.'

"As might be supposed, language so bold from a delicate stripling, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had a startling effect. The audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state-room, to think upon what he had said. Conscious, after due reflection, that he had only done his duty, he determined at all hazards to maintain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, if not lynched. While thus cogitating, a rap was heard at his state-room door, a gentleman entered and

stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress—that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and his eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money which they had made up among themselves, and also, their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

"But this chivalrous feeling, so characteristic of western men when they meet bold thought and action combined, carried these gentlemen to more positive acts of kindness; becoming acquainted with Mr. Milburn, when they separated from him, they offered the unexpected service of making him Chaplain to Congress, a promise which they not only fulfilled, but through the long years that have passed away since that event, have cherished for the 'blind preacher' the warmest personal regard and stand ever ready to support him by word and deed.

"His election to the office of Chaplain to Congress, so honorably conferred, brought him before the nation, and his name became familiar in every part of the Union. His health still being delicate, in the year 1847 he went south for the advantage of a mild climate, and took charge of a church in Alabama. For six years he labored industriously in Mobile and Montgomery cities of that State, and in four years of that time, preached one thousand five hundred times, and travelled over sixty thousand miles."

In all his different spheres of ministerial labor, Mr. Milburn devoted himself to his work with the zeal and fidelity which so generally characterize the clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But, as may readily be understood, his blindness was a great impediment to the due fulfillment of the pastoral function under the *itinerant* law of the Methodist ministry. The necessity of removing a growing family from place to place every two years was, of itself, too great a task; and, although Mr. Milburn's great power of endurance, and remarkable physical as well as mental aptitude for public speech, would make it easy for him to discharge the pulpit duties of a fixed and permanent charge, no such permanency of the pastoral relation is compatible with the general system of Methodism. In the summer of 1853 he returned to New York, and fixed his abode

there. Since that period he has devoted himself, first, to his great life-work, preaching the Gospel in such churches in the city as needed occasional service in addition to, or in place of, the regular pastorate; and secondly, to the delivery of public lectures. It was a bold procedure, but its eminent success fully justified its sagacity. Stepping into the field at a time when a number of the richest and most fertile minds in the country were engaged before the public as lecturers, and when the public ear had grown fastidious from cultivation, Mr. Milburn took no second rank, and his reputation is now spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land.

This preëminent success could only have been achieved by preëminent powers. I have already spoken of Mr. Milburn as a man of genius; but this high gift goes but little way in the line of literary life which Mr. Milburn has chosen, unless supplemented by good habits of labor. And his industry is untiring. No source of information within his reach is left unransacked for facts to form the groundwork of his lectures: the reader of this volume will see that in each discourse the *body* is made up of sound and valuable information, in the best sense of the word. He will see, too, that the lecturer's turn of mind is singularly practical; and that in the ethical and religious bearings of his subject, his line of thought is always clear and definite, as of one whose philosophy of life had been the fruit of thorough reflection. Sense—hard, substantial sense—is one of the most marked characteristics of Mr. Milburn's lectures, as well as of his sermons.

Mr. Milburn's devotion to books, and the difficulties with which his path as a student has been environed, have been before spoken of. I cannot do better, upon this point, than to present to the reader the following imperfect newspaper report of an address delivered by him at the "Publisher's Festival," held at the Crystal Palace, in New York, in 1855:

"Mr. President: I sincerely thank you for your honorable recognition of the Clergy. Perhaps that branch of it to which I belong may not be the least worthy to respond to your sentiment, for they were probably the first to penetrate the wilds of

the new countries, carrying those precious commodities—books.

"Were the church compared to an army, I should say that the other clergymen present belonged to the artillery, and good service are they doing in their permanent positions at the batteries and in the trenches, against our common foes, Ignorance and Sin. I happened to be drafted into the Light Brigade, whose service was upon the outskirts of the camp. In a ministry, the twelfth year of which completed itself yesterday, it has fallen to my lot to travel over two hundred thousand miles in the performance of clerical duties. Our training, as itinerant ministers, began in the saddle, and in lieu of holsters, we carried saddle-bags crammed with books for study and for sale; for our church economy held it a duty of the minister to circulate good books, as well as to preach the Word.

"Let me change the figure. Although we were graduates of Brush College and the Swamp University, we were always the friends of a wholesome literature. Picture, then, a young itinerant, clad in blue jean, or copperas homespun; his nether extremities adorned with leggings; his head surmounted with a straw hat in summer, a skin cap in winter; dismounting from the finest horse in the settlement, at the door of a log cabin, which may serve as a schoolhouse or a squatter's home, carefully adjusting on his arm the well-worn leather bookcase. See him as he enters the house of one room, where is assembled the little congregation of half a dozen or a dozen hearers—backwoods farmers and hunters, bringing with them their wives and little ones, their hounds and rifles. The religious service is gone through, regularly as in a cathedral. At its close, our young friend opens the capacious pockets of his saddle-bags, displaying on the split-bottom chair, which has served him as a pulpit, his little stock of books, to the eager gaze of the foresters.

"Thus day after day does the circuit-rider perform his double duties, as preacher and bookseller. Not a few men of my acquaintance have driven a large trade in this line, turning thereby many an honest penny. The plan was designed to work as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways—to place a sound religious literature in the homes of the people, and (as we

bought at a discount of thirty-three per cent.) to enable men whose salaries were a hundred dollars a year (and who rejoiced greatly if they received half that amount) to provide themselves with libraries. But most of my sales were on credit, and some of the accounts are still, after eleven years, outstanding. I therefore quitted the business at the end of the first year.

"From this picture you will see that the relations of the clergy to the book trade are more intimate than may be generally known.

"But wherefore am I speaking, at a festival given to literary men—a man who cannot read? No one would cast a shadow, however slight, upon a joyous scene like this. But if a testimony to the worth of knowledge may be wrung from infirmity, surely a further personal allusion may be pardoned.

"Time was, when after a fashion I could read, but never with that flashing glance, which instantly transfers a word, a line, a sentence from the page to the mind. It was the perpetuation of the child's process, a letter at a time, always spelling, never reading truly. Thus, for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye, to make an artificial pupil, with beaded sweat, joining with the hot tears trickling from the weak and paining organ, to blister upon the page, was my reading done. Nevertheless, as I have striven to study my native tongue in Shakspeare's dictionary, and eloquence in the well-nigh inspired page of Milton, or endeavored to look through the sightless sockets, yet light-giving mind of Homer upon the plain of Troy; or have sat me at the wayside, with solitary Bartimeus, to hear, if we could not see the Son of Man, I have found that knowledge is its own exceeding great reward.

"The waters of the fountain of learning are not the less, perhaps more sweet, because mixed with the bitter drops of suffering.

"Gentlemen booksellers, the leaves you scatter are from the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations. Gentlemen publishers, the well-heads opened in your press-rooms may send forth streams to refresh and gladden the homes of a continent, so that 'the parched land shall become a pool, and the thirsty

land springs of water, and in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with weeds and rushes.'

"But if I magnify the office of a maker and seller of a book, how much more the author's. As Wolfe sadly and sweetly recited Gray's Elegy, upon the St. Lawrence, the night before his glorious fall on the plains of Abraham, he said, 'I would rather have the honor of writing that poem, than of taking Quebec to-morrow.'

"Were I to paraphrase his thoughts to my wish, it would be thus. Could I have written the *Sketch Book* (turning to Mr. Irving), almost every word of which I had by heart, before I was eight years old; or could I have sung that ode commencing, 'The Groves were God's first temples' (turning to Mr. Bryant), which I committed to memory in a saddle on a western prairie, cheerfully would I go through life, binding this badge of infirmity upon my brow, to wear it as a crown; or groping in the unbroken darkness, so were it the Father's will, for threescore years and ten of man's appointed time.

"But what though the Sage's pen and Poet's song be not ours to utter and to wield! Is not the man greater than the author? Nor is theirs any ignoble lot who are called to learn and show that,

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'"

So much for what is peculiar in the circumstances of the author of this book; a few words now as to the book itself. It purports to contain "Lectures for the People," and it must be judged in view of its title. Let the reader remember, too, that Mr. Milburn's training has been that of a *speaker*, not of a writer; that his culture, self-obtained for the most part, though wide and many-sided, has been directed, with a wise economy, to the development of his admirable natural powers of oratory. In the Methodist Church, as is well known, sermons are preached, not read; and it is no part of the aim of a Methodist sermon, in the proper sense of the word, to give simply intellectual pleasure. The ministers and people of that church, in general, agree with William Arthur that in the study for a sermon, "attention to style ought to be with a view, not to beauty, but to power:"

that, in the pulpit, "all thought of style is thought wasted, and even worse. The gift of prophesying, in its very ideal, excludes relying for utterance upon a manuscript, or upon memory. It is the delivery of truth by the help of God."* In this school of preachers, freedom and power are never sacrificed to finish. But in these very points of freedom and power, it is a wonderful school; and Mr. Milburn got his first training as a speaker in it. His sermons are not, in the proper sense of the word, theological; indeed, it may be questioned whether a good sermon *ad populum* ever is. Resting upon a sound and thorough theological basis, and built up, in all its parts, in due relation to theological system, the sermon is an address to the people, aiming to instruct, to convince, to awaken, to alarm, to encourage, to soothe; and it accomplishes these ends best by appealing to the human heart as answering to the grand fundamental facts and truths of Christianity; by bringing its appeals home to men's business and bosoms in simple yet earnest and glowing phrase; by concealing, rather than revealing, its strictly theological or scholastic articulations; and by drawing its illustrations from the field of nature, from the records of history, from the walks of trade, from the every-day current of human life and affairs. In this sense Mr. Milburn is a thoroughly effective preacher; always earnest, always thoughtful, but never coldly correct or artistically dull.

With proper allowance for differences of topic and of aims, what has been said of Mr. Milburn's sermons is true also of his lectures. They are written not only *for* the ear, but, so to speak, *by* the ear. And this is one secret, doubtless, of their eminent success. The popular lecture is not an essay, slowly developing its lines of thought from a central point in careful and strictly logical concatenation, admitting, and often requiring, deliberate and repeated reading to get at its harmonious connections, or, if it be of the lighter sort, to appreciate its delicate turns of thought and niceties of phrase. It aims rather to give broad views that may be apprehended by the hearer as they fall from the lips of the speaker; to afford "ready-made instruction;" to stir up the hear-

* The Tongue of Fire, p. 822.

er's mind to quick yet not laborious activity—an activity that shall cheer and enliven the intellect, rather than weary it. Not that it is to be barren of thought: its range may be as wide and varied, its reach even may be as profound as you please, but it must convey thought by strokes, rather than by elaboration; it must tell a history by pictures, rather than by connected narrative; its logic must be that of analogy and illustration, rather than of obvious syllogism; its ethical teaching must be implied, rather than direct.

Tried by this standard, the lectures in this volume need not fear a thorough scrutiny. And when it is remembered that this is the author's first appearance before the public in print, and that he now appears with a volume announced as a collection of spoken lectures, the reader will only have cause to wonder at the degree of refinement of style and elegance of manner, which the pages of the book display. He will find no ambiguities of phrase; no wandering or meaningless sentences; no paragraphs put in to fill up; but lucid narrative, glowing descriptions, earnest thought, and genial feeling everywhere.

It may be proper to add, that some of the matter of the following pages may have appeared before; but, if so, it has only been in newspaper reports made from the old delivery of the lectures.

J. McClintock.

New York, *Sept.* 10, 1856.

THE

RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS.

THE SYMBOLS OF EARLY WESTERN CHARACTER AND CIVILIZATION.

MAN has been defined to be "a tool-using animal." His implements may be taken as the gauge of his power and the measure of his explorations and conquests in the domain of nature. Ofttimes has it happened that the sublimest results have been achieved by the simplest instrumentalities. With the weak things of this world and the things that are not, hath God brought to naught the things that are, and the things that are mighty. And this further rule holds good—in order to have work well done, your tools must be suited to those who are to handle them. Apollo's lyre is for the poet; for the husbandman, the handles of the plough. Each after his kind fulfills a noble mission, as he goes upon his proper way.

Amid the evolutions of Providence and the developments of history, the period had arrived when a

great task was to be wrought. That magnificent territory, named the Valley of the Mississippi, sweeping away from the foot of the Apalachian chain for thousands of miles, until its undulations are abruptly terminated beneath the gigantic shadows of the Rocky Mountains—that illimitable prairie ocean, dotted with innumerable isles of primeval forest, and with noble groves of later birth—was to be wrung from the grasp of barbarians—was to be reclaimed from the ownership of the wild beast, and made the seat of the greatest empire of Christian civilization.

The object was a lofty one, worthy the prowess and ambition of any race. Spain had tried to achieve it, but Ponce de Leon—typifying Castilian romance—found in the attempt only a death-wound, and his flower-land of immortality refused him even a grave. Hernando de Soto—representing its chivalry—with steel-clad warriors and doughty men-at-arms, with silken pennons and braided scarfs, with lance, and mace, and battle-axe, with blood-hounds to hunt the natives, and manacles to enslave them, with cards for gambling and consecrated oil for extreme unction, sought to subdue the land and to possess it. Leaving a trail of tears, fire, and blood from Tampa Bay to southwestern Missouri, he reared upon a noble bluff of the Mississippi, in the northern corner of what is now the State of Arkansas, the first cross ever planted within the limits of this Republic, and there performed the ceremony of the Mass, sixty years before the French ascended the St. Lawrence River, and eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Perishing of the wilderness, his body is committed to the custody of the yellow waves of his own

"Rio Grande"—their roar his requiem, their depths his mausoleum. Never did a prouder armament than his set sail from Spain—a thousand brave men and true. Three hundred beggared adventurers alone returned to Mexico, with tidings that broke the heart of Donna Isabella, De Soto's noble wife. And the land of the future is none the richer for chivalry, save by a spray of amaranth and a sprig of cypress, from the graves of a gallant knight and a true-hearted lady.

Jesuitism and feudalism next sought to achieve the conquest. A hundred and thirty years after the burial of De Soto, the saintly Marquette reaches the upper Mississippi, through the outlet of the "river of sky-colored water," and names it the River of the Conception. Seven years later, La Salle traversed the liquid highway to the Gulf, and called it the River Colbert. The priest strove to convert the savages and win them to the true faith. The commercial soldier sought, by the erection of a line of posts from Niagara to the Balize, to render the land tributary to the crown of the Grand Monarch. The Jesuit sleeps at Mackinaw, the trader in the plains of Texas. The ambition of the latter was as futile as the pious zeal of the former. Neither for a fief of the See of Rome, nor for a province of the empire of the lilies, had the land been held in reserve by the God of the nations. It was kept in store for a grander race than that from which Robert Cavalier de la Salle had sprung—for the empire of a simpler and mightier faith than that preached by the holy and intrepid James Marquette. The sons of men who won their liberties at Runnymede; of men who

had learned to read the open English Bible by the light which God's Spirit had kindled in their hearts; of men who had renounced lands and homes for faith and freedom dearer than life, were to become the winners of this soil. Glorious conscripts were they, sublime in their lowliness, fit for the great task. Hard fought was their battle, and long; ours are the fruits of their victory. Theirs was the march in the desert; the goodliness of the triumph they saw only as in Pisgah's vision; we dwell in the peace and plenty of the promised land.

What the might of Castilian valor, the unconquerable devotion of Jesuit zeal, the indomitable will of feudal power were unable to accomplish, was wrought out by a few simple men with a few homely tools—tools, be it observed, suited to their hands. The implements are symbolic of the men and of their period—the Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags. They typify the hunter, the pioneer farmer, and the early travelling preacher.

On a fine spring morning, in the year 1769, a humble hunter crossed the threshold of his log cabin, on the head waters of the Yadkin River, in the province of North Carolina. The brutal Governor Tryon, with his myrmidons, had been laying waste the country, and violating the rights of the colonists. Population, with its westward instinct, had been pressing into the neighborhood, until the eye of the hunter, as he stood in his door-yard, could note the hour of breakfast by the smoke from a score of chimneys. He was neither morbid nor misanthropic; yet, disgusted by the license of sheriffs and the tricks of lawyers, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the neigh-

borhood of settlers, longing for the freedom of the forest and of the unbroken prairie, his ear had welcomed the tale of his friend, John Finley, who, two years before, had visited a region called by the savages, "the dark and bloody ground." Glowing, indeed, was the story which the trader told of the goodliness of the land; of its beautiful streams, clear as crystal; of its glorious woods, where the wind was the only feller; of its plains which a share had never furrowed, covered with sward freshly green as emerald, decked with flowers of countless hues and ceaseless fragrance; of salt licks visited by herds of buffalo which no man could number—thronged by bear and deer—a region where larger game was in such plenty, that the woodsman disdained to waste a ball upon a turkey. Greedily did the ear of the hunter drink in the tale, great was the longing of his heart that his eye might look upon the land, and his foot press its virgin soil. Much does he brood and dream in the two long years, from '67 to '69, amid his solitary hunts and rambles, of this new paradise. His desire has ripened into a passion, and now, on this bright May morning, his plough is forsaken in the middle of the furrow, his team is left afield. Hastening to his cabin, his rifle is snatched from its pegs, a store of powder and bullets provided, his knapsack filled with "dodgers," and strapped upon his shoulders; and here, outside the door, he stands, beneath the shadow of a spreading tree; his tall and manly form cased in buckskin, his face bronzed by wind, and sun, and storm; silent as an Indian, agile as a deer, tough as a panther. Around that man's name time has summoned the surviving

arts to do him honor and homage. The sculptor has invoked the chisel and the imperishable marble to perpetuate his form. The painter has employed color and canvas to transmit his look and features. History, with her iron pen and adamantine tablet, has come to write his fame; and poetry, divinest of them all, has laid upon his brow the perennial garland of song. But he is sad. While the hunter longs for the forest, has not the father and the husband a heart? Wife and children are near at hand to say good-bye, perhaps for ever. Tears overflow the eye, unused to weep. A hasty farewell, and he is gone. A toilsome march of six weeks, with five companions, across the Alleghanies, through the valleys of the Clinch and the Holston, over the Cumberland range, and his goal is gained. Is it not an Eden, this land upon which his eye now rests? A more glorious realm the foot of man hath never trod since Joshua crossed the Jordan. A great joy dwells in the heart of Daniel Boone, for the half had not been told him.

Our backwoodsmen enjoy a hunt of six months and a half, when Boone and one of his companions, William Stewart, are taken prisoners by a band of savages. A week's captivity, and they escape. Soon afterwards Stewart is shot by the savages. The others of the party, intimidated, resolve instantly to retreat; not so Boone. He has come to see the land from end to end, nor will he falter, whate'er betide, until the end be reached. They go, but he remains. He is the one white man who dares to trust himself alone with Nature. We call him a backwoods hunter; is he not a kind of poet too, whose song reaches none but his own heart? That incense-

breathing atmosphere fills him with unspoken gladness, the early morn blushes him a greeting, midday paints the world with splendor for the wayfarer, and the gorgeous hues of sunset are gathered up and thrown around his path, as if the parting day would smile him to his rest. The green savannah spreads beneath his glance until its verdant edge blends with the soft light of the horizon. Here the tall shafts of majestic trees tell whence came the architecture of Gothic churches. Pebbly brooks lift their sweet voices to his ear; while the face of creek and river wears the sheen of molten silver. Is not this an apocalyptic vision for the wanderer?

Partly alone, partly accompanied by his brother, he spies out the riches of the land. He has need to be wary, for sleepless enemies are seeking him, but he eludes their lynx-eyed vigilance. The woods and meadows of Kentucky are sown with a peculiar thistle which long retains the imprint of a foot. The Indians, in large parties, do not seek to conceal their trail. Boone and his brother, avoiding this tell-tale weed, completely obliterated their own footprints. The earth is bare to the eye of the savages. To the tutored gaze of the white men it is as if covered with snow, revealing the presence and number of their enemies. Thus are two years spent by our hardy yeomen, pioneers of the Anglo-American family.

Two years and a half more are dreamed and hunted away by Boone upon the Yadkin, until, in September, 1773, with a company of six families and forty armed men, he starts to take possession of his paradise. The teams are slowly laboring up the difficult side of Cumberland Gap, when, unexpected as

a bolt from a cloudless heaven, an iron sleet falls upon the movers' rear, from an Indian ambuscade. The savages are instantly routed; but six whites are slain, among whom is Boone's eldest son—first fruits of the fearful harvest which war must reap and garner before peace can assert and maintain its title to Kentucky and the West. Thus far in history man's right to all his best possessions has been written in blood. Well had the Indians named their choicest hunting grounds the "dark and bloody land." Thus shall it be for the Americans, also, for many a sad year to come. For more than twenty years—from the delivery of that fatal volley, in 1773, until Wayne's treaty, in 1795—the din of war was never hushed upon the frontier. It is not my purpose to trace the eventful story of Daniel Boone, nor to portray the growth and spread of American society in the West. My design is neither biographic nor historical, but simply to present a series of pictures which shall delineate the character of the people, and the lives they lived.

I.

THE RIFLE.

The following story illustrates the historical period of which I take the Rifle for the symbol.

As early as the year 1790, the block house and stockade, just above the mouth of the Hockhocking River, constituted a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the Northwestern territory. Among the most luxuriant of the many beautiful prairies of that region, were those which lay along the Hockhocking valley, and especially that portion of it in which the town of Lancaster now stands. This neighborhood, on account of its beauty, richness of soil, and picturesque scenery, had been selected as the site of an Indian village. It afforded a suitable place for the gambols of the Indian children, as well as the central point for assembling the Indian warriors. Here the tribes of the West and North met in council, and from this spot they went forth upon the war-path in different directions. Upon one of those occasions, when the war-spirit moved mightily among those sons of nature, when the tomahawk leaped in its belt, and the spirits of their friends, slain on the field of battle, visited the warrior in his night-vision, and called upon him to rouse and avenge them, it was ascertained at the garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking,

that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking a blow on some part of the frontiers. To meet this crisis, two of the most skillful and indefatigable spies were dispatched to watch their movements and report.

White and McClelland, two of the most experienced scouts at the post, on a balmy Indian summer day, took leave of their fellows, and set out on this hazardous enterprise. With stealthy step they skirted the prairies, and successfully prosecuted their hidden march, until they reached that remarkable prominence, now known as Point Pleasant, which stretches, an isolated promontory, into the valley, from the eastern side; its western termination rising abruptly from the river's edge, in a perpendicular cliff several hundred feet high, and its bare and lofty summit commanding a wide prospect over the extensive bottom. This point being gained, the spies could see every movement of the savages in the valley below. From their hiding-place, on the crest of the bluff, they daily looked down upon the Indian village in the meadows near the northern base, and upon the booths around it, erected for the use of the war-parties, successively arriving. They watched the younger warriors, engaged in horse-racing, foot-racing, leaping, tomahawk-throwing, or performing the wild ceremony of the war-dance: while the sachems and old men looked on with Indian indifference, the squaws passed to and fro on the errands of their usual drudgery, and the children ran and gambolled hither and thither among the huts. The whoops and shouts of the young men rose to their ears, mingled with the musical laughter of the more youthful squaws, and the shrill and dis-

sonant voices of the feminine elders. The arrival of every new war-party was greeted with terrific yells, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, were driven back by the various indentations of the bluffs beyond the valley, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a festival. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry. To our spies, however, they were but martial music; strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their veteran courage. From their early youth they had been on the frontier, and were well practised in all the subtleties of Indian warfare. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor, without a desperate conflict to fall victims to the scalping-knife or tomahawk. On several occasions small parties left the prairie, and ascended the mount from the eastern side. At such times the spies secreted themselves in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west, coming forth from their hiding-places when their unwelcome visitors had disappeared.

For food they depended on jerked venison and corn-bread, with which their knapsacks were well stored. They dared not kindle a fire; and the report of one of their guns would have brought upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they used the rain water which stood here and there in the hollows of the rocks; but in a short time this store was exhausted, and McClelland and White found that they must abandon their enterprise or obtain a new supply. McClelland, being the oldest, resolved to make the dangerous attempt; and with his rifle in

his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended, by a circuitous route, to the prairie, skirting the hills on the north; under cover of the hazel bushes, he reached the river, and turning a bold point of a hill, found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the bank, now known by the name of "Cold Spring." He speedily filled his canteens and returned in safety to his companion. It was hereupon determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and the duty of bringing it was performed alternately.

One day, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it came bubbling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him. Upon turning the point of the hill, the eldest squaw, seeing him, gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camps or the town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death upon the squaws, and in such a manner, if possible, as to leave no trace behind. Rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he instantly sprang upon his victims, and, grasping the throat of each, jumped into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest under water; but while making strong efforts to submerge the other, who powerfully resisted him, what was his astonishment to hear her address him in his own language, though in almost inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a captive

for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling; that the Indians had killed all her family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but that he succeeded in making his escape on the second night after he was taken. During this narrative White had drowned the elder squaw, and had let her float off with the current. He then directed the girl to follow him, and pushed rapidly for the mount. They had scarcely gone half-way, when they heard the alarm-cry a quarter of a mile down the stream. A party of Indians, returning from a hunting-excursion, had reached the river just as the body of the squaw floated by. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the summit, where McClelland had been no indifferent spectator of the commotion among the Indians. Parties of warriors had struck off in all directions; and White and the girl had scarcely arrived, before a band of about twenty had reached the eastern declivity of the mount, and had commenced the ascent, cautiously keeping under cover. The spies watched their swarthy foes as they glided from tree to tree, and rock to rock, until their position was surrounded, except on the perpendicular side to the westward, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do; advising the girl to escape to the Indians and tell them that she had been taken prisoner. This, however, she refused to do, and insisted upon remaining with them, assuring them that she was a good shot, and begging to be furnished with a rifle, which, however, they were unable to supply.

The two spies, though so far outnumbered, were

admirably posted. The very rocky and broken surface of the summit of the hill, served to prevent the Indians from discovering the number of men that held it; while, from the nature of the ground below, no savage could advance beyond a certain line without becoming exposed to the aim of the unknown marksmen above. Beyond this space, the warriors availed themselves of the rocks and trees in advancing; but in passing from one side of it to the other, they must be exposed for a short time; and a moment was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians, being entirely ignorant of the number of their adversaries in ambuscade, were the more cautious in their approach.

While bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, the whites discovered a new danger. The foe were evidently preparing to attack them on the flank; which could most successfully be done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern side of the hill. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point blank shot of their rifles, without the possibility of escape. The two scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation; for only a brave companion and unerring shot could avert the peril. Nevertheless, with characteristic coolness, they continued their defence, and, calculating the additional chances against them, endeavored, as far as possible, to provide for the new emergency.

McClelland saw a tall and swarthy warrior preparing to spring from a covert, so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life would then be gone. He felt that all depended

upon one successful shot, and although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all; and coolly raising his rifle to his face, and shading the sights with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt confident it would do execution. He touched the trigger—the hammer came down—but instead of striking fire it broke the flint to pieces. Although he felt assured that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he nevertheless coolly proceeded to the task, casting his eye towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior straining every muscle for the leap, and with the agility of a panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock he gave a hideous yell, and his dark body rolled lifeless down the steep into the valley below. He had received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed from below the terrible shout. It was evident that they had both lost a favorite warrior and been disappointed in an important movement. The respite was of short duration. In a few minutes the spies caught a glimpse of another athletic savage cautiously advancing to the covert recently occupied by his companion. At the same time the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence. McClelland saw the warrior preparing for the fatal spring. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somerset, his corpse rolled down the mountain side towards that of his companion. Again some unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice

cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew, to devise some new mode of attack. This intermission came most seasonably to the spies, who had kept their ground and bravely maintained the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

Now for the first time the spies observed that the girl was missing; they were conjecturing that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight; but she was soon seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming toward them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some distance before the rest, and while some of them changed their position, she resolved at once to secure his gun and ammunition; and crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise. Her keen and watchful eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the unseen hand by which the warriors fell. The last was the most intrepid and bloodthirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and sisters and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now in the west rose dark clouds which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the hoarse muttering of distant thunder foretold a coming storm. Thick darkness shrouded the earth, and greatly embarrassed the spies with the dread that in their contemplated night escape, they might lose their way, and accidentally fall into the hands of their enemy. Upon short consultation, it was agreed that the girl should go foremost, both on account of her knowledge of the

localities, and as a protection in case of falling in with any parties or outposts; since from her knowledge of the Indian language, she could readily deceive the sentinels. They had scarcely reached the eastern base of the mount, before they heard a low "*whisht*" from their guide. At this they sank silently on the ground, where, by previous arrangement, they were to remain until the signal was given to move on. Her absence for the space of a quarter of an hour began to excite suspicion that all was not right, but they were relieved by her return, when she informed them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels, who were immediately in their route, a short distance ahead. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' triggers was heard by the girl, who gave another significant "*whisht*," and whispered that they were now in the very midst of the Indian camps, and that their lives depended on maintaining the most profound silence. Implicitly obeying her directions, and following her footsteps, they proceeded, but had not gone far before the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. To the salutation, the girl replied in the Indian language, and pressed on. In a short time, she stopped, and turning, informed them that they had left the camps, and were out of the greatest danger. She knew that every pass was guarded by the Indians, and had resolved to adopt the bold measure of passing through the centre of their encampment as least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of

her judgment. They now directed their course for the Ohio river, and after three days' travel, arrived safe at the block house. Their escape prevented the Indians from their contemplated attack, and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Cornelius Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and the renowned spy of Captain Simon Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

Such was the mettle of the people, and such were the dramatic incidents with which their lives were interspersed.

It was a period for the ascendency of Young America. I do not mean the thing which has been introduced to us by the satirists, under this title. In this time of ours, when the sexes seem undergoing a transmigration, at least when the distinctions of their apparel are destroyed; when the women are doing in public what they have been so long accustomed to in private—wearing the pantaloons; and the stronger sex, by way of retaliation, have stolen their shawls—you may note upon Broadway, or the promenade of any of our principal cities, a dapper, diminutive thing, which seems to possess some features of both sexes, and yet the distinctions of neither. Its legs remind you of pipe-stems, its arms of oaten straws. It ogles every woman that it meets—staring with brazen-faced impudence, till she, from very shame, must drop her eyelids, to shut out this apparition—half brute, half baby. It talks magniloquently of first circles, and old families, until you fancy that its lineage dates from Doomsday Book; yet its father—excellent and worthy man—began life as an obscure tailor, or shoemaker, or brick-layer, and by

the use of such gifts as he had, by his industry, economy, and enterprise, has achieved fortune and social position, and is now enjoying as he should the fruits of his labor. He is a notable man, but unfortunately does not know how to raise boys. Our dandy, in childhood, is dismissed from school as a dunce; in youth, is expelled from college as a rowdy. He goes to Europe to finish his education; sleeps at all the places of picturesque, romantic, and historic interest; nods in the Vatican; votes St. Peter's a bore, because it is so big; spends most of his time and money in Paris; boasts of his exploits with the nymphs of the ballet and the Opera—to wit, the chamber-maids at his lodging-houses. Returning home, he folds his arms upon his breast, and with a saddened self-complacency, pronounces this a wooden country, not fit for a gentleman to live in. Henceforth, he aspires to become a connoisseur of horse-flesh, an amateur in cigars, brandy-smashes, and gin cock-tails; whilst his lofty ambition is appeased in that he is a peripatetic advertisement for tailors and washer-women. Do you call that thing Young America? This is a disgraceful use of words. It has never been young since it was a baby; and as to there being anything American about it, I repudiate the implication with scorn.

That whereof I speak under this designation, was all muscle, nerve, backbone. Take an illustration. A lad, thirteen years of age, was sent by his father on the northern border of Kentucky, to look for the cows which had strayed into the woods. The country was infested by the savages; so the boy picked his steps, and kept his rifle ready. A well-known scout, who had been out lying on the trail of the

Indians, and, for the greater success of his mission, was so painted and feathered that the most practised eye could not distinguish him from a savage, saw the lad, and thought to enjoy a little fun at his expense. Sounding the shrill war-whoop, he sprang behind a tree, supposing the urchin would run away; but real Young America does not run from danger. The boy treed too. The scout, peeping out to see, as he supposed, the receding back and flying heels of the youngster, received a bullet in his brains, and fell a sacrifice—not to the cowardice of Young America.

Boys of thirteen did good service in the country's cause. Boys of fifteen were mustered into the ranks as soldiers. Boys of seventeen ambled as peaceably in the harness of Hymen as our bachelors of forty now do.

But the fighting times cannot always last. The Indian must submit to his destiny, and vanish from the presence of the whites. His doom is to follow his buffalo to the West. When the buffalo is broken to become the yoke-fellow of the ox, the Indian may rest where he stands, or return toward the rising sun. The aboriginal bison and red man alike refuse the burden of labor; together they must perish.

Although war no longer invokes the rifle, it is retained in constant use. To this day there is a law upon the statute book of Kentucky—unless repealed within a year or two—requiring that every male citizen between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, shall, within every twelvemonth, kill a certain number of crows and squirrels. So it has passed into a proverb, that a Kentuckian is a dead shot on a squirrel's eye with a rifle at a hundred yards.

II.

THE AXE.

But now there comes to be associated with the gun another implement, homely enough, but which has played a conspicuous part in the drama of American civilization. It is the Yankee axe.

Perhaps I may give a sufficiently graphic picture of society during the axe period of the country's history, by a series of sketches relating to an event of perennial interest to humanity. Will you have a description of a western wedding in the quaint old days of pioneer life?

Early on a fine morning, there rides up to the door of a log-cabin, one of our Young American friends, about eighteen years of age, on his father's best horse and best saddle—if that worthy gentleman own a saddle—the likelihood is that it is nothing but a blanket. In the door stands a blithe and buxom lassie of fifteen summers, but fully grown and finely moulded. Saluting her frankly, he presents his horse fair to her. Without recourse to block or stile, she lays one hand confidingly on his knee, the other on the horse's rump, and throws herself gracefully into the pillion behind him. Thus riding double, they start for the parson's, three or four of of his male friends bearing them company. There

are no roads except bridle-paths, and they therefore ride in Indian file. The old fighting times have taught them one good lesson, to hold their tongues unless they have something to say; hence the party is a silent one. Half a dozen or a dozen miles are passed, when a clearing in the woods is gained, in the centre of which stands a lowly cabin. In its door you shall see one, two, three, four—as it were, a series of short steps—of tow-headed urchins, who announce to the inmates the approach of the company. The foremost rider gives the customary hail, "Hillo, the house there." In obedience to this summons there appears upon the threshold a large, raw-boned gentleman, not in cassock, bands and surplice, not even in clerical black, but in a linsey-woolsey or buckskin hunting-shirt. Seeing the strangers, he courteously invites them to alight and come in. Before this invitation is complied with, however, the candidate for matrimonial honors inquires, is the parson at home? His interlocutor responds that he is that person. Whereupon the young man announces, "You see, this young woman and me have come here to git married; kin you do it?"

"Well, I reckon."

"Well, we're in a great hurry, kin you do it quick?"

"Certainly."

The ceremony is proceeded with as regularly as if it were in a cathedral. The young people's hands are joined, and the good man's benediction is given as he pronounces them man and wife. The new husband asks,

"Is that all, parson?"

"That's all I can do for you."

Straightening to his full height with great dignity, the young man inquires,

"Well, parson, what's the damage?"

Parsons are modest men. With a blush and a stammer, our clerical friend intimates that the less said upon that subject the better.

"Oh, no, parson," responds the young backwoodsman. "I wish you to understand that I don't choose to begin life on tick."

Simple folk that they were, they held that a wife who was not worth paying the parson for, was not worth having. Thus urged, the clergyman signifies,

"Anything that is pleasant to you is agreeable to me."

Whereupon the young husband requests one of his friends "to fetch *it* in off the horse's neck."

Doubtless, the wisest of you, if you have never lived upon the frontier, would be puzzled to tell what that is on the horse's neck. It turns out to be a *corn-shuck horse-collar*. This is the parson's fee, and right glad he is to get it.

The bridal train return as they have come, until within a half mile of the bride's father's cabin, when all the young men of the party, save the one with the lady behind, start at a helter-skelter gallop through the woods, dodging the limbs, jumping the fallen trees, yelling and screaming as if they were crazy. This is what they call the bottle race. In the door of the cabin stands a gentleman, his arm uplifted, grasping in his fist a great black bottle, which he is shaking desperately, as if to incite the racers to

greater speed. Up rushes the foremost of the horsemen, clutches "black Betty," gives her one triumphant wave around his head in token of his victory, applies her mouth to his mouth, imbibing the consequences, and then returns to our young couple, that they may drink their own health and happiness, in the best bald-face whisky the settlement furnishes.

And now here are assembled all the neighbors from miles around—men, women, children and dogs. The men have been amusing themselves with the usual athletic sports of the border, flinging the rail, hurling the tomahawk, pitching quoits, wrestling, running foot and horse races, and shooting at a mark. The women are mostly busied about the barbecue. A trench has been dug, in one end of which you will see the flames blazing, in another the coals smouldering. Here the meats are being prepared for mastication.

But it is now high noon, dinner-time the world over, so think our simple-minded farmers. The grand repast is served beneath a rustic arbor, formed by leafy branches. Here, upon the puncheon slabs, are served bear meat, buffalo meat, venison, wild turkey, and, as the daintiest of all the delicacies, baked 'possum. For side dishes, you have "big hominy," pyramids of corn dodgers, with plenty of milk and butter, if the country be far enough advanced for cows. If not, bear's oil must take the place. It is used as a sop for bread, as gravy for meat, and is pronounced wonderful by those who like it. The men draw their hunting-knives from their belts, commence the business of carving, using

their fingers for forks. Every mother's skirt is clutched by her brood of little ones, begging for dodger and gravy, while around every hunter, fawn and leap his hounds, begging for their share of the repast.

Shall I attempt a description of their personal appearance? They are all large, very large, men, women, and babies. The men averaging over six feet in height, and broad in proportion, are clad in deer-skin hunting-shirts, leggins, and moccasins of the same material. When a gentleman wishes a pair of stockings, he fills his moccasins with dried leaves. Around the waist is a belt with a sheath for the hunting-knife, and another for the tomahawk. Descending from the shoulders are straps supporting the bullet-pouch and powder-horn. The head is surmounted by a coon-skin cap, the tail of the animal gracefully pendent between the shoulders—the only ornament upon the person masculine.

But what am I to do with the gear of the ladies? While the fighting is going on, when the small stock of store goods brought from the older settlements has been exhausted and there are no stores, before the home-made looms can be put in operation, the women are obliged to fall back upon the material employed by their husbands and sons, and thus manufacture their garments from deer-skin. You can readily conceive that when a lady has been thoroughly drenched in a hard shower, and is drying herself before a blazing fire, her garments shall be a very tight fit, but now the spinning-jenny and the loom are in daily use, and they are dressed in cloth of their own making. Copperas, madder, and the

other dyes, have not yet been introduced, wherefore, they say, by poetic license, white cloth; in sooth, it is only a dirty brown. Mantua-making has not been imported from Paris, and, in consequence, the cut and make are of the most primitive description. The sleeves resemble miniature corn-sacks, through which the hands are thrust; the dresses are gathered at the neck, but gathered nowhere else, and fall gracefully—or gracelessly—around the person. But one young lady at this frolic, as at all frolics, is the cynosure of every beholder. She has prevailed upon her father to go a journey of fifty miles to the "Falls"—Louisville—to buy her a new dress. It is bought and she has it on, but, what catastrophes will not ensue when young ladies entrust the purchase of their wardrobe to their fathers. The dress is of calico —for calico is the velvet and *moire antique* of the time, but it is a furniture calico, of a very large figure, and very red. But the old hunters are staring at her as if their eyes had never greeted such a vision of ravishing beauty. The old ladies are winking and nodding, and whispering to each other that "that gal's extravagance will spile the whole family." Need I say what the young ladies are doing? Or the young gentlemen? Who does not know the power of fine dress to breed envy and win attention?

Here, then, they stand around the hospitable board, a healthy, hearty, happy set of people, without a twinge of neuralgia, or a symptom of dyspepsia in the company. This you would believe, could you see them eat. Dinner ended, the second part of the programme begins; and what can this be but a dance. Wherefore the old black fiddler is intro-

duced, who, after making the inevitable preliminary flourishes with his bow, bids them choose partners and start. Remember that they are dancing as our English forefathers danced, on the green sward, in the checkered shade. And here I am reminded that they are a rough and unsophisticated people, for the only styles they are acquainted with are the Virginia reels, jigs, and shake-downs. If you had mentioned mazourka, polka, schottische, redowa, in connection with dancing, they would have stared as if they thought you crazy. In sooth, had they known these figures, I much question their adopting them; for they held it as a primary axiom in domestic morality, that it was the business of every man to hug his own wife, and let other women alone, and the province of the lady to submit to that delicate process only at the arms of her lord, or her lover, at farthest. But we, with our superior refinement and morality, can afford to practise the styles sometimes called fancy—more properly affectionate—imported from the sinks of European prostitution, while we scout as rude and vulgar the borderers and their scruples. On they caper, "till the livelong daylight fails," when, if not to "the spicy nut-brown ale," they betake themselves for recuperation to a cold cut and "black Betty." Through the thickening darkness, blazing pine-knots from fire-stands shed a lurid glare, affording light enough to dance by. Thus they proceed till daylight, halting in the middle watch for another "bite and swig." As the ruddy glow steals along the eastern sky, worn-out and barefooted—for moccasins will not bear everything—they hie them home to rest.

A day or two thereafter, you shall see every man who has been at the party, coming to the "infair." With his rifle on his shoulder, that, if occasion serve, he may "drop a deer in his tracks," attended by his pack of hounds, who follow him everywhere, to church and funerals, as well as to weddings, our trusty hunter bears along his axe. Reaching the site selected, he finds a group of hardy woodmen stripped for their work, wielding their axes with gigantic strength and dexterous aim. The great trees of the forest shiver, groan, and fall with a thunderous crash. Logs of the proper length are cut and notched; brawny arms lift them to their places; clap-boards for the roof are split, and puncheons* are hewed for the floor, and in a trice the new house is raised. In the centre of the floor, four augur-holes are bored, in which are inserted stakes. On these, two puncheons are placed, which constitute the table. Four other auger-holes are bored in one corner of the cabin, in which are inserted four stakes with forked tops. In these are laid saplings, on which rest strips of bark, or, in their place, buffalo skins are tightly drawn. Dried leaves are then collected as a mattress; the upper side of the tick being constituted of skin; and thus you have bed and bedstead. A rude dresser is hewn in another corner of the cabin, which shall contain the little stock of pottery, tin and iron ware. Three or four three-legged stools—to be followed in

* A puncheon is made by splitting a log eighteen inches in diameter, the hewed side laid uppermost or outermost. They are used for floors, doors, benches, &c.

after years by a dozen or twenty more, as necessity may require—and, in course of time, a sugar-trough for a cradle, complete the furniture of the dwelling. At his leisure, the young man shall arrange a set of buckhorns over the door, as pegs whereon to rest his rifle; and construct a loom, that his wife may prosecute her weaving, for she has brought with her a spinning-jenny as her dower. The "house is warmed" by means of another party, and our newly-married pair start upon the sober jog of wedded life.

Humble indeed were these households of the first settlers. But around these cabin-homes of the wilderness, God's angels came to bestow their benedictions. Here are health and labor, frugality and content, chastity and love. From these darkened fountains in the forest have gushed the waters which, flowing into sunshine, have combined to form the majestic river of our national life.

These men came in obedience to an instinct well-nigh equivalent to a heavenly command to subdue the land and to replenish it. They came with that unerring sagacity to discover and settle choice lands, which may be taken as a characteristic of Saxondom. With stalwart strength, intrepid hearts, high resolves, and unconquerable wills, they came to dispossess the red-skins, and claim this valley world as a heritage for civilization. With unconscious prescience, they came to win from battle, self-denial, and toil, estates for their families, and an empire for coming generations. They were here for individual freedom; but they felt with that infallible accuracy inherited from their English ancestry, that individual freedom could not be attained save by social and civil institutions.

Obedience to severe, yet majestic law, must be required; else liberty would degenerate into license, feudalism would have a new inauguration, and the garden of the world become an Alsatia. These hunter-farmers recognized themselves as citizens, and labored long and well to lay the foundations of coming States. Laws were passed at once and duly enforced. Oftentimes it happened that Judge Lynch occupied the bench, and that regulators were the Jury. How could it be otherwise when the nearest constable was five hundred miles away, and the only police officer in the country was the rifle at the saddle-pommel; when the only court-house was the first tree, and the only jail was a rope thrown over the lowest branch, the culprit's neck in a noose at one end, and strong hands tugging at the other. Some of their laws were odd enough, not a little resembling the early statutes of New England. They had one, for example, that no man should be tolerated in the commonwealth, who had not visible and honest means of support. There came to the town of Washington, Kentucky, a young man, who seemed to have nothing to do but to keep his hands warm in his pocket, and his mouth puckered for a whistle. Strolling about the town from day to day, he was spying out the settlement, that he might, with fitting opportunity, begin his nefarious scheme. In his coat-pocket was a pack of greasy cards, into the meaning and use of which he proposed to initiate the young men of the place, and having won their money, and corrupted their morals, to pass to other places as a missionary of the evil one. Some of the old gentlemen of the neighborhood shrewdly suspect-

ing his intent, warned him of the prescript upon their statute book. But he, as young gentlemen are apt to do, esteemed the old men a pack of old fogies, and went as before, upon his whistling way. They gave him the notice; he disregarded it; the penalty was upon his own head. A writ was served upon him, and he was deposited for safe keeping in the jail, or, as they figuratively call it, the jug. Advertisement is made, a crowd assembles; he is carried by the sheriff into the middle of the public square, mounted on a horse-block, put up at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The highest bidder is the village blacksmith, who, fastening a chain around his leg, conducts him to the forge, where he keeps him secure, and for three months, from sun to sun, inducts him into the craft of blowing and striking. The law's stern lesson taught him, our gambling gentleman is set at liberty, when he "makes tracks," his back upon Kentucky, swearing it the "meanest country a white man ever got into."

III.

THE SADDLE-BAGS.

As these hardy adventurers, bent upon perilous enterprise, are thrusting themselves into the occupancy of a new world, I see approaching another class, with many traits in common with them; yet, many differing. They, too, are of large build, and robust strength; they, too, are inured to exposure and privation; they, too, have nerves that never thrill with fear. Sun and storm have bronzed them; hunger, frost, and loneliness are to them familiar acquaintances. Gaunt poverty keeps even pace with them as they ride, and shall accompany them until they reach the last stage of their journey—the house appointed for all living. Wherefore are they in the wilderness—for they have neither rifles nor axes?

They are generally on horseback, and when they are, you may accept the fact as *prima facie* evidence that the beasts they ride are good ones; for they are great judges of horse-flesh. I have even heard it whispered that they are a little dangerous "at a trade"—but that, of course, is scandal.

Their symbol is the saddle-bags, which go with them in all their wayfarings—beneath them as they ride—upon their arm in walking. In the capacious

pockets is snugly deposited their library, consisting of the Bible, hymn-book, and, probably, the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Lost," and the "Night Thoughts;" their few changes of what we shall poetically call clean linen; i. e., very coarse cotton—together with such odds and ends as they may chance to own.

These men are here in obedience to the command of him who said, "Go into all the world, and preach my gospel to every creature;" in imitation of him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and who went about doing good. They are here to do the work of evangelists, and to make full proof of their ministry, warning "every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that they may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Another wolf is there than the grey one of the forest. Shall not the flock be fed and folded while the lambs are carried in their bosoms?

Through the instrumentality of these humble men, a cabin, similar to the one already described, but used for a widely different purpose, is reared in many a settlement. It serves as a school-house and a sanctuary—symbol of the country's strength and purity. Unlearned themselves, they were, nevertheless, the first patrons of literature and science—founding academies and colleges. I have known many a man of this class, who could not construct half-a-dozen sentences grammatically, yet bestowing half his slender yearly stipend to establish an institution of learning. Traversing the trackless mazes of the woods, they are not seldom greeted by the crack of a rifle, and a bullet whistling near their ear from an Indian ambuscade. Their journeys take them through

boundless reaches of uninhabited country. The cane-brake, the swamp, the moss at the foot of a tree, are their only beds for more than half the year. Their saddle is their pillow, with no tent but the canopy—save as the snow may wind its wintry sheet about them. They live by rule. Four o'clock of the morning finds them stirring. The knee is bent in fervent, simple prayer. The soul's health thus cared for, and the body's welfare commended to an Almighty Friend, the faithful horse, loved as a companion, hobbled near at hand, claims the next attention; familiarly patted and talked to, he is carefully rubbed and curried, if a comb be at hand. Soon as the light is strong enough to serve, the little Bible is taken from the pocket or saddle-bags, and chapter after chapter is studied on the knees, while ofttimes, tears course their way down the weather-beaten cheeks, bedewing the sacred page. I have seen more than one of these volumes, the text-book and solace of many a year, with its print so dimmed as to be illegible to any eyes but those accustomed to read it every day. These men were mighty in the Scriptures. Here found they panoply and arsenal. Then mounting, hymn-book in hand, they start upon their trackless way, guiding themselves by the sun, if he be visible; by the courses of the streams, or the different shades and textures of the bark upon the trees. The bee's line is not more accurate than their direction. Never was lover more true to his tryst than these men to their appointments. The hour for meeting is scarce more sure to come than they. No matter whether the day be Saturday or Monday, for they preach on all days alike; no matter whether the

congregation consist of one or a thousand, the service is performed, and performed with fervor, impressiveness, and solemnity. They have come to meet the exigencies of the country and the time, and they never flinch. Over their patriotic countrymen who have fallen on the red field of Indian battle, they perform the rites of Christian burial. To the lonely cabin where sits the broken-hearted widow with her brood of helpless orphans, they come to teach the doctrines of Jesus and the resurrection; to tell of a Father, who will "never leave them, nor forsake them," and of a land where "God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." The drunkard is counselled, the swearer reproved, all forms of vice admonished, and every man warned to "flee the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life." No occasion is omitted, no opportunity lost. The man whom the preacher meets to-day, may be dead to-morrow, and "lifting up his eyes, being in torment." From behind his stool, in the corner of the cabin, or mounted upon a stump at the cross-roads, does he beseech men "by the love of Christ to become reconciled to God."

Let the following incident stand as illustrative of the character of these men.

A few months ago, in December, 1855, there died, in the city of Cincinnati, a man nearly ninety years of age, whose name was William Burke. He had been almost in the van of these pioneer ministers. He entered the West when the contest with the Indians was at its hottest. He travelled through what is now Western Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. There was scarce a

settlement in all this vast region where he had not preached, or a cabin where he had not prayed with the inmates. So poor was he oftentimes, that his clothes, as he himself said, "were patch upon patch, and patch above patch, until the patches themselves were worn out, and bare-kneed, and bare-elbowed;" without a cent in his pocket, or a friend to give him a new garment, he must needs go forward in the service of his master. After three and twenty years of unremitting toil, having experienced hardships and suffering beyond description, he lost his voice, and was obliged to abandon his vocation. Selling out his stock in trade, saddle, bridle, horse, and saddle-bags, he found himself in possession of two hundred and thirteen dollars, as the total receipts for his twenty-three years' labor. And now let me give you some facts from the history of one of my own friends, whom I loved well-nigh as a father—one of the noblest men that ever trod this globe. He left us nearly six years ago. Although not one of the earliest, he was in the field at a sufficiently early date to entitle him to the name of a pioneer preacher.

He too was a specimen of Young America, for he began to preach at the age of sixteen years. As I remember, he had never received three months' schooling in his life. He was remarkably handsome. For five and twenty years he was called the Apollo of the West—albeit for a good portion of the time Apollo in homespun. He was one of the gifted sons of genius. Henry Clay, who should have been a good judge in such matters, pronounced him the most eloquent man he ever heard open his lips.

I have said he was very handsome, and that in the

esteem of many of his brethren, was equivalent to heresy. I have known many well-meaning simpletons, who, to use their own expression, "couldn't abide him because he looked so like a dandy." Many of the old brethren of the laity and clergy thought it "wasn't in him to be a preacher." Whenever they saw him coming towards them with his ingenuous face and kingly carriage, their countenances would lengthen to a preternatural longitude, and uttering what they meant to be a pious groan, they would murmur among themselves, "he'll never do."

There was one old brother, who, while he shared this prejudice, nevertheless felt some interest in the stripling; blunted, indeed, must have been that nature which refused response to the generous spirit of my friend. The old gentleman took it upon himself to deliver admonitory lectures on the subjects of apparel and demeanor, to the candidate for holy orders. "Henry, my son," he said, in a gruff, rebuking tone, "why don't you try to be like a preacher, and look like a preacher? You'll never be worth shucks as long as you live."

"I don't mean anything by it," modestly responded the young man—never have I known a woman more diffident than he was, except in presence of peril, where lion was never bolder—"I can't help the way I look; I am just the way God made me."

"No you ain't," responded the senior, "you can help it. Dress better, and don't look so much like a fop."

"I have to wear the clothes that are given me; you know I have no money to buy new ones."

"If that is all," said the old man, "it can soon be

fixed. Will you wear a suit of clothes I'll have made for you?"

"Anything in the world," rejoined the other.

"Very well, trust me. I'll make you look like a preacher."

"I wish you would, with all my heart; nothing would please me better," said the future orator.

They parted, the young man going to his work, the old man to see to the tailoring. At the end of six weeks, the appointed time, the young man made his appearance. The aged saint, standing in the midst of a number of friends whom he had summoned to witness the transformation of his deformed *protégé* rubbing his hands in glee, pleased with his anticipations of success, pointed to a thicket of bushes, behind which the new suit was deposited—for houses were small, and the only dressing-room was the "timber." The re-appearance of the young clergyman in his canonicals was impatiently awaited. At length, attired in his new habiliments, with manly stride and noble person he approaches. The old gentleman looks, then stares, unable to believe the evidence of his senses. He hastens to meet the parson, then withdraws a pace or two, and performs a circuit round him. Some trick has been played upon him; these are not the clothes he has caused to be manufactured. Rushing up, he turns the young man round and round. "Yes, it is the very suit—copperas homespun, shad-belly coat, a vest to match, breeches, as nearly alike as possible. Whirling on his heel, his countenance expressive of disgust, mortification, and contempt, he exclaims, as he marches off, "tut, tut, boy! there's no use in the world trying to do any-

thing with you. You look more like a dandy now than ever you did in your life."

I have said he was a modest man, but a brave one too. On one occasion it became needful that he should administer a sharp rebuke to some disorderly young men in the congregation. These worthies swore vengeance, declaring that they would thrash him within an inch of his life. It was known that they intended to waylay him, as he crossed the mountain on the morrow, on his way to the next appointment. Some of the church-members endeavored to dissuade him from proceeding on his journey, assuring him that the young men who had uttered these threats were desperate characters, and that they would be sure to make good their word; and that the consequences might be fatal to himself. He briefly replied that it was his duty to go, and he would go.

One of his brethren volunteered to bear him company. On their way, they stopped to cut stout hickory cudgels, with which to defend themselves. Approaching a narrow pass on the mountain side, a wall of rock on one hand, a precipice on the other, the four rowdies were discovered with shirt-sleeves rolled up, their hands clubbing their weapons.

"Four against two; let's go back" said the church-brother.

"Come on," said the preacher.

"They'll kill us," replied the other.

"Go home, then," said the preacher; and keeping his horse in a walk, quietly fixing his commanding eye on these four men, bent on mischief, he rode up and passed them, while not a man of them seemed

able to raise his club. The preacher's companion who had tarried behind watching in terror, seeing how rowdyism cowered before manhood, pricked his steed, and now came riding up. "That was pretty well done," said he.

"Do you wish to ride with me across the mountain?" said the preacher.

"Yes," answered the other, somewhat abashed.

"Then fall back and follow; cowards shouldn't ride abreast with men."

In illustration of his nonconformity to clerical appearance, take the following: Having occasion to traverse Kentucky from Louisville, where he was then stationed, to one of the southern counties, he stopped, at the end of a hard day's travel, at a lonely cabin, where lived a Dutchman and his family. After supper mine host, who was as inquisitive as a tin-peddler, commenced catechising the stranger, asking all manner of questions, such as, "Where did you come from? Where are you going to? You're a lawyer, I suppose? No? Then you must be a doctor?" To all of which and many more, our friend responded as briefly as possible. The bewildered Dutchman at length exclaimed, "What are you then?"

"A preacher."

"A preacher!" incredulously exclaimed the old Teuton, "What sort of a preacher? Episcopal?"

"No."

"Presbyterian?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A Methodist."

"A Methodist! What, in them clothes? Good

Lord! if I had gone out to shoot a preacher, I would never have pulled trigger at you!"

By way of administering a sound reproof to him for being handsome, and looking well in his clothes, his superiors sent him one year—the fourth of his ministry—to a region of country where it was thought he would be broken down, or broken in. He had already seen hard service; more than once had he ridden at full speed, chased by a pack of yelling Indians, their bullets whistling round him like hail. He had become familiar with all manner of exposure and privation, but it was thought that this circuit would put him to the uttermost test. It was a wild, mountainous tract in western Virginia, sparsely populated by hunters, who were there for the game and peltry.

You may see him riding up some evening to the door of a cabin, where he is to lodge, and as it is a pretty fair specimen of the houses in the country, you may desire a description of it. The cabin is twelve by fourteen feet, and one story high. The spaces between the logs are chinked and then daubed with mud for plaster. The interior consists of one room, one end of which is occupied by a fire-place. In this one room are to sleep, the man, his wife, the fifteen or twenty children bestowed upon them by Providence—for Providence is bountiful in this matter upon the border—and as the woods are full of "varmints," hens and chickens must be brought in for safe keeping, and as the dogs constitute an important portion of every hunter's family, they also take pot-luck with the rest. Fastened to a tree near the door is a clapboard, upon which is traced, in characters

of charcoal, a sentence to the following effect—which you may read if you are keen at deciphering hieroglyphics: "*Akomidation fur man and Beast.*"

In this one room the family are to perform their manifold household offices. Here their sleeping, cooking, eating, washing, preaching and hearing are to be performed. Amid the driving storms of winter, it is of course impossible for our youthful theologian to transform an old log or the shadow of a tree into a study; his book must therefore be carried into the house, where he is surrounded by a motley group. Of course a hunter never swears in bad weather; the lady of the house never scolds; children of all ages never quarrel and raise a row; dogs never bark and fight; nevertheless, you may imagine that if our student is able to confine his attention to the page, deriving mental nutriment from the lettered line, he must possess not a little power of concentration and abstraction. He may obtain permission of his host to pursue his studies after the rest of the family have retired. Lighting a pine knot, he sticks it up in one corner of the huge fire-place, lays himself down on the flat of his stomach in the ashes, glowing with transport over "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn." These are what poets call "midnight oil," and "cloisters pale." Not a few men have I known who acquired a mastery of the Latin and Greek tongue, and much valuable and curious lore in such "grottoes and caves" as these.

Possibly there may be another apartment in the cabin. If so, it is denominated the "prophet's chamber." You gain access to it by a rickety step-ladder

in one corner of the cabin. Toiling up this steep ascent you reach a loft, formed by laying loose clapboards on the rafters. With dubious tread and careful steps, you pick your way across the floor. I have said the clapboards are loose, and if you are not cautious, one end will fly up and the other down, in company with which latter you shall be precipitated upon the sleepers below. Having reached the opposite end of the loft, the prophet's bed is discovered. It is a bear-skin, a buffalo-skin, or a tick filled with shucks. Having laid him on his couch, our prophet, if he be thoughtfully inclined, can study Astronomy from his resting-place, through the rifts in the roof; and when it rains or snows, he has the benefit of the hydropathic treatment, without fee or prescription.

Many a time was the bare, bleak, mountain-side his bed, the wolves yelling a horrid chorus in his ears. Sometimes he was fortunate enough to find a hollow log, within whose cavity he inserted his body, and found it a good protection from the rain or frost.

Sitting, one fine summer afternoon, beneath the shadow of a noble tree, intently studying his book, he heard a rustling in the branches above, then a low warning "*whist*" from some one near at hand, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle. Crashing through the branches there falls upon the ground at his feet a huge panther. The beast had been crouching in preparation for a deadly spring, when a ball from the rifle of his hunter host saved his life.

Once, seated at the puncheon dinner-table with a hunter's family, the party is startled by affrighted screams from the door-yard. Rushing out they behold a great wild cat bearing off the youngest

child. Seizing a rifle from the pegs over the door, the preacher raises it to his shoulder, casts a rapid glance along the barrel, and delivers his fire. The aim has been unerring, but too late—the child is dead, already destroyed by the fierce animal.

That same year he had a hand-to-hand fight with a bear, from which conflict he came forth victor, his knife entering the vitals of the creature just as he was about to be enfolded in the fatal hug.

He must ford or swim mountain torrents as they boil and rush along their downward channels, in cold weather as in warm. Often he emerged from the wintry stream, his garments glittering in the clear, cold sunlight, as if they had been of burnished steel-armor, chill as the touch of death. During that twelvemonth, in the midst of such scenes, he travelled on foot and horseback four thousand miles, preached four hundred times; and found on casting up the receipts, yarn socks, woollen vests, cotton shirts, and a little silver change, that his salary amounted to twelve dollars and ten cents.

Undaunted by the suspicions of his brethren, their fears that he would not make a preacher, by the hardships and perils of the way, he persevered.

One other incident of his eventful career let me relate, as he told it to me himself. He was preaching in a large country church on a bright Sabbath morning. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, the windows were all open, one of which was immediately behind the pulpit, overlooking the rural graveyard. The preacher was indulging in a description of the various typical forms and manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Who that ever heard

him in one of his happy moods, does not remember the enchaining power of his oratory? Spellbound, breathless, the audience hung upon his lips. It was the baptism of Jordan. With John they saw the opening heaven, the Spirit of God in the form of a dove nestling upon the Saviour, when silently, suddenly as an apparition, a milk-white dove flew through the open window at the rear of the pulpit, and nestled on the preacher's shoulder. Astounded, he paused; an instant it sat, then rose, and describing a circle around his head, away flew the snowy bird to the vernal pastures and summer woods. The effect of this startling coincidence upon the audience I leave you to imagine.

I have said he persevered. He became a Doctor of Divinity, and deserved his degree, which is no faint praise in the United States. He became the President of a University, and graced the chair he filled; he became a Bishop in the Church of God; and a truer, nobler man never trod this continent than was Henry Bidleman Bascom.

These men had the wilderness for a college; their theological seminary was the circuit; and lessons enough in pastoral theology did they get. Their textbook was the Bible; for more than any others that I know of, they were men of one book. Their commentaries and works of exegesis were their own hearts, and the hearts of their fellow-men, which they prayerfully and devoutly studied. They were "workmen that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

As we in colder mood attempt to estimate their character, it may seem as if their faith verges upon

credulity, their zeal degenerates into fanaticism. I have heard a story which illustrates one portion of their character.

A wayfarer, who for many years had preached in the Northwestern Territory, after its division into States found his operations circumscribed to Indiana. Himself and family had subsisted upon the scanty pittance allowed them—barely enough to keep soul and body together. They had borne their poverty and toil without a murmur. The preacher was much beloved, tall, slender, graceful, with a winning countenance, a kindly eye, where flashed the fire of genius, a voice silvery and powerful in speech, sweet as a wind-harp in song. As the country began to settle, a large landholder, much attached to the preacher, knowing his poverty, wishes to make an expression of his grateful regard and affection. Wherefore he presents him with a title-deed of three hundred and twenty acres—a half section of land. The man of God goes upon his way with a glad and humble heart. Thus he has provision made for his own advancing age, and the wants of his rising family. In three months he returns; alighting at the gate, he removes the saddle-bags and begins to fumble in their capacious pockets. As he reaches the door, where stands his friendly host to welcome him, he draws out the parchment, saying—

"Here, sir, I want to give you back your title-deed."

"What's the matter?" said his friend, surprised; "any flaw in it?"

"No."

"Isn't it good land?"

"Good as any in the State."

"Sickly situation?"

"Healthy as any other."

"Do you think I repent my gift?

"I haven't the slightest reason to doubt your generosity."

"Why don't you keep it then?"

"Well, sir," said the preacher, "you know I am very fond of singing, and there's one hymn in my book, the singing of which is one of the greatest comforts of my life. I have not been able to sing it with my whole heart since I was here. A part of it runs in this way:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Caanan gain;
There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

"Take your title-deed," he added, "I had rather sing that hymn with a clear conscience than own America."

He went his way and sang his song, confiding his family to the care of Him who had promised, "I will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless." They never lacked nor suffered hunger. The preacher went to his home on the other side of the river long years ago. "I have been young," said the Psalmist, "but now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

These men trusted that what the kingly singer never saw, could not be seen by their contemporaries. They trusted God, and their faith was counted to them for righteousness.

Their preaching was sometimes dogmatic and polemic; but even then it was spiced with pungent, practical expostulations. They spake in the idiom of the people, they used the words of daily life. If they meant anything for you, you would be apt to find it out. They may not have been metaphysical, rhetorical, logical, oratorical, but they spake to the point. They lived in a country where men would "pick out" a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards, or drive a nail with a bullet at seventy-five. They were preaching to a people who despised ambiguity and circumlocution. Their three rules of oratory were—and they were good rules—first, never begin till you have something to say; second, say it; third, quit when you are done.

Take the following as a specimen of their predilections. It was a discourse delivered by the Rev. James Axley, familiarly known as "old Jimmy," a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee. It was related by Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished judge in that State, and afterwards a conspicuous member of the Federal Senate.

It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr. Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite—with none more than with Judge White. At the appointed hour, the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance at the house of prayer. All were hushed in expectation. Mr. Axley entered,

but with him a clerical brother, who was "put up" to preach. The congregation was composed of a border population; they were disappointed; this was not the man they had come to hear, consequently there was a good deal of misbehavior. The discourse was ended, and Mr. Axley arose. It is a custom in the new country, when two or more preachers are present, for each of them to have something to say. The people opine that it is a great waste of time, to come a long distance and be put off with a short service. I have gone into church at 8 o'clock in the morning and have not come out again until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Short administrations are the growth of thicker settlements.

Mr. Axley stood silently surveying the congregation until every eye was riveted. He then began:

"It may be a very painful duty, but it is a very solemn one, for a minister of the gospel to reprove vice, misconduct, and sin, whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. That is a duty I am now about to attend to.

"And now," continued the reverend speaker, pointing with his long finger in the direction indicated; "that man sitting out yonder behind the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn't look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at

meeting? Now, my friend, I'd advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time. But I don't mean him.

"And now," again pointing at his mark, "that little girl sitting there, about half way of the house—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that's her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breast-pin on, too (they were very severe upon all superfluities of dress), she that was giggling and chattering all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the old sisters in the neighborhood couldn't hear what he was saying though they tried to. She thinks I mean her. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart, for any parents that have raised a girl to her time of day, and haven't taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents as well as yourself. Behave better next time, won't you? But I don't mean her."

Directing his finger to another aim, he said, "That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep, slept the whole time, and snored; that man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church ain't the place to sleep? If you needed rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes, and go to bed? that's the place to sleep, not church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I advise you to keep awake. But I don't mean him." Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman, and child, who had in the

slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct; characterizing the misdemeanor and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around to note if the audience relished the "down comings" as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which the better he was pleased the more he chewed; the more he chewed the more he spat, and behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length the old gentleman, straightening himself up to his full height, continued, with great gravity:

"And now I reckon you want to know who I do mean? I mean that dirty, nasty, filthy tobacco-chewer, sitting on the end of that front seat"—his finger meanwhile pointing true as the needle to the pole—"see what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them; think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through that muck." The crest-fallen judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church.

I trust enough has been said to afford you a truthful and vivid notion as to what these men were. I honor them for their chivalric heroism. I revere them for their lofty faith, their burning zeal, their simple-hearted piety, a practical character that knew no limits. I love and bless them, for they were my own fathers in the ministry.

That I have not exaggerated or shot wide of the

mark, let the following extract of a letter from the late President Harrison, whose long residence in the West entitled him to speak, bear witness:

HARRISON'S TESTIMONY.

Who and what are they? I answer, entirely composed of ministers who are technically denominated "Circuit riders," a body of men who, for zeal and fidelity in the discharge of the duties they undertake, are not exceeded by any others in the world. I have been a witness of their conduct in the Western country for nearly forty years. They are men whom no labor tires, no scenes disgust, no danger frightens in the discharge of their duty. To gain recruits for their Master's service they sedulously seek out the victims of vice in the abodes of misery and wretchedness. The vow of poverty is not taken by these men, but their conduct is precisely the same as it would have been had they taken one. Their stipulated pay is barely sufficient to enable them to perform the services assigned them. With much the larger portion the horse which carries them is the only animated thing which they can call their own, and the contents of their valise, or saddle-bags, the sum total of their other earthly possessions.

If within the period I have mentioned, a traveller on the western frontier had met a stranger in some obscure way, or assiduously urging his course through the intricacies of a tangled forest, his appearance staid and sober, and his countenance indicating that he was in search of some object in which his feelings were deeply interested, his apparel plain but entirely neat, and his little baggage adjusted with peculiar compactness, he might be almost certain that that stranger was a Methodist preacher, hurrying on to perform his daily task of preaching to separate and distant congregations, and should the same traveller, upon approaching some solitary, unfinished, and scarcely habitable cabin, hear the praises of the Creator chanted with peculiar melody, or the doctrines of the Saviour urged upon the attention of some six or eight individuals, with the same energy and zeal that he had seen dispayed in addresses to a crowded audience of

a populous city, he might be certain without inquiry, that it was the voice of a Methodist preacher.

It is a style of speech much in vogue among certain classes of *littérateurs* and philanthropists to sneer at the imbecility and cowardice of the ministry. Sydney Smith's characterization of some of his own fraternity, "decent debility," is indiscriminately applied as a just description of the entire body in this country. I have heard the question propounded by a famous orator, and it was greeted by deafening cheers, "What are the forty thousand pulpits of America doing? What have they ever done for the cause of human progress?" Ask the school-houses and universities of New England. Were not the clergy their architects? did they not lay their foundations and build their walls? Ask the thousand agencies in operation for ameliorating the condition of the suffering and destitute, for reclaiming the vicious and degraded, for saving the abandoned and lost. Have not the clergy devised them and put them into execution? Ask the public conscience and the private sense, which are every generation growing clearer in their recognition of right and truth, the morals of business, society, and domestic life; the standards of which every decade are becoming more and more elevated. If the clergy have not been the largest contributors to these benign results, tell me the names of those who have? Whose counsels and words of solace have smoothed and softened the couch of pain? Whose hymns have kindled the light of immortality in the glazing eye? Whose voice of prayer has been as a staff upon which the departing soul leaned as it

went down into the dark floods of death? And who, when there was a vacant chair by the fireside, and a desolate room in the house which it well-nigh broke the heart to enter, came to tell of Him, who in Bethany said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life?" Measure me the power of the Sunday-school, the influence of pastoral visiting, the might of the spoken word and of the secret prayer, and estimate their force in the aggregate of our national life. Because their influence is like that of the dew, silent, or as the shining of the sun, familiar, men fail to recognize and note it. Match me their self-denial, exhibited in obscure toil, unappreciated labor, simple-hearted, ceaseless efforts to do good, which get no sympathy except from God? Match me their tireless zeal and unflagging patience, their offerings upon the altar of country and humanity from the ranks of pseudo-philanthropy, whose God is reform, whose evangel is destruction, whose battle-cries are curses?

But if the country east of the Alleghanies fails to give satisfactory answer to this question, then go and receive it in the cabins of the West. See the glorious structure of a Christian civilization rising upon the soil of the prairie land, and take it as an attestation of what the old preachers did for the cause of human progress. Although they were not the only laborers, without them it never could have been reared.

Have you seen that valley world in its wild luxuriance and glory, with its mountain barriers at east and west, standing as sentinels to guard it from unlawful approach, with its chain of gigantic lakes upon the north, whose wedded waves lift up their nuptial salutation to the ocean in Niagara's roar, and on the

south a tropic sea to wash its coast, traversed from north to south by a river unmatched among the streams of earth, sweeping as a royal conqueror along, receiving tribute from many a far province and distant empire? Have you seen it with its illimitable reaches of corn and cotton as they ripen to fill the mouths of the world, and keep its back from nakedness? Have you seen its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, and copper; its quarries of marble and fields of sugar? Have you seen the husbandman leading the merchant, the capitalist, and the manufacturer by the hand, bidding them possess this rich domain, and enjoy it?

Upon a noble bluff of the Ohio river did the dreamer, John Fitch, first behold the vision of steam applied to navigation. Here is the prophecy of the seer receiving its amplest fulfillment. Here is that mightiest vassal of man's mechanical genius working its sublimest results.

Here are fourteen sovereign States, with populous and thriving cities, almost the product of Aladdin's Lamp, with busy hordes of growing millions, with steamboats, railroads, magazines and warehouses unnumbered, with mineral, agricultural, and commercial wealth beyond our power to estimate.

Here is society starting on a higher plane than it has ever travelled, and man girding himself for a grander task than he has ever wrought. Woman, at home almost for the first time, the sacredness of her nature ensured by the sanctity of her position, infancy at play, childhood at school, all alike greeted by the hallowed beam of the Sabbath; and all invited to the porch and altar of prayer. These attest the glory

of the land; these promise what its future shall be.

Fifteen years ago I stood in the village of Chicago. It was a miserable, "sunken" hamlet. Ten years ago I was there again. It had grown, yet was anything but a promising place. Six months ago I was there again. I found a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. Hackmen and omnibus-drivers, rascally even as New York can boast; hotels so crowded that beds covered the floors of the parlors and all spare rooms; landlords as impudent and insulting as prosperity and vulgarity could make them; houses as pretentious in appearance, and snobbish in furniture, as any in Fifth Avenue; a population gone mad with money. I found a city which was a dépôt for thirty railroads, and yet that but three years ago had not a solitary line of iron bars entering it. I saw the greatest entrepôt for grain in the world. I saw clear-headed, great-hearted men working for the mental, social, moral, and spiritual elevation of the masses. I saw a theatre for heroic ambition and god-like attributes to exercise themselves, withal such as the world has seldom had.

I saw the State of Illinois, the adopted State of my boyhood, the scene of my early ministry, its population doubling in five years, the value of its real estate doubled in two.

And now remember, that five and seventy years ago the whole region west of the Alleghanies was a wilderness, battled for and held, against the combined powers of the British government, the painted savages, and the wild beasts, by scarcely a hundred armed men of the American breed. As

barbarity and fate thinned their ranks, recruits were gained. Tears, blows, privations, hardships, toil and blood, did these men pay down as the ransom for this goodly heritage. The land is ours in virtue of the price. We and the future owe the noblest domain upon which the sun now shines to the valor, the patience, the fortitude, the zeal and Christian love of the heroes of the rifle, axe, and saddle-bags.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT;

OR,

THE TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS OVER BLINDNESS.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT;

OR,

THE TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS OVER BLINDNESS.

CARE, with its microscopic eye, magnifies our petty troubles, and a complaining murmur becomes the ordinary tone of voice. As years draw on, routine robs existence of its primal freshness; and commonplace, accepted as a destiny, lays on us

"A weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

I am not familiar with the expression of the human face divine; but from what little I have been able to catch of it, I should say its prevailing tone when in repose, is one of dissatisfaction and discontent. An ear that has become practised and delicate through necessity in interpreting the moods of mind by the inflections of the voice, detects on every hand in these most subtle exponents of character, the presence of weariness and languor. The world freights us with its burdens, and we bear them, for the most part, at

best with a dogged indifference. The spirit hath lost its romance: the glory and the dream have disappeared from our universe; utilitarianism scouts the ideal as a vagary, and we plod through the cold, unpoetic earth, saddened and heavy laden, ofttimes longing for the rest of the last silence.

I know not a more benign office than the ministry of cheerfulness, nor one more needed.

Will you suffer me then to read you a lesson this evening—a lesson of content—strength and hope drawn from the story of those whose lot has been far more drear and dismal than your own? Such have been, who have not found the world a workhouse for vagrants and culprits; nor a hospital tenanted by pestilence and helpless misery; nor yet a Potter's Field for the burial of paupers; nor an amphitheatre for gladiatorial exhibitions; nor a tavern for drunken revelry, followed hard by deadly despair; nor a Corso in carnival, where giddy folly and masquerading mirth are bought by a long Lent of vigil, fast, and tearless self-torture.

Such have been, who have found the world a system of nice adjustments and beneficent balances, where hearty labor receives its reward, and patient waiting brings the watcher a priceless boon; where infirmity finds amplest compensation; where eternal laws, in their silent majesty, are enforcing order, restoring chaos to harmony and bringing out of evil, good.

Such have been—affliction could not subdue them, nor darkness overwhelm them. Would that the chorus of their full voices from their historic heights might fall upon our ears with such stirring power that we should be roused from lethargy and sloth to walk

our way, however rugged, up to the mountain summits, where for all the valiant are crowns and robes and palms of victory.

Who in fitting strains shall sing the praise of light? It trembles as it flows in sympathetic currents through the deepening dusk from the sweet star of evening, herald of that pomp of worlds which darkness alone reveals,

> "Piles of crystal light,
> A glorious company of golden streams,
> Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
> Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams."

At dawn it frets and glows along the eastern sky with its grey hue, and then its purpling or its crimson blush. At the hush of summer mid-day, in country places, it seems to flood the firmament and earth with a silent sea of glory. Behind the retiring storm, it builds across the heavens the triple arch of beauty, not in token of the tempest's victory, but in pledge that floods and winds shall no longer be triumphant. At the end of the day's circuit, it gathers the clouds for the pageantry of sunset, arrays them in their thousand liveries of dazzling, softening radiance, and when the bridegroom clad in amber robes is gone, sends them to sleep, or to float beneath a star-wrought canopy. In the still depths beneath the troubled sea it works its strange and silent alchemy, and the worthless oyster becomes a pearl of price. It enshrines itself in a pebble, and thenceforth men call that pebble "the mountain of light." It is the apocalypse of the universe. And when you would render to the intellect the loftiest thought of God, you say that he is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

But why with my poor words do I seek to tell its praise, when those of a master are ready to our purpose?

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam;
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light,
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate;
Or hear'st thou rather, pure, ethereal stream,
Whose fountain, who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite!"

On the other hand, consider its complement—the most complex and delicate of our organs, with its lenses, coats and humors, constituting the brain's mouth, to drink in the ceaseless tides of knowledge; its receptacle, in which are garnered the varied and combined impressions of the outer world. Wonderful and fearful organism, the human eye, upon whose retina of a pin's head size is mirrored, in exactest proportion, the scope of the firmament and the reach of the earth, with all the objects, from greatest to least, which they contain! What fountains of benediction are opened, through its magic spell, to the sons of men! Yet, there are those to whom its exercise is an inscrutable mystery; to whom the light hath ever been a stranger. The daily forms of vision, to you so dull and common-place, would by them be prized above the wealth of empires. The ruddy glow of the hearth-side, the friend's response to an uttered thought,

the deep emotion, which telegraphs its signal to the cheek, the glance of unspeakable affection, which beams in the eye of wife or child, amid household cares, and joys, the sympathy, which "is our human nature's highest dower," lending its divine expression to the face of clay—all these to them are only names, signifying well-nigh nothing.

Yet have I never seen or read of a morbid or unhappy blind man. A tranquil hope, an assurance imparting quiet animation, renders tolerable this great calamity. Amid the trials of their lot, the ample resources of our nature, latent and undreamed of in ordinary life, vindicate the blessed compensations which attest the government of love.

"Thus are God's ways vindicated; and at length, we slowly gain,
As our needs dispel our blindness, some faint glimpses of the chain
Which connects the earth with heaven, right with wrong, and good
with ill—
Links in one harmonious movement."—

The literature of this subject is far more copious than one who had not made it a branch of special inquiry would imagine. I need not seek to pierce the mists of antiquity, and lay bare the deeds of those to whom Milton so touchingly *alludes*, nor sometimes forget—

"Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown—
Blind Thamyris and blind Maëonides,
Tiresias and Phineas—prophets old"—

tearing from them the mythologic mantle, with which the Hellenic imagination invested them.

Nor would space serve to detail the lives of Diodotus —Cicero's preceptor in geometry and Greek philosophy—to whose excellence and learning the orator renders his grateful tribute, nor of Didymus, the most famous man for learning in Alexandria in his time—(the 4th century)—the instructor of St. Jerome—the repute of whose wisdom and sanctity attracted the stern hermit, St. Anthony, from his desert home; nor of Democritus the Grecian sage, who is said by some to have put out his eyes that he might prosecute his speculations to greater advantage. Nor yet, may I linger to detail the struggles and successes of Scapinelli, who stood pre-eminent among his Italian contemporaries for genius and learning, filling the chair of poetry and eloquence in the universities of Pisa, Modena, Bologna, and who contributed as much as any man of the period to the revival of learning; nor of Hulderic Schoenenbergen, a celebrated German scholar and professor of the Oriental languages and literature; nor of Nicasius de Voerda, and Nicholas Bacon—both gentlemen of the Netherlands—who by their erudition acquired and deserved the degree of doctor of the canon and civil laws; nor of the Count de Pagan, father of the modern science of fortification. Time would fail me to speak of Francis Salinus, a Spanish musician; or of John Sinclair, an English performer; or of Dr. Blacklock, a man of letters; or of Anna Williams, a Welch poetess, and protégée of Dr. Johnson; or of John Wilson, whose memory seems to have been as marvellous as Magliabecchi's own; or of Holman, the traveller, who made a circuit of the earth, visiting nearly all the places of interest, of which he has given agreeable descriptions in his

books; or of hosts of others, who, although with darkness and with dangers compassed round, have yet won distinction in their respective spheres, and shown how man can triumph with such fearful odds against him.

My desire is to make special mention of a few, who are entitled to our regard and admiration, by the noble and inspiring lessons they have taught.

Euler, the most eminent European mathematician of the last century, lost his sight by too strenuous application to his studies, at the age of fifty-nine. Undaunted, however, by this calamity, which would have paralyzed most men's energies, he prosecutes with changeless purpose, his scientific inquiries and calculations. From the unbroken gloom issued a number of his most remarkable works; among them his elements of algebra, a new theory of the moon's motions with tables, which latter are considered by those best prepared to judge, a prodigy of constant industry and unflagging patience. Cheerful to a proverb, his kindly nature shed light upon all who came within his circle.

Nicholas Saunderson was born in the village of Thurston, Yorkshire, in the year 1682. At the age of six months, he lost not only his sight by an attack of the small pox, but even his eyes, which were discharged in abscesses. The father's heart softened to tenderness toward the afflicted child, and notwithstanding he was only a poor excise officer, with narrow means, he determined to do all in his power, to place the advantages of a superior education at the disposal of his son. Accordingly, at an early age the boy was sent to school in the neighboring vil-

lage of Pennistoun. Here he made astonishing progress, not only in English but also in Latin and Greek, surpassing all his fellows in rapidity of acquisition, as well as in avaricious retention of his stores. He early became so apt a Latin scholar, that he was ever after able to speak and write it as fluently and correctly as the English; and so full and accurate was his acquaintance with the Greek, that he listened to the reading of books in that tongue with as easy and perfect a comprehension as if written in the vernacular. Unfortunately, the method adopted by his preceptor for the instruction of this remarkable pupil has not been preserved to us.

The father's circumstances becoming more straitened, it was deemed necessary to remove the boy from school. Desiring to make such amends as lay within his reach for the privation thus imposed—for the boy had shown an insatiate craving for knowledge—the father gave him his first lessons in arithmetic. Neighboring gentlemen proffered their services to teach him algebra and geometry. Ere long the masters had nothing left to teach; for it was discovered that great as was the lad's aptitude for the languages, his capacity for the science of numbers was yet greater. Through the eyes of others, he studied the works of Diophantus, Archimedes and Euclid, in the original.

He was now three and twenty years of age, but without a profession or honorable means of livelihood. What shall he do? Led by a dog must he take his stand by the roadside to beg of the passers-by, or with staff and wallet, trudge a weary way telling his piteous tale from door to door, that the sight of his in-

firmity may move the beholder to an alms; because God's sunshine is shut out from him? Must the blind man be an object of commiseration without a sphere of independent activity, cut off from all the noble vocations of life, doomed to the dole of charity and the weakening voice of compassion? Though his burden be a heavy one, shall his only business be to recite its weight, and to disgrace existence by complaint? For the sightless man, as for every other, there is ennobling work to do, and noble wages attend the doing. Bereft as he is, is he not too a man? No pensioner upon others' bounty will Nicholas Saunderson be, if he can help it. Where there is a will to work, God provides the way. A fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, visits Thurston about this time; hears of the blind prodigy, but cannot credit the report. He comes to see him for himself, and finds that the half had not been told. Struck by Saunderson's acquirements and accomplishments, the collegian invites him to the university. The invitation is accepted. The other fellows, interested in the story of their companion, vote the blind man chambers, access to their library, and the use of their eyes in availing himself of its treasures. Moreover, arrangements are made for Saunderson to give a course of lectures. The subject selected is optics; Sir Isaac Newton's Principia had just been published; but the work of the great philosopher was not duly appreciated, even by scholars. Among the very first to hail and estimate the immortal work was our blind lecturer, who used it as the basis for his prelections, thereby doing as much as any other man in England to introduce it into general favor. Curiosity attracted

crowds, to hear what a man who had never seen could say concerning light and vision. The gape of idle wonder was exchanged for the tribute of applause. So ample and exact was the lecturer's comprehension of his subject, so admirable his method of treatment, his luminous style, his agreeable, unostentatious manner, that the multitude which came to stare, remained to learn. The course of lectures was a success; honest bread was earned by honest toil; the blind man had found his vocation.

Some years after this, the eccentric William Whiston, Sir Isaac Newton's successor in the Lucasian chair of mathematics at Cambridge, was ejected from his dignity. Newton was still alive, and was consulted as to the proper person to fill the place. His choice fell on Saunderson. The nomination was heartily accepted by the university. But it was necessary that a special order should be issued by the crown, to authorize the conferring the degree of M. A. on a non-graduate. The heads of colleges presented the petition, which was graciously answered by the king; and our blind friend, at the age of nine-and-twenty, was inducted into the office, which had been rendered illustrious by the discoverer of gravitation. Nor was the honor unworthily bestowed. Saunderson did credit to the chair which had been filled by Newton.

Thenceforth he devoted himself to the service of his pupils, both as their instructor and companion. His labors, as a preceptor, were diversified by the composition of several mathematical works, which took a high rank among books of their class, and also by the invention of apparatus for his mechanical

pursuits. Maintaining an uncheckered cheerfulness, his animated conversation and large sympathies made him the soul of every circle in which he chanced to move.

His other senses, and those intellectual faculties which seem to lie next the senses, afforded him an almost ample substitution for eyesight. The fine hearing and delicate touch of the blind have passed into an adage. These Saunderson possessed in their highest perfection. The sound of his footfall in a room enabled him to form a closely proximate notion of the dimensions and character of the apartment. Having once crossed a threshold, so distinct was his individualization of every locality, that he would always know it again, even after the lapse of many years. The reverberation of his tread enabled him to judge with wonderful accuracy as to the character of objects from five to twenty yards distant. Thus he was able to distinguish a tree from a post at the distance of five yards; of a fence from a house at fifteen or twenty yards. From my own experience I have never been able to decide, nor am I able to state upon the testimony of others deprived of sight, whether this intelligence be derived through the ear, or through the delicate nerves of the face, which, thrilling through the vibrations of the atmosphere, receive and impart to the brain sensations unnoticed by those who use their eyes. I am, however, strongly inclined to the opinion that there is such a refined susceptibility of the skin and nerves, as to amount almost to a supplemental sense. Whatever may be the ground for this opinion, it is certain that Saunderson was conscious of objects, the per-

ception of which by a blind man will seem quite incredible to many. It is related upon good authority that when out in the garden with his pupils, they making observations of the heavenly bodies, he was able to tell quickly and certainly as they, when a cloud obscured a star or hid the disk of the sun.

Though a rayless gloom encompassed him, he shed light upon the path of others. His ringing laugh it did one good to hear. Constant industry gave dignity to his days—to his nights, repose. Deprived of the imperial sense, he bore his loss with fortitude, and performed his part with courage; and when scarcely past the noon of life, went down to the grave lamented by all who knew him.

One can readily imagine that a man destitute of vision, through necessity and practice should come to great readiness and power in the combination of numbers. Such of the blind as have been moderately endowed with capacity, and have been persevering in their efforts, have almost invariably shown great skill in the mathematics. Simply as regards distinction and great attainment in the pure science, I know not why its disciples might not as well all be blind. But when a man with darkened orbs passes from the realms of abstraction into nature, to become a student of her marvels, to observe her cunning arts, to note and explain her mysteries, he sets himself a task, the performance of which seems to be hopeless. Such was the province selected by Francis Huber, a Genevese born about 1750. At the age of seventeen, he lost his sight by gutta serena. At first his misfortune threatened to crush him, because he had lost not only the light of the outer world, but as he feared,

the light of his inner life—the woman he loved. The daughter of a Swiss syndic, Marie Aimée Lullin, had not only station, but beauty, intelligence, wit, and accomplishments. Many were the suitors who thronged around her, and the father was bitterly opposed to her union with the blind youth; but what is parental hostility or toil, or privation to a generous woman, when to the throb of affection is added the claim of sympathy? His infirmity insured him the prize, and that won, he was made happy for life. During the forty years of their married life, her love deepened and strengthened, her devotion knew not an hour's suspension. She was his reader, his secretary, his observer. During the wars, she would make him aware of the position of the armies by sticking pins in the map, to denote the different bodies of troops. When they came into a strange locality she would arrange a ground plan that he might become familiar with the features through the touch. At her death he said he had never before known the pressure of his misfortune. During his lifetime he used to say, "my blindness is not so much of a calamity after all. But for it I never could have known how much a man can be beloved. Moreover," he would add, "to me my wife is always young, fair, and pretty; there are no grey hairs, crow's feet, or wrinkles, and that is a great matter."

Huber's father was a man of sprightly intellect, and brilliant conversation, with a decided predilection for natural history. These traits were inherited by the son. His taste for natural history was confirmed by the study of such works as fell in his way. The treatises of Reaumer and Bonnet upon the bee,

deeply interested him in that wonder of the insect world. He commenced his observations to verify some statements which he had read, and then to fill some blanks which had been left by other naturalists. His habitual residence in the country was favorable to this pursuit, and thenceforth his life was devoted to it.

He carried on his observations through the eyes of his wife—of a faithful servant whom he trained for the purpose, and subsequently of his son. His sagacity directed their attention to points which they had overlooked; his intelligence suggested new methods of inquiry, whilst his imaginative conception of the whole subject was so clear and precise, that he was able to detect the slightest error, and suggest the means of remedy. "I am much more certain of what I declare to the world than you are," said he, one day, to a friend, "for you publish what your own eyes only have seen, while I take the mean among many witnesses." The publication of his first observations appeared in 1792 in the form of letters to Col. Bonnet under the title of "Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles.' This work made a strong impression upon many naturalists, not only from the novelty of its facts, but from their rigorous exactness, and the amazing difficulty which the author overcame with so much ability. But his investigations were neither relaxed by the flattering reception of his first publication, which might have been sufficient to gratify his self-love, nor even by his separation from his faithful servant.

The origin of the wax was at that time a point in the history of bees much disputed by naturalists. By

some it was asserted, though without sufficient proof, that it was fabricated by the bee from the honey. Huber, who had already happily cleared up the origin of the propolis, confirmed this opinion with respect to the wax, by numerous observations; and showed very particularly (what baffled the skill of all naturalists before him) how it escaped in a laminated form from between the rings of the abdomen.

During the course of his observations with Bernens (his servant), his wife and sons for assistants, he instituted laborious researches to discover how the bees build their storehouses. He followed step by step the whole construction of those wonderful hives, which seem by their perfection, to resolve the most delicate problems of geometry; he assigned to each class of bees, the part it takes in this construction, and traced their labors from the rudiments of the first cell, to the completed perfection of the comb. He made known the ravages which the *sphinx atropos* produces in the hives; he made ingenious inquiries respecting the locality and history of the bee's senses; he discovered that they consume oxygen gas like other animals, and how, by a particular motion of their wings, they renovate the atmosphere in the hive.

Since the days and brilliant achievements of Huber, naturalists have not been able to add any considerable discovery to the history of bees. The second volume of his observations was published in 1814, and was edited in part by his son.

But his valuable contributions to science were not the only tributaries to his fame. As a writer he possessed more than ordinary merit. The elegance of

his style, brilliant with the light of imagination, leads us to infer that he might have been a poet as well as naturalist. In the various relations of life he displayed such sweetness of temper as made him beloved by all his large circle of friends. He spent the evening of his life at Lausanne, under the care of his daughter Madame de Molin.

Huber retained his faculties to the last. At the age of eighty-one, in a letter to one of his friends, he writes thus: "There is a time when it is impossible to remain neglectful; it is when separating gradually from those we love, we may reveal all that esteem, tenderness and gratitude have inspired us with toward them." He further adds: "Resignation and serenity are blessings which have not been refused." He wrote these lines on the 20th of December, 1831, and on the 22d he was no more. He died without pain or agony, while in the arms of his daughter.

There is another name too honorable to be omitted from our list; I mean that of Augustin Thierry, the great French historian, of whose death we hear, as these pages are printed. His life and labors teach a double lesson; of patience and happiness under heavy affliction, and the other, hardly less worthy, of the pervading power of well-directed philosophic study and mental activity. Thierry was only about fifteen, a youth in college, when from perusing the historic writings of Chateaubriand and the quasi-historic writings of Walter Scott, and especially, as it is said, from the influence of Chateaubriand's noble description of the desperate struggle in the Batavian swamps between the Franks fighting

for their freedom and their Roman invaders, his mind and purposes received a direction and impulse so abiding, that they lasted through a lifetime of labor. After a year or two of varied and miscellaneous literary industry, he plunged into a wearisome series of investigations among mediæval manuscripts and records, pursued uninterruptedly up to 1828, in which year the result appeared in the magnificent "History of the Norman Conquest in England"—and in the loss of the writer's eyesight. This work was the proclamation of a new epoch in French history. In it Thierry made the first adequate presentation of the theory which he had learned from his great masters, and of the practice which he had pursued under it, in his obscure and profound researches. He dealt with the *third estate*, the mass of the people, so universally ignored in the formal histories of all time, or only emerging now and then in some such frantic and horrible shape of blind brutal madness as the insurrections of the Jacquerie in France and of the peasantry in Germany; ignorant, helpless struggles of instinct, stimulated by unendurable and nameless oppressions, bloodily beaten down again by the mailed barons and knights into the utter darkness and misery of their serfdom. Among these forgotten and wretched masses, Thierry found the real nations of the time; here he found heroism and virtue equal and superior to that of titled lord and gay lady; and these humble and often unarmed men he lifted to the high place which was theirs of right. Thus he revolutionized the method of historical writing; and with a free and strong hand made a place for the nationalities now recognized as the truest and most real; the

multitudes of private citizens, whose daily lives, whose daily little comforts or privations, whose small wealth or poverty, gain or loss, happiness or sorrow, do in fact constitute the life and movement of the nation, to a degree that leaves the schemings of politicians, the temporary eminence of a ruler, the huge vain-glory of a successful soldier, alike contemptible and ridiculous.

In the same direction Thierry has been laboring stedfastly and rapidly ever since. From the year 1827 he has dictated to an amanuensis; and under his terrible deprivation has made large and valuable contributions to history. Still working, he gradually lost the use of all his limbs except his thumbs and forefingers; then the lower part of his body became paralyzed too; and still he labored, removing from Paris, to dwell in the pleasant valley of Montmorenci, or in the house of his brother, also a historian, and man of letters. How he endured his infirmity, an extract from his correspondence may tell. He says:—"Were I to begin my life over again I would choose the road that has conducted me to where I now am. Blind and afflicted, without hope and without leisure, I can safely offer this testimony, the sincerity of which, coming as it does, from a man in my condition, cannot be called in question. There is something in this world worth more than pleasure, more than fortune, more than health itself—I mean devotion to science." In spite of his multiplied afflictions, he has maintained his high rank as the first historian of continental Europe, and his not less lofty place as master of his spirit and of his sorrows: now that he is dead, his high

place among the noblest and strongest of the intellects of the world will not soon be filled.

More than one woman, under the pressure of the great calamity of blindness, has displayed a full measure of the patient heroism and undiscouraged enduring strength so nobly characteristic of the sex. Among these I shall only delay to name Madame Von Paradisi, a German lady, who lost her sight at the age of between two and three years. Being, however, providentially furnished with good instructors, and rapidly developing under their tuition a precocious and genuine genius for music, she pursued both vocal and instrumental studies with such success that when only eleven years old she sang in public before the great Empress-queen, Maria Theresa. The touchingly sweet voice, and skillful, though artless, execution of the child so won upon the true womanly heart of the Empress that she bestowed upon the singer a generous pension, which lasted as long as the giver lived. In after years Madame Paradisi, under the care of her mother, made the tour of Europe, giving public concerts here and there. At these she often melted the audience to sympathetic tears by her feeling utterance of a sad song upon her blindness, composed for her by a brother in affliction, Pfeffel, the blind poet, and set to music by her musical instructor, Kozeluch, a composer of note in those days. Of his compositions Madame Paradisi held in her memory more than sixty, note for note; many of them being of the most intricate character. Besides her extraordinary talents in this her special pursuit, Madame Paradisi possessed many of the most remarkable of the powers so often given in kindly compensation for

the loss of sight. So exquisite was the sensibility of her touch that by her fingers she could determine the color of surfaces, the genuineness of coins, and the delineations on playing-cards; she was also a geographer and skillful arithmetician. Her sweet and happy disposition, her brilliant intellect, her ready wit and humor made her a centre of attraction in every circle. Capable of sustaining her sorrows in solitude, it was not even to be realized from her demeanor in society, that she was in aught debarred from using any of the faculties of her kind. Instead of being a gloomy monument, radiating the doleful influences of hopeless grief, she was one of the brightest and most radiantly light-giving spirits of her time; as if the closing of the outward avenues of light had conduced to the development of a brighter, purer, and quite perennial fountain of far better light within—the light of a courageous, self-sustaining and impregnably joyful spirit.

Nor has our own country been destitute of those, who encompassed by the "ever during dark," or walking in the uncertain twilight, have yet taught us precious lessons of faithful toil, and heroic effort.

A student in Rutgers College, after a gradual decline of sight, at length lost it altogether. He was poor, without friends, and with two orphan sisters dependent upon him, and his education not yet completed. To a less brave and hardy nature, the fearful condition in which he stood, would have been overwhelming. But the congregation of troubles came to a valiant man who would do all that man could do to meet and conquer them. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Latin and Greek;

set them to reading his text books, and himself to committing their contents to memory. The task seemed hopeless; yet what cannot resolution compass? Attention, sensibility to impressions, and retentiveness of memory were quickened. What a man gains by severe labour, he is apt to value and retain. Those of us who acquire information with ease, forget with greater ease, and then console our indolence by the complaint of bad memories. Nelson, for such was our blind friend's name, soon became the wonder of the college. A dispute arose one day in recitation between himself and the professor, concerning the construction of a sentence in Virgil. The Professor at length flatly ruled him wrong; himself giving what he considered the true rendering. With the color mounting to his temples, and in an agitated voice, Nelson replied, "Your reading would be right, sir, if the mark were a comma, but," turning his sightless orbs to the book he held in his hand, "in my Heyne's edition it is a colon." Such was the accuracy with which he committed his tasks.

His degree is obtained, and with swelling hearts his class-mates go forth to the career which invite to fortune and renown. But what prizes are there for him? His spirit is one of almost fierce independence. He will not crouch and whine to beg; but manfully seek to gain bread for his sisters and himself, by teaching. The experiment is made and is successful. His reputation spreads and scholars flock to him. He is made professor in his own alma mater, and discharges its duties with honor to the college and himself, and does more to elevate the standard of classical scholarship in our seminaries of learning, than any

man of his time. The strong will conquered fate in the forms of obscurity, poverty, and blindness, and won for him repute, worldly comfort, and scholastic success.

I am now to speak of a person, who, although not totally blind, has struggled against such fearful odds, so long and so successfully, as to entitle him to a degree of admiration accorded to few of his literary contemporaries. At the age of seventeen, while in College, a missile, misdirected by the hand of a classmate, struck him in the eye, which caused its loss. The other was so far affected by sympathy as to endanger it. The service of the best oculists were invoked at home; and then, two or three years were passed in Europe in hope that relief might be found for the remaining organ, but in vain. About the age twenty, he returned to his native land, having only a part of an eye, enough to serve him in walking, but not enough to enable him to read or write save by the use of a machine invented for the blind. His father was an eminent jurist, and he himself had been destined for the bar, but his infirmity closed his path to distinction in that profession. Bracing himself against despondency, and refusing to employ the language of idle regret, the cheap coin of sloth and imbecility, with admirable calmness and a beautiful submission to his lot, and the stern duties which it imposed, he sat him down to prepare for the vocation which he had selected—historical literature! Ten years of quiet, systematic study are spent on the great masters of the art—their pages read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. Meanwhile, his own theme is chosen. A momentous era in the world's story, a reign that vies

in interest in with any other on record, is to be treated. Archives are to be searched, masses of manuscripts —official documents, correspondence, etc., are to be canvassed, old chronicles to be consulted—reading without end to be done, and notes without end to be taken. Calm verdicts upon vexed questions are to be rendered; character, life, and manners in a romantic age are to be drawn and colored with the skill and fidelity of the poet; the best powers of statesman and philosopher are to be exercised, and the results of inquiry, comparison, and meditation, are to be given to the world, in such a form that the hurrying throng shall pause to read the scroll. Vast work for one who must read through others' eyes, whilst his writing is hidden from his own imperfect vision.

Thus are other ten years spent, when at the age of forty, Mr. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella is given to the public. Need I attempt to say how the work was performed? The unparalleled popularity of its author among American historians, and the judgment of the world, which classes him with Macaulay, is a sufficient answer. Since then, we have received from his untiring industry, and pen of marvellous grace, Mexico, Peru, a collection of reviews, and even now, the first two volumes of Philip the Second. What a monument are these eleven volumes to a man who as to literary labour is virtually blind! What stories do they not tell of faith and patience—of the strength which copes with misfortune, and masters it—of the resolution which is victorious over apparent impossibilities! What a clear starry light shines out from this brave man's study, to cheer us forward on our own dark paths!

May I be permitted to go farther, and to speak not only of the historian, but of the friend? As I have seen Mr. Prescott in the relations of private life, at table, in the drawing-room or the library; as I have heard his merry laugh and pleasant voice; as I have heard him contributing by his ample stores of knowledge, his genial humor and friendly nature, to the enlightenment and comfort of all around him; as I have noted the undimmed cheerfulness and serenity of his character, and the benignity of his disposition, free from all morbid egotism, and embittered depression: as I have marked how calmly and courageously he carried the heavy load of his privation; I have thought that the world had gained much in the partial eclipse of his sight. Not often is it that we are favored with such lay sermons—sermons which come home to our hearts and lives with telling power, when they preach to us in facts, and are quickened by the vital throb of reality. From association with him, I have always gone forth a more contented, cheerful man.

Of a townsman of Mr. Prescott, am I now to speak; of a young man, mighty in endurance, and withal admirable beyond praise for what he has done. I mean Francis Parkman, author of the History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac. Not blind, yet unable to fasten his gaze upon any object, and thus disabled from reading and writing; the victim of fearful pains

in eyes, head, and limbs, which for months together subjected him to a torture well-nigh as searching and exquisite as that of the rack, he has yet devoted himself to literary pursuits. Collecting his mind, and composing it under the pressure of the fiercest physical anguish, without halting or wavering he has pursued his labors.

The work he has given to the world is one of the most admirable specimens of historical composition produced in our country. Fresh, vigorous, and singularly graphic in style, its masterly grouping and picturesque treatment of a most interesting era in our annals must commend it to the warmest approval of the literary public; and coming as it does, from a man circumstanced as I have described, it seems to me one of the noblest trophies which valor has wrung from suffering. Nor satisfied with this, he has, still under the pressure of affliction, prosecuted his labors, and is now engaged upon a history of the French Empire in America. If conduct such as this does not glare out upon the world like the struggles and achievements of warriors, yet when the world comes to mature age, it will appreciate these triumphs over infirmity and agony, more than victories compassed by blood and fire.

And now am I brought to the last and most renowned of all my heroes; one whose name has become a household word throughout the nations of the

earth; whose colossal fame is only surpassed by his more colossal genius. Born in Bread street, London, in December, 1608, he enjoyed throughout early life, all the advantages which the affection and taste of cultivated parents, in affluent circumstances, could furnish. Provided with the best masters, he early showed an amazing aptitude for learning, which only grew with his growth. At the same time, he manifested a remarkable talent for versification. Let us describe the daily course of his youthful life in his own forcible English. The passage is from the Apology for Smectymnuus; and is in answer to aspersions upon his morals.

"Those morning haunts are where they should be—at home; not sleeping nor concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakens men to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till the attention be weary, or the memory have its full fraught. Then with useful and generous labors, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to cover their stations, rather than see the ruin of our Protestantism, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

It was with a noble appreciation of the ideal of literary aims, and with a wise choice of authors, that he read. He preferred, he says, "above them all, the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write, but to the honor of those to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter, in things laudable, *ought himself to be a true poem;* that is a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless that he gave himself experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy."

And again: "That I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood, founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. * * * From the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years, and the careless round of studying and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal, Xenophon; where, if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love—I mean that which is truly so, whose charming-cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those that are worthy;

the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion which a certain sorcerer, the abuser of love's name, carries about—and how the first and chiefest of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue. With such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, where there shall be no chiding."

Pursuing his studies at the university of Cambridge, he took his degree at the age of three and twenty; when he gave up all thoughts of entering the profession to which he had been destined by his father; his dislike of subscription, and oaths, which in his opinion, required what he called an "accommodating conscience," preventing his taking orders. His inability to do so gave him pain, for his father had fondly cherished the expectation of seeing his son a distinguished churchman. Obedience to his own conscience, however, fortunately produced no estrangement between his father and himself. He now retired to the family estate in the country, where he spent five years in quaffing still deeper draughts from the fountains of learning, and preparing himself by intimate and prolonged communion with the great minds of antiquity for the sublime career he was yet to run.

When about thirty years of age, the society of the

continent threw wide its inviting portals to him. Everywhere through southern France and Italy, he was received with eager respect and cordial hospitality, and entertained by the patrons of learning and the choicest scholars, as an honored guest. Rarely had a private English gentleman received so much flattering attention as was now accorded to the author of "Comus," although he visited Galileo in the inquisitorial dungeons, and never withheld his own tongue from the utterance of his religious opinions. The wonders of art, which had made Italy the glory of the world, were now revealed probably to the first Englishman whose critical judgment and answering genius enabled him fully to appreciate them. Architecture, painting, sculpture, music, contributed their choicest stores to enrich a nature so magnificently endowed, and already so highly cultivated. It had been his intention to continue his journey to Greece, the earlier home of the arts; but his tour was abruptly terminated, for his patriotic ear now caught the first mutterings of the storm which was gathering to break upon his beloved native land. At the crisis of the revolution, England needed every faithful son at home. Thither, therefore, he hastened, to do what in him lay, in the coming battle for human rights. Humble enough was the weapon at first placed within his grasp—neither the sword of a captain, nor the pike of an invincible —only a pedagogue's switch. But he that is faithful

in the least, shall he not be counted worthy of the greatest? So John Milton used the birch with a zeal rarely surpassed by a schoolmaster, as the backs of his scholars testified, and did what he could to ground them well in the knowledge of the classics.

Later, Providence summoned him to the use of another instrument, in the wielding of which he was already well versed. The hosts of England were arrayed in unbrotherly battle against each other. Cavaliers and Roundheads were joined in the fearful shock, and from the din and cloud strode forth the gigantic figure of Oliver, leading his Ironsides to victory. Cromwell's sword, like that of Gideon of old, wrought marvellous things. What that sword was in battle, was Milton's pen in controversy; the foremost and most trenchant weapon in the defence of the Revolution, and the rights of men. A fearful antagonist was he, answering to his own magnificent description of a champion of the truth. "Zeal," he says, in the most fiery and vehement prose-poetry in the English language, "whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot drawn with two blazing meteors, figured like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the zodiac yields—resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw: the one visaged like a lion, to express power, high authority and indignation, the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn

upon perverse and fraudulent seducers; with these, the invincible warrior Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels."

Nor was it needful that he should defend liberty from its open foes only. On the triumph of the Presbyterians in the severe contest, they sought to hamper and restrict the liberty of the press, following hard after the evil example of despotic king and hierarchic church. He now stands up before the parliament and the world, to utter his immortal oration, the grandest in our own, perhaps in any language, in behalf of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. Hear him, as he pleads for the charter of freedom in every land and age.

"I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye, how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine in prison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

"And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for want of which whole nations fare worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life."

He now, by the assaults of foreign hirelings, is summoned to the "Defence of the People of England." He is seated in his little study, carpet of rushes beneath his feet, the walls decorated with green hangings, on one side his much used organ, and in the middle of the room his writing-table, at which he sits

as if chained. Never did galley-slave ply the oar more constantly than he the pen. But what is this? Is daylight fading in the west, and twilight creeping on? For the page is melting away before his eyes. Nay, for as he casts his glance through the window, catching sight of vernal green and trees, he beholds bright masses of sunshine lying on the earth. He lays down his pen and betakes him to the organ to refresh himself a while with those strains which seem to bear the human spirit aloft above the darkness and storms of life. As the last chord is struck, he rises like a giant refreshed with new wine, to prosecute his scholastic labors. But the letters are blurred and indistinct. A misty veil seems to have risen between himself and the lately written page. Can it be that sight is fading? The physicians are summoned. They declare upon examination that the work must be given up. "But the work cannot be given up; for it is the defence of England." Nevertheless, say the doctors, the public weal must be surrendered to private good. "The price at which the world will buy that book, John Milton, is thy blindness." "Is it so? then must the sacrifice be made."

There is a grand temple, wherein have been offered many oblations and sacrifices for the good of mankind; where stalwart men and fragile women, mailed warriors and studious monks, watchers in the dwellings of woe, and sailors upon the stormy main, nurses at

the bedside of pestilence and miners for the rich ore of truth, have laid down youth and ease, worldly comfort and the fair speech of their fellows, for the lasting good of humanity. In the deepening twilight, up the broad aisle, there walks calmly and without ostentation, a man in the prime of life. His step is slow and solemn, as befits the occasion. He kneels before the altar, that altar upon which so many precious gifts had been placed before; while humbly, reverently, he surrenders for the good of his country and the world, what must have been almost dearer than life itself—his sight. Thus were those eyes which had swept the starry firmament and passed beyond the range of ordinary vision; that had lent almost the sun's glory to the landscape; that had invested nature with a splendor and grandeur, to impart which is rarely conferred upon the sons of men; that had revelled in the stores of art, and searched so widely and so wisely through boundless fields of knowledge; those eyes which had made him familiar with Plato and Xenophon, as if they had been his schoolmates; that had enabled him to interpret the words of Homer and Dante; that had given him the power to learn, that he might teach his fellow-men; thus were those eyes serenely and without a murmur yielded at the call of duty. A nobler sacrifice I hardly know. Let him tell us of the privation in his own words :

"Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish, or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year;
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

Let us listen to a still loftier strain:

"When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask; but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

And now, by slow degrees and manifold experi-

ences, and not least by this last sad affliction, had the soul been nurtured which was to

> "——— Assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

In the evil days on which his lot had now fallen, for the Commonwealth was ended, and Charles the Second had returned, he was proscribed, and his life in peril. Sunk in the depths of poverty,

> "With darkness and with dangers compassed round,"

he sat him down to write that work which the world has said is the greatest of the fruits of genius. He sent it forth to a ribald generation; it was hailed with jeers and derision. How could Charles and his parasites apprehend the meaning and the spirit of Paradise Lost? But he was assured that it would live; and with calm confidence he committed it to the future; that future, which by its appreciation, reverence and love, has justified his lofty trust.

Paradise Lost was followed in a few years by Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes; and now nothing is left to the great bard but to die. He has sung an immortal strain, and lived a life worthy of such a singer; and his death rounds and completes the whole. As we stand by the open grave in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, with the small party of his contemporaries who are here to pay him the last sad

tribute of respect, we repeat the words which he used of his own blind hero;

——— "Samson has quit him
Like Samson, and heroically has finished
A life heroic.
Nothing is here for tears: nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair."

As we look around upon the strife of little souls, and mark the petty prizes for which they are contending; as we hear upon all hands the wails of discontent and complaint, and feel how few are the mighty and the noble to cheer us with the light of their presence and the inspiration of their example and their words, we are strongly tempted to join in the grave reproach of Wordsworth's sonnet:

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters;—altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
O raise us up; return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free.
Yet didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Thus have I attempted to show by these examples, how men have struggled with undaunted front, against the severest misfortune and privation, making head against calamity, revealing the latent resources of our nature, vindicating the compensations which God has made to wait upon every condition of man's life. We have seen men, without the light, achieving eminence in abstract and natural science, in history and poetry, performing feats which would be esteemed well-nigh prodigies even for those who possessed their vision.

There is one department, however, wherein I am obliged to record the inferiority of the blind. I mean that of spoken eloquence. There is a popular fallacy that this is a profession wherein the blind may readily excel; to which Mr. Wirt's celebrated description of the Blind Preacher, in his letters of the British Spy, has given still greater currency. I will not charge that distinguished person with intentional extravagance; but his picture is an exaggeration. His own mind was in a morbid and excited state; profoundly impressed by the sabbath-like stillness of the forest; the grassy turf illumined by flashes of sunshine, and speckled by the twinkling shadows of the leaves; while through the trees appears the modest country church. Brooding over a youth mis-spent, haunted by the phantoms of remorse and despair, he crosses the threshold of the house of God, to hear if any word

can be spoken that will dispel his gloom. An aged man stands in the desk. Silvery locks fall down his shoulders. His voice is tremulous from age. His manner of simple fervor betokens the deepest earnestness. As the hearer looks more narrowly, he perceives that the speaker is blind. His own condition, the scene, the sightless apostle of the truth, all combine to arouse him to a pitch of enthusiasm; and he pronounces Waddell the most eloquent of men.

That Mr. Wirt on this occasion may have found him so, I do not question. But that the audience under ordinary conditions would have been affected to the same or to an approaching degree, I cannot believe. Excel as the blind may in literature, the magic wand of the great orator cannot be given to them. Shall I demonstrate my position? When you are engaged in conversation, is it not requisite, in order to the fullest interest and animation, that you have the tribute of your companion's eye? Is it possible for you to sustain a prolonged and exciting conversation, in a dark room? Can you make a friend or intimate of any person, who when you speak to him averts his glance? No, is the unmistakable answer to this question. Why? You come to your deepest acquaintance with others' sensibilities, whereby your own are kindled, through their eyes and your own. The sweetest and mightiest tie which binds us to each other—sym pathy—whose glow kindles our enthusiasm, whose

magic power enables us to transfer our life into another's life, to pervade our own imagination with another's being, reveals itself not through the poor ministry of words, but in the divine expression of the human face, which concentrates and glorifies itself in the electric flashing of the eyes. These orbs are the mirrors of the soul; the lights which kindle the fires of friendship and affection.

Again; you are a public speaker. Suppose you are called upon to address an audience from behind a screen; or with your face turned to the wall; or with a bandage across your eyes. Would your words have power, or your nature inspiration? Picture Demosthenes, or Clay, addressing an audience, they hanging breathless on his lips, when suddenly the lights go out. No poise of character, no self-possession, no absorption of the speaker in his theme is equal to such a crisis. No spell of eloquence is mighty enough to hold an audience together under such circumstances. There can be neither speaking nor hearing in the dark.

What is the secret of the richest, greatest eloquence? Neither in finish of style, nor in force of logic, nor affluence of diction, nor grace of manner, nor pomp of imagination, nor in all of these combined, is it to be found. It may be accompanied by these—it may be destitute of them. It is in the man—feeling his theme, feeling his audience, and making

them feel the theme and himself. He pursues the line of his thought; a sentence is dropped which falls like a kindling spark into the breast of some one present. The light of that spark shoots up to his eyes, and sends an answer to the speaker. The telegraphic signal is felt, and the speaker is instantly tenfold the stronger; he believes what he is saying more deeply than before, when a second sentence creates a response in another part of the house. As he proceeds, the listless are arrested, the lethargic are startled into attention, tokens of sympathy and emotion flash out upon him from every portion of the audience. That audience has lent to him its strength. It is the same double action which characterizes every movement of the universe; action and re-action; the speaker giving the best that is in him to his hearers, they lending the divinest portion of themselves to him. This tidal movement of sympathy, this magnetic action, awakening and answering in the eyes of speaker and hearer, by which he is filled with their life, and they pervaded by his thought, is to me the secret and the condition of real eloquence; and clearly this condition is one unattainable by a man destitute of sight. His audience may yield him their deepest, holiest sympathies; yet how can he be made aware of this? Between himself and them a great gulf is fixed, over which no man may pass. His discourse is a soliloquy spoken to his own ear. His imagination

the only gage which he possesses of the appreciativeness of his audience. His words may be beneath them, or above them; his thoughts may be lofty, almost divine; his convictions may reach to the very roots of his being; his voice may be sweet as thrilling music, and yet, so far as the last and highest requisite of eloquence is concerned he might as well be speaking to the trees. His audience is not a reality, but only the product of his imagination. He is wholly incompetent to appreciate or receive any sympathetic response which they may be disposed to render him. Such inspiration as he may have is the influence of his subject upon his own mind and heart. The answer of the human eye, the mightiest quickener of eloquence, is forever withholden from him. Therefore, I have said that this sphere of power and distinction is shut up against him. The blind may achieve the laurel of the poet, the fame of the historian, but his hand can never wield the wand of enchantment which is given to the great orator.

Cheerfully do I turn me now to look upon some of the compensations which underlie and bless the lot of those who sit in darkness. Forlorn indeed, and wretched, does their state at first sight seem. Shut out from vision of mountains and oceans, without a message from sun or star; cheered by no pleasant sight of corn-fields, or meadows dotted with flocks and herds; unused to the dreamy twilight of the deep

forest, or the silvery gleam of the brook as it breaks into sunshine; untaught in any alphabet by which to interpret the craft of the builder or the miracles of painting or sculpture, the condition of the blind seems dreary and dismal enough—quite enough to justify the pathetic recital of Milton:

——— "Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.
But cloud instead, and everduring dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

I have already had occasion to hint at the exquisite training imparted to the other senses, by reason of the absence of this princely one; the delicacy of the touch, amounting almost to the development of another sense, so quick do the nerves become in their apprehension of forms and distances. But the balance of faculties is maintained chiefly through the ear; and upon reflection, is it not through this organ that the largest contributions to happiness are made from without? Wordsworth has declared the capabilities of the ear, in lines as philosophically accurate in their analysis, as their measure is poetically beautiful:

"Thy functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! and a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind,
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter, than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers, for the heart, their slave.
* * * and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats.

* * * * *

Blest be the song, that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;
Nor scorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired slave song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime."

The state of constant vigilance in which the blind man is required to keep his perceptive faculties, begets habits of the acutest and widest observation. His acquaintance with the facts occurring immediately in his own neighborhood, will probably be more thorough and complete than that of his seeing companions. Moreover, it is needful that that which he

discerns and learns should be well retained; incapable of reference, he must needs have, and the need begets, and ample and retentive memory. Others acquire the treasures of knowledge with ease, and scatter them with prodigality. He acquires with toil, and thriftily hoards his possessions. It is not because nature has endowed him with a better memory than other men, but because necessity is urging him to acquire it, that he possesses, in such high condition, this much-coveted perfection of development. Forgetfulness is the offspring of inattention and sloth; vivid recollection is the product of the natural faculty, carefully disciplined. A man rarely works when he can help it. A taskmaster of some sort is usually required to urge him to his duty. Herein the blind man's need is the blind man's gain. He pays the price in effort; and receives the reward in improvement. But I need not prosecute this inquiry further into the realm of his intellectual nature. All his richest gains there would be as dross, were there nothing better given to cheer and comfort him. The dearest compensation awarded to the blind, as I reckon it, is the love which attends his steps. I am told that this is a cold, hard world; that man is the devil's child; that the child's works are worthy the offspring of the father. I am assured that selfishness is the ruling law of life; that friendship is a name, and love a deceit.

So have I not found the world or man. Will you accept my testimony on this point? It has fallen to my lot to travel as widely in this country as perhaps any man of my age. My wayfarings have taken me to the boundless prairies of the West, to the cotton plantations of the South, the farms of the Middle States, and the manufacturing towns of New England. My path has run by the margin of the Atlantic, on the shores of the great lakes, by the banks of the Mississippi, and along the verge of the Gulf. I have travelled by every means of conveyance, on foot and on horseback, in canal boats and in stages, on rail cars and steamboats. Almost all my journeys have been prosecuted alone. My comparatively helpless condition has often thrown me upon the care of strangers. I have been obliged to appeal for assistance to gentlemen and loafers; to the negro slave or his master: to railroad conductors and to hotel landlords; to waiters and hack-drivers; to men represented as the coarsest and harshest of their kind. At times I have had no choice but to address men when in a towering passion, when their mouths were filled with oaths and blasphemy; and I have to say that never have I spoken to a fellow man—but once—saying that I could not see, and asking him to do the thing I needed, and been turned empty away.

At this spell of the feeble, the hardest fibres of

man's nature dissolve to the tenderness of a woman's, and the gentleness of a mother takes the place of revolting coarseness and brutality. Such is the result of my acquaintance with mankind; a result, to which I believe it will be found upon examination, nearly all other persons partially or totally deprived of sight have been brought. Paradoxical as it may seem, the sightless man sees the best side of human nature—the blind man is an optimist. With all its faults and vices, with all its sins and crimes, there is ever to be found lurking in our nature a kindly sensibility, a genial helpful sympathy, toward those who are suffering and distressed; and those deprived of sight appear to me to share a larger portion of this holy treasure than any other class of the afflicted. Though the natural sun be blotted from their vision, human affection by its ministering care well-nigh replaces it. Though the universe of visual beauty be a blank, soft voices and kind hands create another, perhaps a lovelier world: for those who are thrown by calamity into the arms of Providence, Providence assures protection, and appoints angels whose changeless and gladdening office is to smooth their way and stay their steps, and yield guardianship and succor. The heavy laden are dear to God; and man has not so utterly lost God's image as not to be kind to those whom the Father loveth.

Nor are there any so bereaved and desolate but that they are as it were hedged about with blessings. No

lot of human life is so hard and burdened that sure mercies are not promised—that constant benedictions will not descend upon it. I know that the years bring to us pain and sorrow; that no man's experience is complete except anguish have done its work upon him; I know that there come times in the life of every one of us, when God seems to have deserted us, and hope is dead. The night season forms a fearful period in the life of all; and then the heart of cheer seems a mockery, and the voice of music a cruel jest. But it is not so; believe me, it is not so. Patience, content and hope are the lessons then set us to learn; and to him that learneth, God giveth songs in the night. With that man it is well; for this is wisdom, the price of which is above rubies.

I cannot better conclude than by a noble poem, the work of a gifted countrywoman of our own, and yet attributed by many in this country and in England, to the great singer himself. The lines were composed by Elizabeth Lloyd, a lady of Philadelphia; and are supposed to be written by Milton in his blindness:

"I am old and blind—
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown—
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to thee.

"Oh, merciful One!
When men are furthest, then thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,—
Thy chariot I hear.

"Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

"On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

"I have nought to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing,
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

"Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapt in the radiance of that sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

"Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

"It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

"In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime,
Break over me unsought.

"Give me now my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT WOMAN.

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT WOMAN.

NEVER has there been a period in the history of our country, when social questions excited so profound and general an interest as at the present hour. The mind of the country seems to be in an almost anarchical condition. Speculatists are rife; theories without end throng the path of the intellectual inquirer; and the school, the state, the family, the church, are in turn questioned as to the reasons and justifications of their existence. The voice of denunciation is loud in the land against existing institutions, in advocacy of a complete change and wiser re-organization in all the objects of our belief, in all the forms of our life. Never was there the same petulant and resentful crusade waged against the memories of the past, against what are called in derision "time-honored institutions." Not the least loudly and warmly discussed of these topics is what has come to be styled the "woman question." Its importance will justify any amount of consideration, even the largest; but it is

questionable if that importance will vindicate the attitude and style assumed by some of the disputants. It may be the prejudice of an "old fogy;" but nevertheless, one shrinks from seeing a woman exposing herself upon the rostrum, or at the dinner-table, in the act of speech-making, subjected to the jeers and hisses of an idle and vulgar crowd, or gaining the equivocal applause of a rabid and fanatical minority. Let us confess that it does violence to our prejudices, or to something deeper and holier, to hear a woman's voice strained and cracked, in the attempt to galvanize an audience into the acceptance of her formulas, or into an enthusiasm of sympathy.

That women have their rights, and, what is unfortunately true, their wrongs, great, deep, and terrible, no fair minded man can question. Possibly it may be a matter of taste, possibly a deeper difference, which divides us from the feminine agitators. Let us leave these imitators of Demosthenes, these matrons—or maidens—who are emulous of the renown of Cicero, to their platforms and conventions, in undisputed possession of their ill-timed and unfortunate celebrity; and spend a little time quietly and after our own fashion, in considering the aspect of woman's sphere and woman's duties.

While radicalism is vengefully trumpeting the doom of the present order of things, is with pomp and circumstance heralding the new creation,

which is to emerge from the *débris* of the present, conservatism, upon the other hand, is apt to gratulate itself upon the Christian tone, temper and spirit of our age and country, intimating, if not directly avowing, that among certain communities assembled in Christian sanctuaries, and associated in divers angelic organizations, the law given by the Nazarene is fully recognized and implicitly obeyed, and that in virtue of the savor of this, the only genuine salt of the earth, the state of society is about as good and happy as the possibilities will permit. The one class of interpreters would assure us that the family, on its present basis, is a sham; that marriage is a legal prostitution; that woman is a slave. The other exponents of the life of the world are disposed to insist that the family is a paradisiacal state, and that the laws, immunities and circumstances of women are admirably adapted to their situation, needing no improvement. "Christian America" is a compliment not seldom bestowed upon our self-admiring countrymen, by their elegant and accurate orators. As a practical commentary upon the Christianity of America, let me invite your attention to two classes of our women—I mean the poor and the outcasts. It is an inquiry to which you are urged by self-interest as well as humanity; for amongst our rapid mutations, our sudden changes of position and fortune, no man can tell how soon his own wife and daughters may be

dragged into the garrets of the one, or hurled into the hells of the other.

What are the resources available to a woman who is obliged to get her own bread? To teach, to stand behind a counter, to sew, to wash. The endowments and attainments of a small class open to them the competition for the uncertain prizes of literature; a lottery, by the way, where the blanks fearfully outnumber the prizes. Sad enough is the state of any one who must write for bread; pitiable to the last degree, as it seems to me, is the condition of a woman forced to this extremity; but what shall I say of the other chances which are open to women? What is the attitude of society towards them? That of a champion to defend or to espouse their cause? That of a friend to cheer or succor? That of an acquaintance even, to recognize with an approving smile and bow? I hazard little in declaring that the relation is that of a taskmaster and oppressor. Hundreds of places of easy employment and remunerative profit, the duties of which could be perfectly performed by women, are now usurped by men; and within the narrow boundaries allotted to women, hard indeed is the work, and trifling the compensation. Let a man and a woman, equally versed in the science of music, equally gifted to instruct in its art, seek professional employment in teaching it. He will command a remuneration of from one-third to two-thirds more

than she. The world degrades the sex into inferiority, and women themselves are apt to be the first in inflicting this indignity. The rule here stated holds good in other spheres of labor. A male cook will receive from two to ten times as much as a woman; and a tailor can live in comfort, and even make a fortune; while a shirt-maker gains scanty subsistence, or is reduced to the verge of starvation. Stern and angry as the vengeful Nemesis, appears to be the fate presiding over those women, who must gain their daily bread by daily toil. The terrible scenes and facts upon which the eyes of the world were first opened, and in favor of which the world's best sympathies were invoked by that noble man, Thomas Hood, have not yet been banished or annihilated from our centres of civilization and refinement. There are to-day in New York, and in other cities throughout the land, many gaunt and haggard forms, worn to the bone by want and wretchedness, who might with fearful truth and propriety recite as the tale of their own life, the "Song of the Shirt." And yet we are a most Christian people, and live in a most Christian age!

What a fearful exposition of the workings and characteristics of our civilization, is presented to every pedestrian upon Broadway after nightfall! Bedizened forms, brazen faces, hoarse or metallic voices, which in themselves announce the sin of their owners, and attest their curse, greet us at every step. And these are

women whose infant brows were bedewed by as gentle tears as ever fell from our own mothers' eyes; whose childish steps were watched with as tender a solicitude; whose way was consecrated by as constant and fervent prayers! All these were once inmates of homes such as our daughters have; and now they are wanderers, with a brand upon their brow, more accursed and withering than Cain's. They have forfeited respect, affection, hope, heaven. They are doomed to the worm that dieth not, and to the fire that is not quenched. Not only does their own conscience thunder the curses of the violated law, and guilt enfold them in its dark robe, but society declares their crime unpardonable. For that sin in a woman there is no remission. For man, however, there is plenteous grace and fullest absolution. The serpent enters the bower; he assails the weakest yet strongest part of her nature; not openly—for one glance of her maiden innocence would blast him—but with guile. The language of love is used; the power of love is wrested from its divine agency, to be made a hellish instrument. Confidence, and the heart's most sacred feelings are won. Then comes the ruin; and the God of this world—our most Christian society—drives the woman forth from Eden to wander a fugitive and an outcast, but receives the snake into its most cherished embrace. The woman is condemned to woe, world without end; but the man is accepted as an ornament of our best society.

We introduce him to our wives and daughters; if his crimes are spoken of we significantly hint at "wild oats," or speak in studied phrase of "youthful indiscretions." Mamma suggests that all young men are a little wild, but marriage cures them of that; and our young ladies think him only the more interesting because he is esteemed a "fast young man." You knowingly permit the *roué* to embrace your daughter in the dance; you entrust her to his care in long walks and rides; you permit the seducer to lead your daughter to the altar, and give him your paternal blessing; and at the same time soothe yourself into complacency at being one of a "most respectable people," and a "most Christian society." The fair image of God is despoiled and shattered, and the iconoclast is accepted as respectable and worthy.

Oh, the weary foot-falls and despairing hearts among the graves of the five-and-twenty thousand lost women of the city of New-York! Their mournful dirge has been sung by the same great-hearted poet who awoke the strains of the Song of the Shirt. Let him tell the fate of one of them, for it is the story of the class:

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

"Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence;
Ever God's providence
Seeming estranged.

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
O the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

"In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly
The dark river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

"Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

"Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

"Perishing gloomily
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly
Over her breast!

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!"

When tragedies more terrible than any performed in the mimic representations of the stage, atrocious

in their inception, harrowing and ruinous in their close, wherein a human soul is lost beyond remedy, are taking place all around us, can we felicitate ourselves upon the happy and prosperous state of our social structure, or deny that there are grave evils, demanding our prompt recognition, and such earnest and thorough remedial action as we may be able to adopt?

Let me invite you to the consideration of the following proposition, with the practical application to be made of it. In proportion as we recognize more fully the truest work and culture of human life, we shall appreciate the sphere and influence of woman. The wiser man becomes, the more clearly does he see that his true strength lies not in the physical or intellectual side of his nature, but in his moral and emotional powers. We boast, and the vaunt seems just, of the achievements of mind, of its conquests over the material creation. The iron horse, with his breath of fire, his sinews of steel, his voice of thunder, and tread as of armies, has been harnessed into our service. His pace narrows the continents almost into hand-breadths. His speed upon the deep renders "the wings of the wind" an antiquated figure. The lightning is arrested in its wild flash, and tamely submits to carry our messages. The subtlest and mightiest forces of the universe are made purveyors to our necessities and to our luxuries. Commerce has belted the world with a

fairer and richer zone than ever clasped the waist of Cytherea. Light, heat, electricity, galvanism, are chained captives to the wheels of the conqueror, as he sweeps along in his triumphal procession. As we watch this royal pageant, with swelling hearts and praiseful voices, we exclaim, How noble, how divine a thing is man! But he is still a victim of infirmity, disease, and death. A grain of sand may blind him; the meanest insect may inflict a fatal wound. He may bridge the ocean, but he cannot purchase immunity from pain. He may count the stars, and weigh them; but ague shrivels and tortures him, and fever scathes him with its fiery breath. In the midst of his triumphs he is oppressed by the consciousness that infinity stretches far away beyond him, untouched and unattainable. Even could he raise himself immeasurably above his present pinnacle—could he master the forces that now evade him—could he marshall the stars into his service—he must still call destruction his mother, and the worm his sister. The grandest exploits of the intellect more display its weakness than its strength. Its richest stores of knowledge only prove to it its poverty. The saddening consciousness of ignorance has ever been esteemed the first step to understanding; and those men that have travelled the widest circuits in the pursuit of truth, have ended their journey with the conviction of how little they knew. "He that increaseth know-

ledge increaseth sorrow ;" " Much study is a weariness to the flesh." These sayings were not new in the time of Solomon, nor are they old to-day.

I would not undervalue man's mental qualities, or the attainments of our scholarship or science, but would simply urge that his loftiest strength, the divinest part of himself, is not upon that side of his nature. These are to be found in his capacity to do good—to exercise himself in alleviating the sorrows —in elevating the condition of others—and not only so, but in the disposition and settled purpose thus to dedicate his energies. There is no man so humble that a career of benevolence is not noble to him ; no attainments too moderate for even open usefulness in this service. Two mites, the offering of a lonely yet loving heart, commemorated by one who appreciated moral excellence as infinitely above all other power, are held as a priceless treasure in the heart of the world, whilst the magnificent temple, in whose treasury the offering was deposited, has disappeared from the earth, leaving only a mournful tale and moral. We treasure the memory of the one brief and simple story of the box of spikenard, offered by a woman's affection, more than all the Rabbinical learning of the Talmud and Cabala—more than the whole body of the Jewish theology. Plutarch has transmitted to us the record of nearly all that were illustrious in action, celebrated in wisdom, renowned for

eloquence or virtue, among generals, statesmen, philosophers and orators of antiquity. Yet what is the value of all the classic memories from the pen of Trajan's preceptor, as compared with the unaffected recital by publicans and fishermen of the life of one who seemed to be a Jewish peasant? The emblazonry of genius, the splendor of art, the fame of wisdom and of arms fade like the stars at dawn, at the humble narrative of a life which was spent in doing good. We admire Demosthenes and Scipio; with curious study we pry into the life of Socrates and the writings of Plato; but we revere and love the friend of harlots and sinners. If the history of the last twenty centuries teaches us anything, it is that man's duty is to be found in imitating the life of Jesus—in acquiring the mind that was in him. He is the standard of character; by his life and words we yet judge of manners and principles, in the heart of the most polished civilization.

Compare two of the men of the last century. The one was a Frenchman; graceful in manners, of charming address, a favorite of courts, brilliant in wit, vivacious in conversation, the soul of every gay circle, possessed of acute intelligence, diligence in study, subtlety and discrimination in criticism; he was the prince of a sect of philosophers then all powerful, now almost forgotten—the Encyclopedists. His life was passed between the court and the cloister; now

amid the dazzling glare of royal pomp and pageant, then immured within a lonely cell, his only companions books and the midnight lamp. He was flattered by the most brilliant and fashionable women of the time; his *mots* were the most arrowy and sparkling of a period renowned for witty men. His society was courted by the great; his company was coveted by kings; scholars sought his opinions, as the ancient Greeks consulted the oracle at Delphi. He was the idol of the populace; he entered Paris in triumphal procession. One might almost say without hyperbole, that the worlds of fashion, of letters, of science, and of art, were at the feet of this dictator. And what was the end? He retired from the court of Frederic the Great, where he had been received by that monarch with almost royal honors, declaring that his only business there had been to wash the king's dirty linen.* He dedicated his great powers, his unequalled wit, eloquence, learning, and well-nigh matchless style, together with a long life, to what he called an endeavor to free his country and the world from the thraldom of superstition, from the domination of despotism—to what really was wicked though unconscious partnership with the *Grand Monarque*, which gave to his country the French Revolution, and to Europe a war of five and twenty years, which cost

* Referring to his attempts at correcting the king's poetical and other literary compositions.

France alone more than one thousand millions of dollars and three millions of men.

Such is Voltaire; a monument to teach the world what is an intellect without a heart.

John Howard was an English shop-boy, and in after life an English farmer; with so little education that he could neither write nor speak correctly; with intellect so narrow and moderate that it scarcely deserves the designation of mediocre; slow and stammering of speech, with a constitution shattered by life-long disease, the victim of constant pain and feebleness. One might almost say he had nothing but a heart and an iron will, together with a practical shrewdness, the heir-loom of the commercial classes of England. Kings sought the friendship of this man and had their overtures declined. Courtly and noble throngs tried to pay him honor, but he shrank from their saloons and their homage; his place was not with them. His realm was the prison world of Europe; his study was the dungeon, within whose dark and noisome cells he stooped over crushed and dying men, to see if he could not read in their glazing eyes some intimation of God's image, which he might interpret to their fellows without, more prosperous and more innocent, and thereby bring these forgotten men and brethren within the pale of human sympathy. He shunned the abodes of the great and the praise of men; but made the lazar-house his dwell-

ing-place, and companioned with the victims of the plague. Wherever men groaned in a captivity worse than death, or suffered from injustice, calamity, and pestilence, wherever were shrieks whose piercing agony drives the cold blood back to the heart, or sights whose revolting cruelty makes the heart itself stand still, thither he came as a merciful witness, as a swift angel. His office was the instauration of modern philanthropy.

Let any one tell me, which was the nobler man which the grander life? What duty of gratitude does the world owe the gifted Frenchman? What age shall forget the unlettered Englishman, whose work was to find those who were sick, naked and imprisoned, and then to visit, comfort, and relieve them? To give a cup of cold water to famished lips in the spirit of human brotherhood is a more majestic and glorious act, than to write an Encylopedia where the object is worldly distinction or remuneration. To speak a true word of forgiveness to one who has injured you, is a sublimer act than to have gained the victory of Austerlitz.

The self-educating power of a good life is worth an instant's consideration. Whatever the influence of our conduct upon others may be, its effect upon ourselves is yet greater. The most fearful result of falsehood is its destruction of the principle and capacity of truth in ourselves. Dissimulation deceives no man

so much as him who practises it; and whatever the gambler's winnings, he loses more than he gains. The rogue cheats not only his dupe but himself; and the thief steals from himself an infinitely more valuable treasure than from the man he robs. Upon the other hand it is more blessed to give than to receive. A kind word, a generous action, a self-forgetting heroism of affection, the devotion of patience, self-control and magnanimity, shed a sense more deep and precious on the soul from which they come, than upon that to which they are offered. He who argues for truth, and not for victory, will convince his neighbor of the right, and at the same time gain candor, and openness of mind. He who deals fairly, walks humbly, shows mercy, blesses others, but himself more. To spend a life of disinterestedness and self-sacrificing love is the divinest education on this earth. "He that watereth shall be watered himself;" for charity liberalizes the nature which practises it; and goodness to the owner, is a ready treasure, secured "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Whatever hindrances society may cast in the way of our intellectual culture, however it may interfere with the attainment of such other goals as we may have set for ourselves, it can raise no insuperable obstacles between ourselves and moral excellence. The stedfast purpose, the unconquerable will, generosity of temper,

the large forgiving mind, sweetness and kindliness of spirit, belong to no one condition—are appropriated to no one estate. Men of low degree can have their patent of nobility as well as, perhaps better than those born in kings' houses. The serene light of self-control, and the lofty character, may shine as brightly in the lowly dwelling of the poor as in the mansions of the rich. The work of human life is benevolence; the end of human culture is character. As these truths are appreciated, and realized more and more fully, by the widening consciousness of society, in that proportion will society recognize woman's true sphere and influence. I thus declare because I am fully persuaded that to woman herself it is given to be first to comprehend and interpret the great truths of human life, as well as to initiate and exemplify the practice thereof. True, hers is not the philosophic mind, using the phrase in the scholastic sense. She may not be summoned to ascend the rugged side of the mount that might be touched and that burned with fire; and tarry long days and nights, amid gloomy solitudes, enveloped by the darkening cloud, scared by the fierce flashes of the lightning, and the yet more terrible revealings of the Divine majesty; and to bring thence the mighty words which are to govern the world forever. But it is hers to treasure those apparently impracticable commands within her inmost heart and in the fullness of time to interpret and to

declare them. When God would inaugurate the reign of sympathy and tenderness, his angels appear to women. They receive them with modest confidence, and accept their tidings with grateful joy. Men scoff at the credulity of the weaker sex and decline the heavenly message. Whilst the mouths of Mary and Elizabeth are filled with grateful words giving glory to God, their hearts resting in tranquil assurance that the hour of the world's grace is come. Zachariah stands confused and dumb, crippled by his own infidelity. Without arguing and without gainsaying, the heart of woman receives the profound and sublime truths of human existence, and almost without reflective consciousness, she sets herself to perform the duties which they enjoin. Man's more scientific eye may discern abstract and speculative truth more clearly and decisively than hers; but her chaster and purer spirit discerns the practical and practicable truths of human life with a clearer comprehension than man's. Let a human soul but once completely realize the dignity of its vocation, feel the sublime tasks and spheres to which it is called; will it not give itself to enter upon them? It steps may falter, its courage may waver, its progress may be slow; but every step taken shortens the distance between it and its goal; every effort made to gain the goal is a pledge that it shall be reached at length. Human progress is a slow and toilsome journey. The caravan

of humanity proceeds by short and painful stages. Israel spent forty years in the desert; the journey from Goshen to Canaan can be performed in less than a week. At times it may seem that our path is retrograde; but history is a barren and unprofitable study, if it does not assure us that the march of man is forward. Every generation is wiser and better than its predecessors; there may be fewer demigods towering like obelisks between ourselves and heaven, to catch and herald the earliest dawn; but there are fewer obstacles between the eyes of the rising masses and the glowing East. Woman has ever been the first to know what she can do, and what her heart divines her lips will speak and her hands will show. Fulfilling the duties of a lowlier sphere, she is inevitably advanced to a higher. Duty done not only increases the strength of the character, but purges the eyes of the soul. Seeing more clearly, she works more nobly; working more nobly she sees more clearly still. Thus, in twenty centuries, has she advanced from the estate of the drudging Martha of Bethany, untaught in literature, unrefined in manners, toiling without possibility of elevation, "cumbered with much serving," the mere slave of man's appetites, or the toy of his caprice, to the sacred and venerable standing of our mothers, to the beautiful and beloved relation of our wives.

In the early centuries of our era our Teuton an-

cestors purchased their wives for a pair of oxen, and then presented their ladies fair with a horse, a shield and a spear. The chaste mothers of the barbarian hordes accompanied their husbands upon their warlike expeditions, and when their lords were recreant in the fight, with brandished arms and threatening cries they drove them back to the field again, to win victory or find an honorable grave. If the fate of the day were adverse, the women of the host fell by their own hands, preferring suicide to captivity and dishonor. Compare the lot of those Amazon warriors of the Hercynian forest with that of their daughters in England and America to-day. Think of the weird prophetess Velleda, sitting in her ancient tower near the Rhine, inciting the soul of the bold Batavian Civilis to revolt against the Roman power, by her auguries and oracles, encouraging his followers to deeds of heroism by sibylline utterances and songs; think of her in contrast with our own Mrs. Browning, melting us to tenderness by her plaintive "Cry of the Children," or rousing us to unconquerable resolution by her high heroic verse.

But if you shrink from the golden haired daughters of the Rhine and Danube as barbarians, weather-beaten, vociferous and disgusting; cast your eyes for a moment upon the Roman dames, the stately high-bred ladies of the conquerors of the world. The commonest type of their female character, as repre-

sented by Messalina, Faustina, Theodora, is so infamous and brutal that description would be impossible. As an occasional exception, you have womanly nature, fashioned after the model of Stoical philosophy; annihilating sensibility, seeking apathy as perfection, and cherishing a haughty pride as the only solid virtue. Compare Arria, handing the dagger, reeking with her own heart's blood, to her husband, that he might join her in suicide, with the assurance, by way of encouraging him, "It is not painful, Pætus," with Florence Nightingale at Scutari, whose conduct reflects brighter lustre upon the English name than all the laurels won in the Crimea. There is no more striking historic evidence of Christianity than that furnished by the change which it has wrought in the condition of woman. The distance between the condition of the Jewish, Teutonic and Roman women at the beginning of this era, and that of the women of our time, is almost incalculable. Along the path of elevation and redemption, she has been led by the divine hand of Christ. He was the first to appreciate her woes and wants; he was the first to offer the remedy for her wrongs; his gospel is the only philosophy which recognizes her value, and which points out her true sphere; his spirit is the only guide to lead her to duty and to blessedness.

Let us now attempt a more specific answer to the question, "What is woman's sphere?" I do not seek to

pierce the mysteries of the future; to lay bare the orders of society which the new ages shall produce. I have no wish to amuse you by speculations upon Utopia. My desire is to look calmly and seriously at the structure of our own society—to discern, if it may be, what are the fairest theatres and possibilities for woman.

I say, then, that they are literature, society, and home. These are her limits. If they are too narrow for her aspiring powers, then must her genius be cramped and fettered, and she must willingly accept as her fate the derision of the vulgar and the just condemnation of the best portion of mankind.

The purpose of this discussion does not require that I should enter upon an analysis of woman's faculties; nor is it necessary, in an age when not a few of our grandest works of genius have come from women, to demonstrate their capacity for literature. It is not their want of original endowment that women complain of; but they urge that there is no time to read books or to write them. Is this apologetic reproach—set up both as an excuse and a reflection upon the trammels by which they are hampered—justified by the facts, when used by the mass of women in America? There are none so poor that the opportunities of education are not offered them. Our scheme of common and high school education is adapted to the exigencies of the female as well as of the masculine intellect. As

large a proportion of the girls of the country are to be found in school as of the boys. As much money is expended, and I am led to believe, from such information as I have been able to collect, more, for their training and accomplishment than for those of the boys. There are abundant opportunities for our young women between the time they leave school and that when they are married, to improve and cultivate themselves for the genial pursuits of literature; and yet, for the most part, what are the results? Fashion and folly. Can it be said with fairness that our young women have literary culture, artistic taste, or any of that refinement and elevation of manner, sentiment, and mind, which their advantages justify us in demanding of them? They are taught to read, but who of them reads well? Any one who has not had occasion to observe with special care the style of reading peculiar to our young ladies, would be astounded to discover how ungraceful, stammering and bungling it is in the majority of cases; and this, let it be remembered, after they have left school. I do not believe I exaggerate when I say that you can find half a dozen or half a score of creditable performers on the piano, for one who can read properly, and with the power of interpreting her author to the listener, among the graduates of our female academies and seminaries. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent

in this country for the purpose of giving our daughters instruction in music; and yet what does it amount to? A small number comparatively master the rudiments of the science; a smaller number yet are so far cultivated as to perform with taste and feeling, whilst the number of those who become thoroughly imbued with the love of the art and the appreciation of its principles and powers, is so small as absolutely to astound one. After the lessons of the master have ceased, in many homes the piano is opened only upon state occasions. The immense responsibilities and engrossing cares of flirting banish the disposition for music. The young lady renounces art for arts. And when the husband is gained, a few evenings within the first year or two may be enlivened by an occasional strain; but the wail of the first infant silences the strings of the instrument, and the piano remains closed until our friend's daughter comes to take her place upon the stool. All girls of "genteel families" are thus taught music; but where are the musicians?

In this country, where books are preëminently cheap, and where they are to be found in every household of even moderate means, no young woman of the middle or wealthier classes can truly say that she is unable to form an acquaintance with the best authors. The poets, the essayists, the best novelists, are all within their reach. But do they read them?

A space of two or more years is by courtesy supposed to intervene between the damsel's leaving school and her entrance upon the duties of married life; yet how much substantial reading is done within one of those years? That some reading is done is evident, for the immense circulation of the magazines and flash literature plainly declares that there must be a demand where there is such a supply. But does it often enter into the brains of the maidens, that Gibbon, Hume, Robertson; that Guizot, Bancroft, Prescott, Grote and Niebuhr are fit reading for them? They assure you that history is flat, stale, unprofitable; that for their part they can get enough of it from the Waverley novels. The inspired old masters of the lyre are too stiff, antiquated, pedantic, for them; Moore's lyrics are more to their taste. They may languish in sentimental sympathy or glow with ardent passion over the pages of the author of Manfred, but they decline an invitation from the bard of Rydal Mount, to bear him company to the cool grottoes, the calm majestic scenes of Nature. Milton and Gray they parsed at school, and the acquaintance thus acquired serves them for the remainder of their life. Shakspeare—except in Bowdler's edition—is a book not fit to be in any lady's library. So our young ladies dawdle about the house until it is time to receive company or to pay visits; after which they spin street yarn by the hank. Dinner and a nap prepare

them for the serious occupation of the evening—the entertainment of a certain number of young gentlemen who are dignified by the appellation of "beaux." Thus the day is passed; and those who spend it in this fashion assure me with a seriousness that is really comical, that "they have no time to read." Can it be denied that the toilet and the men are the two influences of absorbing interest to the mass of young American women between the ages of sixteen and twenty? Time enough is wasted by most of them before the looking-glass within five years, to bring them in to appreciative acquaintance with the best authors of ancient and modern times. Enough interest and animation are expended upon silly laughing at sillier jests, to put them into intimate intercourse with the masters of the Greek and Latin literatures. Enough money is squandered in the United States, within every ten years, upon the musical education of young ladies who have no musical capacity, to place a select and excellent library of the best authors in nearly every household in the land. Let us suppose that one of our girls, leaving school, determines to devote two hours per day to reading, and that she resolutely perseveres for a twelvemonth. At the rate of thirty pages an hour —a moderate calculation—she will have carefully read at least Gibbon's, Robertson's, Prescott's, Bancroft's, and Macaulay's historical works; or, allow-

ing for the greater speed with which light literature is read, she will have gone through the Waverley novels and the works of Irving and Cooper. It is a moderate computation to allow ten thousand pages of careful reading as the result from one hour a day. My young lady readers can multiply that amount by the number of hours they have for literary pursuits and ascertain for themselves what number of excellent and valuable books they can consume within a year.

One hour spent in writing an abstract for every two devoted to reading, will enable them to embody in an available form the fruits of their study, and at the same time cultivate a habit of composition. None can imagine but those who have tried the experiment, and reaped the reward, the agility and grace which the pen acquires from this kind of practice; and this is a mode of training and accomplishment within the easy reach of five out of ten—shall I not say eight out of ten?—of all the school-girls in the United States, and those who are leaving school. Let us have done then with the empty apology that after their school-days our young women have not time for literary cultivation.

Another serious obstacle besides those enumerated above is the scrappy style of reading too commonly adopted. We are so accustomed to paragraphs, stories, and review articles; we can so easily and cheaply acquire the material for superficial conversation in

society; that the attention wearies and the interest flags, in pursuing a regular course of reading. Hence in part the youthful womanly mind wants breadth, vigor, solidity. Stedfastness of purpose must be acquired and practised here, as everywhere, if excellence be reached. The continued and studious perusal of good writers, will not only enrich the memory and fertilize the nature, but discipline the faculties to a steadiness and self-support which shall soothe and tranquilize many a fevered and anxious hour in life to come. For want of such beneficent discipline, large numbers of our married women degenerate into housekeeping drudges or drones, with scarce a thought above cooking and dusting, fallen into scandalmongering, or what is worse, into the wretched and painful boarding-house life of towns and cities, sunk into intrigues, wantonness, and destruction. The care, anxiety, responsibility, which domestic life imposes, the want of culture, appreciation and healthful sympathy almost inseparable from the woman's condition —the fact that she must often walk the round of her duties alone, with none to help or cheer her, demand a compact fibre and clear decision, a resolute strength of nature. The radical elements of these she possesses as the gift of God. They may be ripened during her maiden life by close communion with the spirits of the great and good who have left the best part of themselves in books. Blessed, indeed, is the

lot of the woman who crosses the threshold of married life, cherishing in her heart the hallowed influences and choicest inspiration of the sages and the poets.

It is impossible for us to calculate what female genius is competent to perform in the world of letters; but from what it has already done, what are we not justified in predicting? It is safe to assert that no two works of fiction produced within the last twenty years have made so profound an impression upon the mind of the civilized world as Jane Eyre and Uncle Tom's Cabin. I do not here propose the discussion of the merits and defects of either of these books, nor, associating with them the product of female literary mind in England and America within the same period, to collect the data for an inductive argument to set forth woman's capabilities for creation and composition. It is sufficient for me to state what all know, that Miss Bronte and Mrs. Stowe have created a stronger interest in their characters, have more completely thrilled the hearts and kindled the sensibilities of their readers, than Bulwer, Dickens, or Thackeray. Whatever may be the defects of these books, as tried by the cold formulas of criticism, whatever may be their weakness or errors, as attempts to delineate facts and life, however perverted and unjust you may claim their statements of reality to be, in my mind there is no doubt that they are nobler works of art than have

ever been produced by the illustrious trio I have mentioned above.

The women are thoroughly in earnest. They write because they cannot help it. They use their pen to unburden their hearts. They must speak, or they would die. The men have had a thousand advantages which the women never possessed. But the woman's religious nature, the purpose of writing to benefit others,—a purpose of which she is only half conscious;—the coloring from the hues of her own heart, the tides of emotion, inundating the intellect, lifting the thoughts, bearing them on as upon some brimming mighty current—these yield the woman ample compensation for her deficiencies.

Were it necessary to vindicate the breadth and massiveness of female genius, might I not point to Mrs. Browning, to whom since the days of Milton, there has been no superior, if an equal, in poetic sublimity? Nor is the loftiness of her thought and style gained by any sacrifice of delicacy and tenderness. The woman's deep and gentle sensibility attempers what might otherwise be the dazzling glare of genius, and sheds upon her page a soft and holy light. While she gives us in her chalices wine to nourish and invigorate strong men, there are motherly lays and cadences to soothe the heart of her sisters in distress. She leads the poet by one hand up the broad aisle to the altar where he may perform the act of self-

consecration, and with the other she plants upon the grave of a little child a sweetly blooming flower, which those who have buried children will not willingly let die. There are other English women who may not have received so great a meed of renown as those already mentioned, whose works, nevertheless, are entitled to the best applause of men and women of all degrees. Such are Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Yonge, Miss Mulock, and Mrs. Olyphant; whose books evince a careful and thorough culture, a nice discrimination of character, and a complete literary excellence, sufficient to add lustre to the name of any author of the time. With such examples challenging our admiration, who will dare to disparage the capacities of woman for literature.

There are two classes of composition for which the nature, experience and education of women peculiarly fit them; I mean works for their own sex and for children. The value of these, if they be equal to the claims of their subjects, and of those for whom they are designed, can hardly be over-rated. The domestic life of this country is in a fearful—not to say an appalling—condition. The greedy pursuit of wealth is an almost universal characteristic of the men. Wives and mothers are well-nigh as eager in their desire for the possession of gold as husbands and fathers. Early married life is devoted to a daring race to gain the prizes of Mammon. The middle life—age of

womanhood, is then given up to ostentation and vulgar display. Great houses, sumptuously furnished; costly equipages and trappings, magnificent surroundings, where the possessors are the only dwarfs, seem to constitute for the mass of the women of America a perfect paradise—a paradise in prospect only; for when the Eden is gained, the hot breath of a simoom has withered the verdure and the flowers, dried up the fountains, and slain the singing-birds; and thenceforth there is only a desert of pride, show and extravagance. Among the thriving mercantile and commercial classes of this country, the statement may be ventured without fear of exaggeration, that there is little or no domestic life.

Who is defrauded by the mockeries which we call homes? Who suffers the wrong and loss? Woman. How shall a revolution be wrought—a revolution in which mightier issues are involved than in any change of administrations or cabinets—a revolution upon which depend the vital interests of our individual and national life? Women must fight this battle and win it; with their pens, by their tongues, in their lives; or the hopes of our ancestors and our own cherished anticipations for the future of our country must be baffled and trodden under foot of men.

A thoughtful woman once said to me, "My only literary ambition is to be able to write a book suited to my children." What nobler ambition could a

woman have? Is it not a sphere worthy of an angel's selectest powers? Let us confess, without any wish to be invidious, that there are hardly any good books fit to be placed in the hands of little ones. We need books that shall have a serene and healthful influence upon the expanding minds of our children; free from morbid excitement, from the quality of excessive stimulus: that shall nourish, not force; that shall foster, not too hotly urge the already precocious mind of childhood in this country. When I think of the moral agencies constantly at work in education, agencies baptized by courtesy with the name of moral, when I think of the over stimulation of the mental and moral nature of our young people, I can but shudder at the thought of the result. The wits of infancy are sharpened from the cradle. Boys and girls are shrewd and cunning in short clothes. Artificiality and self-consciousness become the fearful dower of youth, while it should be luxuriating in "the simple creed of childhood." I know of no more urgent demand in the whole field of literature, than for books which shall suit themselves to the familiar necessities of early life; that shall tend to keep our children young and fresh, full of genial heartiness, faith and enthusiasm.

Man interprets character and life through the intellect. Imagination stands him instead of affection. Woman appreciates and expounds through her

heart. Sensibility and sympathy may come to perform as divine and majestic an office in conceiving a character, in apprehending it, and in adapting supplies to its necessities, as the regal power of imagination itself. Who can understand the wants and minister to the needs of childhood as completely and graciously as those who love it most? The mother that pressed the infant upon her breast with inexpressible tenderness, that hushed its cries with gentle lullaby and care, that soothed its early sorrows and gladdened its happiest hours by her sympathy and fondness; to whose knee the little one always runs for refuge and succor; into whose eye it looks up with unfaltering confidence for counsel and approval; and whose own character has been ripened and enriched by these ceaseless ministrations of solicitude; must not she be the best and holiest guide to lead its uncertain and wayward feet into the paths of knowledge and virtue? I am satisfied that when we have a "Library of Choice Reading" adapted to children, most if not all the books will have come from women's pens—and hearts.

Here, then, is the whole field of literature, an ample field, glorious as any which God ever vouchsafed to the tillage of man, open to the patient hopeful labor, to the untiring earnest care of woman. Her sisters have wrought in it faithfully and well. Her natural endowments, her experience and position

qualify her pre-eminently for the task. The contributions of the past in the department of female literature are only as the first fruits of the magnificent harvest which the future years shall garner.

Society, as the sphere of woman's best exertions, next claims our consideration. It may be stated with justice that the social life of this country is the reflected image of woman's character and culture. As a priestess, she presides at the shrine; as a ruler she issues the laws; and at the same time the interpretation and execution of these laws are intrusted to her. Holding her to this standard of responsibility, do we find good reason for complacency on her part or congratulation upon our own? What are the facts which a candid inquiry into the form and force of American social life reveals to us?

In every community throughout our country there is an association of men and women which takes the title of society; and this, let it be recollected, is the thing which we are considering. By far the majority of the members of these circles are remarkable for their youth and inexperience; and, as our country is a republic, the majority govern. Business and professional men, and officials, are so absorbed by their pursuits or oppressed by labor, that they have little or no time for the recreation of friendly intercourse; and even when they attend a party, or enter the smaller group of the drawing-room, they

are either so jaded or so engrossed, that they scarce take any interest in the scenes and conversation transpiring about them.

Manhood therefore finds itself represented on these occasions by those whose youth disqualifies them, or whose indolence and incapacity unfit them for the professions or the mart. Sophomorical inflation, and punctilious regard to the state of the hair, moustaches and linen, and almost equally scrupulous disregard of good breeding and manly behavior, the affectation of little wickednesses and indulgence in great ones, with a fearful state of intellectual vacuity, may be accepted as the characteristics of these youthful gallants. Gentlemen of eighteen polk and flirt in our ball-rooms, talk all manner of indecency, perform all sorts of rudeness, and before the close of the evening are very probably so tipsy that they must be deposited under the table or carried home. Gentlemen of one-and-twenty discourse to you gravely in the intervals of their pleasure-hunting, about the emptiness of life and the world; declaring that in their private opinion there is neither honor among men, nor chastity among women. They aver to you with a solemnity that amounts to drollery that they have seen the whole of life, and that they are now disgusted and *blasés*. And yet at the next party—which by the way they are as eager to attend as the first one to which they were invited—they will empty a saucer

of ice-cream under the table upon the host's Wilton carpet, in order to help themselves to chicken salad, and will gobble indiscriminately and extensively enough to impair the digestion of an ostrich. Seeming to realize that their virtue and brains reside in their heels, they give them ample exercise in the indecent motions of the "fancy dances." Now, however, that these affectionate forms of pastime between the sexes are falling into disuse, it is to be feared that our society will be robbed of many of its choicest ornaments. Ought not the charitable voice of the public to be raised in protest against the discountenance of these lately fashionable amusements? for what will become of the descendants of the heroes of the Revolution, if they are not allowed to display their only accomplishment?

The conversation of society, amid the excited whirl of the ball, or in the quieter groups of the smaller re-unions, consists of idle gossip, idler tattle, and pernicious scandal. And these goodly staples of discourse are garnished with profane epithets and interjections, cant words and slang phrases, mumbled out in a half inarticulate style, and at frequent intervals choked by the speaker's laughing at his own smart things and queer conceits. This may be termed the general style of talk. The special kind is devoted to love-making; not a whit more elegant and refined, it is more dangerous because more passionate. Neither

wife, mother nor maiden, are sacred in the eyes of these premature debauchees. With an effrontery that is only paralleled by their iniquity, they seek to flatter, cajole, entice and ruin women of every station in whose presence they are tolerated. How far they are successful is illustrated in part by the number of damaged reputations, separated husbands and wives, divorce cases, "elopements in high life," disgraced and abandoned young girls, with which the events of every year make us acquainted in "our best society."

Who are chargeable with the toleration and countenance of these juvenile dandies, rakes and blockheads; with their admission and continuance in the spheres of social life? I answer, the women. They knowingly receive a man with such attributes, performing such acts, and who should be branded with everlasting contempt, into their houses and at their parties; they allow their attentions to themselves and their daughters; and when they are spoken to on this subject they blandly reply that "all young men do such things." The strictly fashionable society of several of the principal cities of this country is fast becoming as corrupt and depraved as a member of the Parisian or Viennese *beau monde* could desire. And this is the goal of respectability, to which our countrymen and countrywomen are urging their impatient and zealous way! These are the associa-

tions and friendships which we are coveting for our sons and daughters!

Among the middling classes, the case is not quite so hopeless; but it is bad enough.

A brief but impartial inquiry into the *status* of these classes in this country may justly claim our attention. It is unquestionably true that among them we shall find more scrupulous regard to the proprieties and decencies of life, a stronger emphasis upon an unsullied reputation, and character holden to a stricter accountability. It is likewise true that among them is to be found the greater portion of that philanthropic zeal and benevolent activity, which embody themselves in the great organizations and smaller societies laboring to convert the heathen, reform the inebriate, alleviate the sufferings of the poor, and to diffuse throughout all realms, and all conditions of men, the practical tokens of Christian mercy. It is from them that we derive our armies of Sunday-school teachers, tract distributors, visitors to the poor, laborers for the destitute and afflicted. It is upon them that the best hopes of the Christian Republic must be founded; for they constitute by far the largest portion of our virtuous and religious community. We cannot fail to be painfully impressed with the cold, hard, austere forms of social existence presented among these middling, or religious classes. The problem—one of the most vital to our interests

—of the relation of amusements to well-regulated society, has not yet been solved, nor as far as I am apprised, has there been an approach to a solution. If a wretched seclusion or a harsh conventionalism, baptized with the name of churchly, or Christian, be imposed upon young people, does not every one know that they will be guilty of private derelictions, that they will nurse secret vices, and when they have escaped from parental guardianship, that they are evidently liable to revolt, even from all good influences, and rush into the wildest extremes of dissipation? A loathing of the Sabbath, a detestation of church-going, a disgust for the Bible, are not unusual tastes among the children of strictly orthodox families. The confessions of later years inform us that many of the children of pious parents are accustomed to read in secret forbidden books and those of the very worst description, to visit those places of amusement which have been most rigidly interdicted, and in every way to evade the vigilance of their superiors, and to disregard and contemn their commands. I confess that I do not find a sufficient explanation of these mysterious facts in the doctrine of the depravity of human nature, nor in the declaration that the children of virtuous parents are very imps of Satan.

This tendency towards morbid asceticism, thus disastrous in its effects upon young people, manifests

itself in another but not less repulsive form among the mature portion of these circles. A stiff and formal code is established, to regulate such larger assemblages as there may be, while often a frigid and artificial conventionalism seems to control even the most select intercourse of friendship. Conversation is the employment of the groups and parties; but, alas! what is the chief characteristic of that conversation? They begin with "news," and proceed to the canvass of reputation. The qualities of acquaintances and neighbors are discussed with metaphysical sharpness. The dissecting-knife of a cynical criticism is unsparingly applied to the characters of friends and associates. Defects, faults and vices of others are pointed out, with what is supposed to be unflinching conscientiousness; and the follies of those occupying superior social positions are searched for with inquisitorial rigor, and dealt with after a most scorching fashion. Domestic difficulties unfortunately dividing families of their own "sets," are scented by the delicate nostrils, and hunted down by the ravening appetites of too many who claim and receive credit for great sanctity. Scandal supplies the stimulus, at many virtuous tea-parties, which dancing affords to the frequenters of the ball-room; and unlicensed gossip yields an ample compensation to crowds whose scruples or whose means prevent their indulgence in fashionable recreations

Stern rebukes are administered to childish merriment by those who are too sour to be gay; while free issues of gentle and spontaneous feeling are checked and driven back upon the ingenuous heart, by callous indifference and puritanical and pharisaical egotism. That there is a fearful amount of illiberality, narrowness and cant, of contemptuous and scornful invective, of self satisfied and haughty condemnation, in the tone and conduct of the classes we are considering, no one well acquainted with them can for a moment doubt. Are not all these inimical to the true tone and right conduct of society? Are we to be united only as vultures in search of carrion; to revel upon putrid banquets? Is our only compact to be that of familiars of the Holy Office, to pry into the innermost sanctuaries and consciences of our friends and relatives, that we may expose their delinquencies, short-comings and crimes? Is society so established that the strong may hunt the weak, that those that are whole, needing not a physician, may cruelly taunt and maltreat those that are sick? that the wounded stag may perish by the antlers of his unhurt fellows? Shall the sleek face palliate libel, or the demure expression sanction slander? Can a professed regard for virtue justify bitterness of spirit, or the breadth of pharisaical phylacteries atone for truculence of discourse? Nay, nay. Society is appointed for a sweet and holy office, and

human fellowship is ordained unto benign and manifold ministries; wit and wisdom, cheerfulness and mirth, frolic and lightness of heart, sweet temper and buoyant spirits, graceful speech and generous thought, should characterize the manners of mankind. We seek friends to be cheered, not criticised; we need sympathy, not potions of vinegar and wormwood. We come to the pure and the good to have our own views of goodness and purity freshened and vitalized; that our drooping fainting spirits may be quickened and inspired. We want the hearty words and kindling sentiments accompanied by the vibrating tones which tell of real worth and real communion with virtue and holiness; not the hollow utterances of formalism, nor the discordant croakings which attest the ravages of spiritual dyspepsia. What we desire in society is, human beings with flesh and blood, mind and heart; with weaknesses and faults and yearnings; with sadness and glee, hope and buoyancy; with virtues and vices, the good and the bad inextricably involved. We desire bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; partners in our want and woe, brothers in our high calling and destiny. This is what we desire; not perpendicular lines and sharp angles, mathematical figures, cold unrealities, or spectral apparitions. A man's best virtues must strike deep root in silence and solitude; but the tender shoot, the budding foliage, the expanding flower, the ripening fruit, must

be nursed and vivified by the open air, the frequent dews, the early and latter rains, of social intercourse. The hearty pressure of a friendly hand, the kindly glance of a gentle eye, the soft and thrilling tone of a pleasant voice, have oftentimes power to nerve the soul about to sink into the yawning abyss of despair, for another struggle, perhaps for a victorious one, with fate. Who has not, in some lonely and critical hour of his existence, about to faint and perish beneath the crushing load of pain and trouble, seen what gracious power, what majestic strength, there is in human sympathy?

A prime and irrevocable law of our nature is that man cannot enjoy the unshared possession of any good. The moment he attempts exclusive selfish appropriation of it, its virtue departs; it ceases to be a benefit. As riches increase, they that shall be fed will also increase; and if the owner deny their claim, either his wealth will vanish from him, or its power to cheer and animate him will depart. Countless illustrations of the truth of the proposition might be derived from every department of our activity; I however, propose to confine my vindication to the statement of the provinces of intellectual and moral culture; for it is upon obedience to this law that these will mainly depend. If your reading and observation furnish you with a new fact; if by laborious study you have gained insight into a new truth, if

your eye has been gladdened by the vision of an unusually magnificent sunset, and your heart has responded to the gladness, if your soul has come into a more profound acquaintance with beauty and goodness, these, one and all, are to be communicated to your fellows, or they will cease to be a part of you. No man can either accumulate the knowledge of the phenomena and principles of science, or even become fully conscious of the richest revelations of his intuitional nature, who is content to lock these treasures within his own brain, and bosom. Truth, sentiment, beauty, all that the mind or heart can receive, may become ours upon the one indispensable condition of reproducing and communicating it. The refusal to put your thought into words and tell it to your neighbor will not only involve the loss of the thought itself, but probably in due time of the power by which thought is produced. Let a man cheerfully render what he has received; let him teach what himself has been taught; let him interpret perceptions and reflections, that others may be instructed and helped; and his education progresses; maturity of view as well as clearness of insight, balance of statement, and steadfastness of conviction shall hereby be gained. No man can be loyal to the deepest and noblest sentiments, affections and principles of his nature, unless he attempt to embody and set them forth in speech or writing for the service of his kind. It is upon these

truths that the value and glory of the literary profession are based; and these at the same time enforce the duty of conversation and ensure its reward. We instinctively act upon the assumption that speech doubles the gains and halves the losses of experience. The stricken heart soothes its own bitterness by the recital of its woe; and the cheerful spirit adds to the treasure of its happiness as it pours the welcome tale into the ear of a sympathetic auditor. The ethereal substances of which intellections are made will elude or defy us unless they are fixed in the gyves of language; and yet when they are thus fastened, unless we give them the liberty of the world, and share the dower which they have conferred upon us with our friends and neighbors, the royal captives will disdain our lordship; and with angry and yet sorrowful aspect will vanish into thin air and leave not a trace behind. Thoughts in the mind of the thinker often lie diffused and invisible like solids dissolved in the vessels of the chemist; the electric power of definite utterance, like the mysterious force of crystallization, erects the unseen substance of the thought into visible and permanent shape.

The vocalized thought, ready and obedient as a vassal, serves our purpose of enriching others, and at the same time adding to our own stores. "There is," says Solomon, "that scattereth and yet increaseth;" and of such processes this is one. The

inevitable tendency and conclusion of purposeful conversation is to generate, classify, and define thinking; to give fullness, accuracy, and simplicity of expression, and if used in a truly humane spirit, to nurse and develop the sweetest sympathies and most benign attributes of our nature. Conversation constitutes one of the most important yet one of the most neglected branches of education; and at the same time, one of the most valuable and available means of usefulness. No one of us may possess the learning of Scaliger, or the epigrammatic force of Selden, or the grace and erudition of Ménage, or the overflowing fullness of Johnson, or the metaphysical acumen and boundless stores of Mackintosh, or the ceaseless wit and well-nigh unparalleled common sense of Sydney Smith; yet few are so barren or tongue-tied by nature that they may not yield amusement, instruction and delight to their companions. It is true that the highest style of conversation pre-supposes the largest range of faculties, culture, and experience; but while there can be but few great talkers, almost all have it in their power by cultivating self-acquaintance, honest endeavor and kind disposition, to minister in friendly converse to the well-being of others. The best and most beautiful service of this kind we have a right to exact from women. Their peculiar constitution, the greater delicacy of their sensibilities, their refinement and reach of sympathy, their

larger and more genial social nature, their finer capacity to apprehend and interpret the characters of others, their ability more easily and gracefully to put their notions into language, justify us in this requisition. Added to all this, is the special fact that the right conduct and best interests of social life are intrusted to their guardianship.

As I urge this statement I am met by various apologies and complaints, such as—"we have no time; we have no opportunity to cultivate conversational power; we decline to admit the truth of your allegations in regard to our capacity or responsibility; for we are not so highly gifted, nor is our position one of so much worth and dignity."

I rejoin: if the mass of young women were to spend as much time upon intellectual culture, in acquiring the ability to talk well, as they devote to the looking-glass or toilet-table, we should witness an instant and rapid revolution in society; if as much interest were felt and pains taken in the cultivation of really good manners, and in the wise and graceful use of the tongue, as are expended upon dress, flippant young coxcombs would have cause to mend their ways, or to quit the society they now frequent; and sensible, cultivated men would have less compunction in attending evening parties. The stammering, incoherent style of speech, the breaks and pauses in which the mind seems to be summoning its rebel vassals to

do their office, the spurious coin of slang and vulgarity current in our best circles, alike testify to the wretched need and the prime importance of distinctive conversational training.

May I be permitted to suggest a few hints as to the method for training the tongue to fluent and ready exercise?

Let the story-telling habit so dear to children be continued, notwithstanding the awkward and uncomfortable feeling which self-consciousness so painfully imposes. You need never be at a loss for an auditory so long as children are numbered among your acquaintance; and if you exact a more appreciative hearer, you can easily arrange to listen as well as talk with your bosom friend—for every young lady has such. From anecdotes and tales you may proceed to narrations from your graver reading; and then to comments, discussion and criticism. You are thus acquiring the use of your lingual and mental abilities. Words grow tamed and flexible; ideas and illustrations yield their levies at command; animated, instructive and inviting speech becomes possible; and thus from small beginnings and in however limited a theatre, by patient continuance and earnest endeavor you gain one of the most beautiful accomplishments and at the same time one of the noblest agencies for good.

Let me here urge upon my younger readers the

peculiar and pre-eminent importance of fully and exactly comprehending the meaning of words, "the counters of wise men, the coin of fools," and at the same time insist upon their studious perusal of two most admirable and fascinating little books, written by Richard Chenevix Trench; one on "The Study of Words" the other on "English, past and present;" than which I am acquainted with no books better calculated to awaken and foster in the popular mind a just and lively estimate of our noble English tongue.

Never read without a lexicon at hand; if possible, Richardson's. Never pass a word of the significance of which you are doubtful. Carefully con its primary and derivative meanings; and you shall find the coffers of your mind filling with beautiful and lasting treasures.

But leaving these didactic hints, which need only be considered as salient suggestions, I may briefly indicate some open doors to woman's generous social activity. It is true that our civilization may be haunted by such feminine monstrosities as Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle; but is not its lustre brightened by such names as those of Mrs. Fry and Miss Dix? A beautiful lesson as to one of woman's spheres and her power to perform the duties it imposes, is taught in the unostentatious simple-hearted Christian labors of many of the Friends in this country and in England. Their schools for prisons, and among the

destitute; their tireless, yet silent efforts for the restoration of the fallen, the relief of the suffering; their constancy and patience in the performance of good works, are lasting memorials to their honor as well as significant instructors to their contemporaries. By co-operation with many of the schemes which have for their object the amelioration of the state of the poor and suffering, and by solitary ministration in the abodes of the lonely and oppressed, may women find a field for the exercise and gratification of the largest ambition. Hand to hand contact with the wretched; personal presence in the abodes of the lowly; will rectify many an error of the brain—will enlighten many a dark place in the heart; and confer a lasting benison upon the visitor and the visited. Here then, in neighborly, friendly, and benevolent relations and offices, are the fullest scope and most admirable possibilities afforded to woman for the training of character, the discipline of virtues, the use of influence, and the attainment of substantial honor and glory.

We turn now to the last and most sacred refuge of our hopes on earth; the peculiar theatre for woman's struggles and success—Home. Some features of the domestic life of our country claim a moment's notice. We are an industrious and enterprising nation, in the earlier stages of development and civilization. Our labors, if we liken them to those of the husbandman,

have been almost exclusively those of the spring time, of ploughing and sowing. Now the summer is advancing, when it becomes us with careful attention and unrelaxed diligence to keep down the weeds, and ward off if possible the dangers to which our crops are exposed. To drop the figure, our contest thus far has been with the enemies of a young people. We have had to clear primeval forests, to till a virgin continent, to lay the foundations of commerce and manufactures, to organize government, and to provide, in so far as has been practicable, for the wants of our higher nature. We have been chiefly engrossed by physical and political necessities; we have been mainly conscious of external pressure. How to get the means of living has been the great question, urged upon us as a people. With its answer we have been almost exclusively occupied. How to live, now that the means are acquired, has been accordingly almost overlooked. It may be averred, therefore, without much injustice, that we have little or no true domestic life in this country. Suppose I picture the home of a New York merchant in flourishing business; and let it stand with such slight modifications as may be necessary to adjust it to latitude and neighborhood, as the type of a large class of American homes.

The house is ample, convenient, and showy; the furniture abundant, sumptuous and costly; everything

upon the premises is very fine and very new; for it is an axiom in our domestic economy that the furniture of a "good liver" must be replaced every five or ten years. The drawing-room is ornamented with rosewood and velvet, with expensive tables and broad mirrors, with *étagères* upon which are throngs of knick-knacks, miniature cups and saucers, dapper statuettes of china and all manner of tasteless, grotesque and vulgar devices and monstrosities. Upon the centre-table or the "what-not" you will discover a number of volumes, gilt-edged and showily bound, whose chief value in the eyes of the owner seems to be the price they cost. The portraits of the interesting family circle, executed in the "first style of art" and set in gorgeous frames, decorate the walls. These together with the above-mentioned articles of *virtu*, constitute the only works of art upon the premises, except the very magnificent clock which ticks away the moments upon the mantel, and probably a pair of elaborate vases of terrific ugliness. This room is exclusively for those guerilla visits made by fashionable ladies, and dignified by the appellation of "calls;" and in addition, once or twice *per annum*, for the guests at an entertainment styled "a party." Over its door might be written with justice the description, "Cabinet Furniture Ware-room—no admittance except on business." The family apartments are less splendid, yet have an exceedingly new and

fine look; and you instinctively imagine that the appliances of the establishment are to be looked at, not used. There is every convenience, but little comfort.

Those evolutions of the household which concern the respectable head of the family are ordered with great promptitude and punctuality. Breakfast is eaten at an early hour; tea is taken about dark. Dinner is for the lady and her children; as her husband "eats down town," except on Sundays. The food is rapidly dispatched; there is little or no conversation; the table is to be eaten from, then quitted with precipitancy. After tea, the gentleman has his newspaper, his accounts, and his letters to attend to, wherefore he dons his dressing-gown and slippers, and takes his statuesque place by the sitting-room table; the children must not speak a word, for "papa is busy." The little ones are put to bed, and mamma sews on in silence. If she address a remark to her liege, she is probably so curtly answered that she will not venture it again, or else she is reminded that he is occupied. In this unsocial way the hours pass until bedtime; when they retire, he jaded and careworn, she sick at heart. The father and husband is never less at home than when at home; and yet he expresses wonder that his children are never contented to be in the house in the evening unless they have company. What contribution does he make to

their enjoyment or instruction? What light of tranquillity or joy does he shed throughout the household? How he frets if a little one toddles up to him to claim his attention, to distract his thought from consuming care! How he fumes if breakfast be not ready at the moment, or his shirt be minus a button! He is thinking of money. Is it strange that the Penates are transformed into golden calves?

Let me illustrate the love of Mammon which is diffusing its accursed lust as a leprosy throughout the households of the land, by two or three instances which fell under my own observation. A gentleman of moderate means, addicted to literary and scholastic pursuits, settled a few months since in New York. Three of his children, ranging in age from three to nine, with the strong instinct of childhood for companionship sought playmates among their neighbors. As the little ones were engaged in friendly romps with some new-found fellows upon the adjoining sidewalk, a stately dame in elaborate toilet, curls, ribbons, laces, flounces, hoops, made her appearance upon the steps, and thus harangued the little strangers: "Go home, children: go home. I can't allow poor people's brats to play with my children!" Her children lived in a house four stories high; the "brats," in one of three and a half. These, coming home, piteously asked their mother if it was naughty not to be rich?

The same family had occasion to employ a semps-

tress; and secured for that purpose an Irish girl. She had been in the house at work a day, when she received a visit from her sister, a strapping red-faced cook, who, putting her arms a-kimbo, surveyed the apartments with lofty disdain, and then commenced in the rudest and vilest manner to abuse her sister for taking service in such an establishment. The lady of the house, entering the room to know the reason of the outcry, was next most bitterly assailed for daring to bring a "dacent girl" into such a little house, and one so "manely" furnished. "What right has such a poor family as yez are wid a sempstress?" cried she, in fiery indignation. The sewing-girl, upon being questioned by the perplexed family, who could not yet comprehend the significance of this demonstration, informed them that her sister would not permit her to live with "the kind of people they were; for she had always been accustomed to live with "very respectable people—in very rich houses indeed."

A bright little girl, at one of our fashionable watering-places came sadly to the mother, with the complaint that she had no one to play with. Why not, my child? was the maternal inquiry. "Because I am not nice, my clothes are not fine enough, these children will not play with me. They have silk dresses and flounces, and broad, gay ribbons, and chains, while my dress is only muslin and I have not any broad

sash or chain, and they say I am not good enough to go with them." The mother looked on the broad saloon, where groups of little ones were gathered promiscuously, and saw in many faces whose tender years should not have out-grown the marks on brow and feature of the benediction of Him who once took just such in his arms and blessed them, only the vulgar artificial stare of worldliness and folly. And in such an atmosphere her darlings must breathe, and either share the infection, or brave it out at fearful risk—a commentary on fashionable life sadder and darker than any of the homilies.

These trivial instances illustrate the fearfully debauched state of opinion upon social morals and manners, prevalent among large masses of the community; in which a man's expenditure is made the standard of his respectability; and ostentatious display and extravagance the test of qualification for social life. The greed for gold, like a canker, is eating out the heart of our healthful life; and what is acquired by painstaking toil, speculation, with the fevered haste of a gambler, is lavished in reckless profusion, with flaunting display. There never was a country where money was so rapidly made; there never was a country where money was so vulgarly and indecently spent.

Besides this artificial and hollow form of domestic

life with which we are cursed, I must allude to another monstrous evil which has already been hinted at, growing out of the senseless and sensualized conceptions of our people; I refer to the boarding-house system. Such is the scale of expense which young married people find it essential to adopt, that housekeeping is impossible. Lodgings are therefore taken; where the childless wife, for eight-tenths of her waking hours, is thrown upon her own resources, among such acquaintances and associates as the common table may bring her into contact with. Her life is one of leisure, if not one of ease and indolence; and who does not know that the idle brain is the devil's work-shop? The female inmates of these houses lounge in each others' apartments; discuss the gossip of the house; "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the records of divorce trials, and such other tit-bits of scandal as our "family newspapers" provide them withal; stroll out for an hour's aimless walk; return to loll or sleep for an hour, and then dress for dinner. The narrow income of the clerk or younger partner fails to supply the youthful wife with all the expensive decorations which she deems requisite to show off her fine person. The chances are that she will begin by ogling and end with infamy; that her expensive tastes will be gratified by her husband's recourse to fraud, or her own to more ignominious means. I cannot but

regard the growing habit of boarding, with the train of risks, evils and horrors inseparable from it, as one of the most terrible dangers by which the domestic and social interests of our country are threatened.

Another appalling fact demands an instant's consideration. The exaggerated notions with which our young people are imbued, are tending more and more every year, to prevent marriage between persons who, but for their ill-judged and absurd views, might be most fitly wedded. The result is that many of our very best young women must linger out unmated lives, while young men with less scruple, and less respect for public opinion, accept the horrible alternative of an illegitimate connection, thus deliberately dedicating themselves to vice and crime. I neither overstate nor croak. These are truths patent to every one familiar with the city life of this country. They are facts pregnant with mischief and disaster. They are facts chargeable upon the ill-regulated, even monstrous social life of the country. They are facts demanding a prompt, full, earnest consideration from the best men and women among us.

From whom have we a right to ask the initiation of reform? Who, by their constitution, their position in the family, the delicate pervasive influence with which they are endowed, may inaugurate the revolution and carry it forward to a successful termination? The child is father of the man; and the child's char-

acter is moulded by the mother. The nurseries of to-day contain the Society and the State of the next generation; and in the child's world, woman's dignity and sway are regal. I have little confidence in political or moral reforms; in measures which attempt to persuade and rectify men. If society is purged it must be by the sanctification of home, by the sway of female influence over childhood. I have frequently heard it complained by women who revolted at the narrow theatre assigned them, "You send us back to the care of children; condemn us to be nurses and enslave us in the drudgery of the family." Let us calmly survey the lot of the housekeeping wife and mother. The school-girl pines for the free air and joys of society. She is enfranchised at sixteen or eighteen; and leaving the dull routine and harsh trammels, as she esteems them, of her novitiate, she bounds with a glad step into the sunny places of society. She ceases to woo the muses, that herself may be wooed in turn; and either devotes a few years to the jilting career of a coquette, or quickly surrenders her heart and her hand to the man of her choice. Hitherto she has been under parental conservatism and restraint; her aspirations have been checked, her movements controlled, and many of her "rights" denied; but now she will be free. The future lies before her, a garden of pleasure. It is a land of enchantment. Alas! the nuptial blessing

is hardly uttered before the spell is broken, and she finds her future a schoolmaster more harsh and stern than any she has yet known. Love is an episode in the life of most men; a brilliant, humanizing, divine episode; and her husband is not an exception to the rule. He came to her decked with garlands, and moving to the soft voice of music. She is no sooner his bride, than he doffs his paradisiacal habiliments and manners, and returns to his working-day world, where he is soon absorbed almost as much as if there were no such person as herself in existence.

For a while she carries the freshness of her hope and her youth along with her. After a time is heard a faint, childish wail. A fountain of blessings is opened in her breast, of whose depth and sweetness she never before had dreamed; but with the joy of motherhood comes its care. Years come and go. A brood of little ones encompass her; and now her need is sore. The endless details of housekeeping, the necessity of regulating her expenditures in accordance with her husband's income, the ceaseless use of the needle, the sleepless vigilance for the welfare of her best beloved, the thousand anxieties and toils which men never reckon, never appreciate, duties in the performance of which she can hope for no sympathy, bind upon her shoulders a load, and fasten in her heart a weight of anxiety, which threaten to crush her to the earth. She has scarce a

moment which she can call her own. Once she dreamed of literary culture; the sweet companionship of books, the refining influences of art, the blessings of gracious hospitality; but now she has neither leisure nor heart to bestow upon them. Many a time she piteously murmurs, "Why was I born? Am I not a slave?" Sickness, disappointment, sorrow, do their work upon her; she is weary and heavy laden. The conflicting tempers of her children are to be regulated; their tumultuous little world harmonized, their ailments nursed, their afflictions softened. The attempt to bring a clean thing out of an unclean must be made, by governing awkward, deceitful, treacherous Irish domestics. Her life seems consumed by trifles, and yet their accumulation threatens a devouring fire of inextinguishable fagots. There can be no continuous effort in any one direction, because of momentary interruption. Her existence is broken into fragments. The constant calls upon her involve her in perplexity, and her steps are ever taken amidst confusion. And then come the seasons when the pulse stands still, as she bends in an agony of suspense over the sick child, in whose breast the wave of life ebbs and flows uncertainly. The issue is determined, and there is a vacant place in the little bed, and another tiny hillock in the grave-yard. The days dedicated to petty cares are darkened by the shadow of a great grief, and the light broken slumbers of a mother are

disturbed by painful dreams only less painful than realities.

Thus do the months revolve in attendance upon trivialities—baking, sweeping, dusting, mending, patching, cutting, making, managing, contriving; keeping little hands and faces clean, hearing perpetual complaints, drying tearful eyes a hundred times, condoling with the youthful sufferers from wounds and bruises, responding a thousand times a day to calls upon "Mamma." Thus do the years proceed, wherein the monotony of housekeeping, and maternal solicitude is only broken by some great and awful trouble, and before men pass their prime, their wives are broken in health, and wasted in form. Foreigners universally remark the fresh beauty and winsome grace of our girls, but at the same time the premature fading and rapid decay of our women. They have a slang phrase in the West, which tells the story after a coarse but pointed fashion—"It's a great country for men and horses, but its death on women and oxen."

My picture of woman's wedded life may not be a pleasant one, but I believe it truthful,—and truth in human life, I think, is oftenest a sad thing to contemplate.

No, young woman! marriage is not an Elysian region of freedom, repose, and happiness, but a scene, —as is our mortal state for all—of responsibility, trial and labor.

How, then, I am asked, do you reconcile this condition of things with the government of universal love? Why do you exalt the position of woman, and exact from one oppressed and hampered as she is, the exercise of the sublimest, widest-reaching influence, the inauguration of the grandest and most enduring reforms? I answer all the questions in this one statement—the great end of human existence and its divinest power is character, and no sphere is so propitious to its attainment as the home-life of woman.

Is it needful that I vindicate this proposition? Her relation to her servants demands patience, prudence, long-suffering, self-control, and strength of will. Her house-keeping exacts diligence, watchfulness, punctuality, promptitude, thrift, management, method. With her children she must be thoughtful, gentle, firm; ever ruling her own spirit that she may govern them; self-possessed, yet sympathetic, blending dignity with grace, and tenderness with authority. Toward her husband she will have need to be generous, magnanimous, forgiving; to her guests urbane and gracious; to her neighbors obliging and helpful; to the poor, friendly and kind; toward the great, decorous yet self-respectful. When the family fortunes meet with reverses, and her husband is dispirited and crushed, from the more flexible and elastic nature should come the spring and vigor by which losses may be retrieved and success re-estab-

lished. In prosperous affluence her serene spirit may shed the tranquil light of contentment and peace throughout the household. In the time of uttermost need and darkness, when man's hope faileth, and his best discretion is as folly, she may lend wisdom to his councils, and strength to his steps, a wisdom and strength which she has obtained from One who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." No one so needs the guidance, comfort and succor derived from prayer as she. To no one is the mercy-seat more accessible. The multiplicity of details which constitute her daily care, it would seem can only subject her to perplexity and vexation, but herein is a school for mental improvement and development. The best powers of foresight, skill, combination and construction, may be employed in restoring the tangled web to order, where every thread shall find its appropriate place and every set of colors shall be assorted in a fit arrangement. Her perspicacity finds scope for exercise in reading the characters of her children;—and the action of intellect is never so healthful and beautiful as when impelled by beneficent sensibility. The little generalship of the family summons the best powers into alert and strengthening movement. The feebleness of infancy, the waywardness of youth, the opening consciousness of her larger children, alike demand of her, vigilance, solicitude, self-poise and energy. When she is weary and well-nigh exhausted, how do

the fires of her life rekindle as she beholds the merry sports and gambols of her darlings! The bloom upon their rosy cheeks, and the light of their sunny glances, bring back the lustre to her own eyes, and the unaccustomed blood to her wan face. In an hour like this she tastes of happiness, and surely no married flirt, no gay, worldly-minded woman ever experienced in quaffing the chalices of adulation offered to her vanity, such pure ethereal joy, as that which fills the true mother's heart in beholding the innocent gladness of her offspring. Their delight is to her as a well of refreshment in the valley of her pilgrimage. Her force of will is invoked that she may govern them; and her sweetest pity that she may pardon; a quick and tender conscience is required for the delicacy and responsibility of her trust. Faith is needed, for she guides the footsteps of heirs of immortality. Her work should ripen in her confidence in the germs of goodness which she plants in the soil of her children's nature, in the care with which she tends it, in the spiritual ministry which shall guard it, and in the eternal providence which ensures the fruit of her labor. God stations the mother by the cradle and bids her yield her hand to guide the uncertain steps of childhood, that man's earliest years may have the presidency and control of one apt to teach, able to direct, and competent to bless him. The mother is called to a life of self-sacrifice, and is not

this the true notion of life, embodying the highest conception of character? The greatest the world has known, whom men have taken for their teacher hath said, "He that would be great among you let him be the servant of all." Home-life is a toilsome but a benignant ministry; the highest requital of its service is in the character which is gained by its blessed labor.

Who does not feel and know, that the divinest agency and force with which we are made acquainted, is character? A perfectly educated will, calms, controls, and directs others. It is higher than intellect, or any form of genius. It blends the strength of Feeling, with the serenity of Reason. It is harmony of nature, wherein the creature's will is subject to the Creator's, after tumultuous striving and long-continued endeavor. It is the one only thing we carry with us to the future. As it is, shall we be—blessed or accursed. Therefore have I called it the true end, and divine power of human life, and said, that the most admirable lot for its acquisition and culture is the home-life of woman.

In these three provinces, then,—literature, society, and home—is her true sphere; here may her influence be exercised, and trophies and rewards, peerless and lasting as the soul itself, be won. By her books, conversation, manners and example, may she instruct and minister. As the world grows wiser

and better, we shall see these truths more clearly, and feel them more deeply; woman's place will become more distinctly defined, her influence more fully recognized and increasingly more potent.

In conclusion, it may be allowed me to offer a hint or two, as worthy and weighty subjects for thought, to every enlightened and conscientious woman in the country.

Our girls leave school and enter society at too early an age. The mischief resulting therefrom is incalculable. To this is it owing, in part, that we have so few well-educated women; so many precipitate and ill-assorted marriages, so much discontent and unhappiness in after life. Let it be recollected that most of our young women are "finished" by the time they are seventeen, and then tell me what familiarity with study, what real discipline of mind, they can have acquired. They need and should have a thorough classical and scientific training, and to this end should be kept at school, or supplied with masters, until they are twenty at least. Out of New England the women know nothing of science, and very little of classical learning, and even there, those who do, constitute the exceptions. I have heard it bitterly complained that the men who draw up the courses of study for our highest schools assign so narrow a limit to the curiosity and capacity of the female, and one so much wider to the male scholars. How is it pos-

sible to do otherwise when these programmes have to be prepared to suit our exigencies, in which the young lady is to leave school the moment she is prepared to study? Is it surprising that the course should be meagre and inadequate, when the girl's head is full of beaux and parties, from the time she puts on long dresses, and is allowed to act upon the assumption, that she is competent to take upon herself the most awful responsibilities of human life, before she is out of her teens? I pronounce the opinion after not a little careful inquiry and reflection, that the greater number of fashionable boarding-schools among us are as pernicious and baneful institutions as any nourished by our over-stimulated civilization. Let us have as provision for the education of the future wives and mothers of the Republic, a more comprehensive course of instruction; fewer "accomplishments" as they are called—apparently in derision; and more earnest patient study, and a drill as systematic and thorough as any now prescribed for boys.

My other suggestion is in the form of an appeal to my countrywomen to cultivate simplicity of life, taste, and manners. Renounce ostentatious display, extravagant expenditure; abjure the *outré*, monstrous styles of dress in vogue. Study the colours and fashion most becoming to yourself, and dare to follow the dictates of a refined taste in apparel. Refuse a servile compliance with the reigning mode. Strive

to keep your children young, and thus secure yourself against the advance of age. In ornamentation seek beauty rather than splendor, and in the decoration of your house, select articles for the excellence of their form and color, and the harmony of their proportions, rather than for their showy costliness. Enough money is spent on expensive carpets in New York houses to foster a national school of art, and yet most of our painters and sculptors are living in poverty. Throw around your children every influence that will soften and refine their nature. If paintings and marbles are too expensive, engravings and plaster are within the reach of all. Tolerate no license of manners, no rudeness of speech towards yourself, or in your presence. Let your self-respect be so strong that others will be forced to respect you. Suffer not the tongue of scandal, nor the voice of tattle, and mischief-making, in your hearing. Defend your children as far as you are able from the pestiferous passion for fine dress, and glittering display. Save yourself and them from hollow and vulgar pretension, and give us an example of cheerfulness under toil, of fortitude amid trial, and of contentment united with diligence and effort.

I have had occasion in these remarks to speak plainly; at times, perhaps sternly. At parting it is only fair that I should use words of different tone. It is usual for our countrymen returned

from foreign travel, to descant upon the superior qualities of the women of other lands—the seductive grace and passion of those of southern Europe; the animated manners, the sprightliness and perpetuated bloom of the Parisienne; the sustained strength of constitution, and pure white and red of the complexion belonging to the Germans; the robust freshness and plump round figures of the Dutch. That there is a want of physical stamina and development in our women, I readily concede; that more fresh air, systematic out-door invigorating exercise would be serviceable, all must agree. It is a sad fact that beautiful feet and ancles are often purchased at the price of bodily torpor and enfeebled frames. But taking them for "all in all," there are no such women in the world, and never have been, as those speaking the English tongue. In moral fibre and elevated tone; in perception of duty and loyalty to it; in a deepening Christian consciousness, and a heroic life of self-renunciation; in the unmurmuring endurance of privation, hardship, and pain; in the cheerful and disinterested sacrifice of personal comfort, ease and happiness, for the good of others, they are without peers in the past or present. Other climes may produce more brilliant, attractive, and fascinating women—those who dress, dance, walk, coquette, and talk, more gracefully and invitingly; but there are no such wives and mothers as our own.

Their purity, truth, and godliness are the best defences of our national life. Their generous influence shall create, and their pious care shall nurse a race of future giants, majestic in self-control, and mighty for the overthrow of evil.

FRENCH CHIVALRY IN THE SOUTHWEST.

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COMMERCE was a late birth of Time. Its infancy dates from the Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century. Its growth was a rapid one; and even in the season of its youth, such was its Titanic strength of muscle and grasp, that, as with a volatile glee, it shook the world out of its long slumber in the dormitory of superstition. The mind of the world, in a sort of nightmare, had been engrossed for ages with abstract opinions. Loyalty to the central principle of authority had bound men with slavish manacles. Religion—such religion as they had—was the pivot of all national, social, domestic and individual movement. Under the plea of its requisition, Europe armed itself against the infidel; and the Catholic empires fitted out exterminating expeditions against the inoffensive Albigenses. With its sanction Ferdinand the Catholic summoned his steel-clad warriors to battle against the Moors of Granada; and the pious Isabella inaugurated the ferocious horrors of

the Inquisition. The journeys which men undertook were chiefly pilgrimages to holy shrines. All forms of industry, all types of genius, were subordinated to the sway of credulity. The sword was unsheathed and continents were deluged in blood in behalf of the speculations of sophists. Princes ruled in virtue of divine right; and in their eyes the people were as the fine dust of the summer threshing-floor. The religious wars begun by Constantine, were continued through the sixteenth century. During a night of nearly fourteen hundred years great forces were engaged in fearful struggles; but human rights greater than the forces, lay in a deep unbroken slumber. The strength of the knight, and the craft of the priest, the one wielding sharp-edged iron, the other, book, bell and candle, fought with or against each other. The one asserted the supremacy of brute force; the other of intellectual power. Both were alike intent upon the establishment of despotism. Feudalism and Romanism—the throne and the church—equally sought their continuance by the sacrifice of the rights of the many, to the advantage of the few. The crown and the altar were to be perpetuated at the expense of humanity. Their rapacious lust for gold sealed the act of their discomfiture. Navigation unlocked the treasures of new worlds; the priest and the soldier hastened to possess themselves of the spoil; but in due time the citizen came to laugh at

the thunders of the Vatican and the sceptre of the prince.

At first, sovereigns sought to employ commerce as they had before used the sword and the brain—to further the ends of tyranny; but the young giant was mightier than his old masters; he smote them down and laughed them to scorn.

The theory of conquest and of colonization in the New World adopted by the European monarchs was virtually this: that the recently acquired territory was to be subjected to the supreme will of the king, and tributary to the profit and pleasure of himself and his capital. Mexico, Peru, and the Indies were regarded by Charles and Philip as so many orchards and mines, whose products might gratify the royal palate and fill the royal coffers. Elizabeth, James and Charles seemed to consider Newfoundland and New England simply as fisheries, the sole business of whose people it was to supply Britain with cod and mackerel; while Louis the Fourteenth granted to his favorites unlimited demesnes in New France and on the Mississippi, and charters of monopoly for the fur trade therein. The great monarch's courtiers and mistresses wanted costly peltries to decorate their noble persons; to this end the Indians might hunt on the borders of Superior or by the banks of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, and the traders transport their precious merchandise from

Quebec. No vessels, save those under the flag of the proprietary monarch, might trade in a provincial port. Thus did the kings seek to bind the infant commerce with the fetters of monopoly.

In due time the regulation of trade comes to be regarded as a prime article in treaties between nations. The courts of Madrid, Paris and London are bidders for the tribute of the seas. All the arts of diplomacy are brought to bear by the royal competitors and their envoys, to gain the coveted prize. The tactics of negotiation are exhausted in many a keen encounter; but first Spain, and afterwards France are outwitted, and England, by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, is acknowledged mistress of the deep.

I have thought it might be an attempt not devoid of interest, to place before you the effort of France to transplant Feudalism into the soil of the New World, and to carry thither her chivalry. In virtue of the discoveries of James Marquette the Jesuit and priest, the first European who sailed on the waters of the upper Mississippi, and of the Sieur Robert Cavalier de la Salle, the bold trader, the first to follow the stream to the sea, France laid claim to all the regions bordering the Father of Waters, and upon his tributaries. The tract extended from the foot of the Appalachian chain to the head-waters of the Missouri; from the Balize to Itasca Lake. But it was a dim cloudy realm to Europeans; known

to them only by the marvellous and exaggerated reports which had reached them from the few explorers. The Mississippi had never been entered from the Gulf except by Andrew de Pez, a Spaniard, about 1680, and of his discovery no trace remained. The brave La Salle had perished in attempting to find its mouth. But the difficulty of the discovery only the more inflamed the imagination and enthusiasm of France, already kindled by the reported goodliness of the land. As soon as the *Grand Monarque* had brief space to rest from his wars, he gave heed to the importunate cravings of some of his subjects that they might go out and possess the fruitful and illimitable region to which the name of Louisiana was given in honor of his most Christian majesty. A little fleet of two frigates and two smaller vessels was fitted out in the port of Rochelle, from which the ill-starred La Salle had sailed fourteen years before. The command was intrusted to D'Iberville, a noble admiral of the French navy, who had spent most of his life in the New World, warring with the icebergs, or the more implacable fury of his English adversaries about Hudson's Bay. A man of strict integrity, undaunted courage and unblemished reputation, idolized by his countrymen, and the most approved officer of the French navy, he was now to try his fortunes in a region bordering upon the tropics. With him sailed his two younger brothers, Sauvolle

and Bienville, who were to be his partners in the perils and the honors of the enterprise. They weighed anchor in 1698; and on the first of January, 1699, they made land in the Gulf. Their *terra firma* proved to be a low flat sand island, upon which they found enormous heaps of unburied human bones, which they might have accepted with justice as an omen of the fate of the great Gallic enterprise which they were now initiating. On the suggestion of the horrid remains, they gave to this their first land the name of Massacre Island.

The traveller of our day, *en route* for New Orleans, quits the pleasant little city of Mobile, and after a sail of thirty miles sees rising from the waters of the Gulf this low desert ridge, which now bears the name of Dauphine Island. Just before reaching it, the boat, turning sharp to the right, proceeds through a narrow pass, and out of this into a series of bays, lakes and passes, defended from the storms of the Gulf by a low chain of sandy bulwarks, and at length reaches the placid waters of Lake Pontchartrain. It was upon the crystalline sands of these ridges that our adventurers bivouacked when preparing for the subjugation of Louisiana; first on Massacre or Dauphine Island, and subsequently on those further to the West. Later they crossed to the main land and where the village of Biloxi now stands, they built a fort of four bastions upon which were mounted

twelve guns; and over which waved the lilies of France as a token of supremacy. Impatient to discover the great river, which had been called Rio Grande by de Soto, the River of the Conception by Marquette, the Colbert by La Salle, but now because it seems hidden from the eyes of men, the Perdido, the Lost, D'Iberville embarks with his brother, Bienville, a youth of eighteen, and a company of hardy adventurers, in open boats, leaving Sauvolle in command of the fort. As they voyaged towards the west, they observed that the blue waters of the Gulf became discolored and turbid, and found huge trees which had been uprooted far within the continent, and borne by the rushing seething tide far out into the sea. These tokens apprise them that they are near the river's mouth. Before long they reach it, but D'Iberville cannot believe that this is the opening of the majestic stream of which he has heard and dreamed so much. Father Anastase Douay, however, a priest who had been here with La Salle at the time of his discovery, avers that it is. As they toilsomely ascend the rapid current, they discover a party of Indians at the mouth of the Bayou Goula, who have carefully preserved a letter left there fourteen years before by Chevalier Tonti, La Salle's faithful lieutenant, and directed to his master. The natives also show the astonished Frenchman parts of a coat of mail, which had probably belonged to some of the followers of

De Soto, whose party had voyaged this way a hundred and sixty years before. All doubt is thus removed and the goal at length is reached. They have gained their river, to which they give the name of St. Louis; but where shall they build their town? The banks of the stream, for many a league from the sea, are only an oozy quagmire; gloomy forests and tangled brakes cover the country to the landward, far as the eye can penetrate; and when they attempt to land, the swamp is their only resting-place. No rood of dry firm ground seems to arise within this illimitable morass. They return to Biloxi and finally resolve to build their metropolis on Mobile Bay, near the present site of the city of that name, and the infant settlement is named Fort Condé.

Our adventurous friends have come to found a new empire, not with the plow and axe and loom, not with honest toil and honorable industry; but they will gather the lumps of gold which, as they fondly imagine, strew the surface of the earth and lie imbedded within its depths. They will seek the priceless pearls which line the coast. They will obtain grants of countless acres from the crown, and become feudal barons and great seigniors, and thus will they erect their state. The low pine barrens which constitute the margin of the Gulf, on which they have settled, afford no chance for tillage; and were the land rich as alluvium could make it, they would disdain the

toil. Thus, all their supplies, save the harvest of the waters, must be brought from France. But the voyages of ships are uncertain; and ere long they are threatened with famine. Unused to the broiling summer heats of these low latitudes, they are soon visited by disease. The invisible stealthy form of bilious fever emerges from the swamps and lays about him like a giant with a two-edged sword. That hundred-handed monster, the yellow fever, imported from the West Indies, stalks amongst the defenceless settlers, spreading consternation and ruin, until hardly enough living are left to bury the dead. Sauvolle, the admiral's brother, a fair intrepid youth, is amongst the earliest victims; and before six years are passed D'Iberville himself is sacrificed. Alas for the hopes of chivalry! Neither gold nor pearls have yet been found. The colony is well-nigh exterminated by disease and want, and must have perished but for the compassionate aid of friendly Indian neighbors.

The command is now conferred upon Bienville, on whose wise guidance and skillful management the hopes of the future empire rest. But the materials furnished him are not such as he could desire. Recruits are sent to him by shiploads; insolvent debtors and men of broken fortunes, criminals from the prisons and abandoned women. The most wretched and degraded of mankind are those who are sent to dig the foundations and lay the corner stones of

the future edifice. With such instruments what can even a great man like Bienville do? He is satisfied that the dreams about gold and precious stones are idle and empty; that the true hope and welfare of the colony is in agriculture; that the toil of the people can alone yield them the means of subsistence and afford them the materials for trade; that the labor of the husbandman and the mechanic furnishes the only sure basis for commerce; and that their metropolis must be built upon the banks of the great river, so as to command by a practicable and easy highway the resources of the whole interior, and have opened to it a sure and immediate communication with Canada. But he is baffled and disheartened by his filthy and worthless coadjutors, and no real work is accomplished. Thirteen years have passed, a hundred and seventy thousand dollars have been expended and the results are unsatisfactory enough. Only two hundred and eighty settlers, for the most part idle and dissolute vagrants, among whom are twenty domestic negroes, are in the province. The king and council are discouraged; something must be done for Louisiana; but how, or what, are questions hard to settle. At this time there is in Paris a great merchant, one Anthony Crozat, who has amassed an immense fortune by trade and speculation. The king offers him the monopoly of the country flanked on its eastern side by Florida and the Alleghanies, on its west-

ern by the Rio del Norte and the Rocky Mountains, and extending from Dauphine Island to the Lakes. He shall have it with its mines and minerals, its forests, game and peltries, its fisheries and agriculture. He accepts the offer; and the world thinks he knows his business, and predicts for him a splendid result. La Motte Cadillac is governor at Detroit, and he becomes Crozat's partner. Their plan is to open trade between France and the West India Islands, Mexico, and Louisiana. Thus shall gold and gems be gained. But Spain refuses him leave to trade; declining to allow his vessels to enter any of her ports; and as for Louisiana, who is there to buy his goods? and there is no merchandise that he can carry thence. Thus the speculation of the great merchant fails, and at the end of five years he surrenders his charter, having paid thirty thousand dollars for the chance of making an experiment. But there are others ready, eager to accept the opportunity; confident that there is wealth in Louisiana, and that it can be obtained, if only the right means are taken to get it.

The mind of England and France is at this time possessed of a mania for speculation.

In the first the South Sea Company is offering an ample field for the knavery of rogues and the folly of dupes; in the other, John Law, a canny Scot, who had established a private bank, and was doing a thriving business, assuming the style and position

of an opulent capitalist, possessing the entire confidence of the generous but profligate regent, Philippe d'Orleans, and of the aristocracy and wealth throughout the country, was busily engaged in organizing various companies and schemes; a bank of France, a company of the Indies, and a western company. The latter procured a charter of twenty-five years to monopolize Louisiana. Its stock was divided into two hundred thousand shares, the par value of which was five hundred livres each. All classes of people throughout France having money, are stock-jobbers. The bourse opens with the beat of drum. Abbés, bishops, cardinals, dukes, royal princes, and the fairest women of the realm throng the Exchange, and vie with each other in the financial competition. The shares of the Louisiana speculation are greedily bought up. Maps delineating its vastness, illustrating its fertility and wealth; a soil richer than that of the Delta, mountains of silver richer than that of Potosi, and of gold, with which the land of Ophir cannot be compared; picturing prosperous states and private towns, quays thronged with shipping and busy tradesmen; are exhibited in Paris, and inflame the already excited fancy of the country. It is whispered as a great secret, but gains a wide circulation, that ingots of Louisiana gold have been seen in Paris, but by whom no one pauses to inquire. The lust for sudden riches has deprived the people of their com-

mon sense; and the infinite wealth of the Mississippi valley is believed in as a present fact by the noble brokers and bankers of France, during the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Active measures are at once set on foot by the company to increase the population of the province. They enter into obligation by their charter, to settle six thousand whites and three thousand African slaves, within its limits. The pernicious plan of sending out the prostitute and criminal is continued. Street-walkers and women from the hospitals of correction, bankrupts, felons whose sentence is commuted to transportation, are to become the agents in gaining fabulous stores of wealth. Others, however, of more reputable character are sent; and at length the schemes of emptying the filth of Paris into the great valley is given up. Law and his company controlled in Louisiana the exclusive traffic in human flesh, as England did throughout the rest of the New World. Britain not only supplied her colonies upon the Atlantic coast with slaves, but in pursuance of her plans of ambitious and gigantic monopoly, gained by the treaty of Utrecht the sole right to supply Spanish America with Africans. "'Her Britannic Majesty did offer and undertake,'" quotes Bancroft from the treaty of Utrecht, "'by persons whom we shall appoint, to bring into the West Indies of America, belonging to His Catholic

Majesty, in the space of thirty years, a hundred and forty-four thousand negroes at the rate of four thousand eight hundred in each of the said thirty years; paying on four thousand a duty of thirty-three and one-third dollars a head.' The assientists might introduce as many more as they pleased, at the rate of duty of sixteen and two-thirds dollars a head. Only no scandal was to be offered to the Roman Catholic religion! Exactest care was taken to secure the monopoly. No Frenchman nor Spaniard, nor any other person, might introduce one negro slave into Spanish America. For the Spanish world in the Gulf of Mexico, on the Atlantic, and along the Pacific, as well as for the English colonies, her Britannic Majesty, by persons of her appointment, was the exclusive slave-trader. England extorted the privilege of filling the New World with negroes. As great profits were anticipated from the trade, Philip V. of Spain took one quarter of the common stock, agreeing to pay for it by a stock note; Queen Anne reserved to herself another quarter; and the remaining moiety was to be divided among her subjects. Thus did the sovereigns of England and Spain become the largest slave-merchants in the world."

By the side of this enormous speculation in flesh and blood, Law's was dwarf-like. Nevertheless, the profits derived from the sale of the negroes were one of the chief sources of revenue to the company's

coffers. The price of a stout negro man was a hundred and fifty dollars; that of a healthy woman, a hundred and twenty-five dollars. It was subsequently raised about sixteen per cent. Nor was the perpetual bondage of the African the only style of slavery adopted. Twenty-five hundred Germans of the Palatinate were introduced into the province, who were called "Redemptioners." They were bound to work as slaves for three years in the service of those who defrayed their expenses across the deep. Considerable numbers of soldiers, miners and assayers, in addition, were sent; the first to defend the colonists, and the others to discover and work the precious ores. Lead, iron, copper, without end, were found; but after the most extensive and assiduous search, neither gold nor silver. Two or three years were devoted by the company's servants to this bootless quest; and then, at last, Bienville's long-urged policy of wringing riches from the soil was reluctantly adopted. Meanwhile, the enterprising governor had established a fort and laid the foundations of a town on the site of the present city of Natchez, giving to it the name of Fort Rosalie, in honor of the Countess Pontchartrain, wife of the French Minister of Marine, D'Iberville's friend and his patron in the colonization of Louisiana. The location had been selected by the brave admiral twelve years before; but the spot was too far distant from the sea to permit it to become the capital; and Bienville was still

perplexed in his attempt to discover an advantageous site for his metropolis. During his persevering and diligent explorations for this object, he is one day busily examining the muddy boiling stream of the Mississippi, with boats and sounding lines, when suddenly first the white sails of a large ship, and then the unwelcome ensign of St. George present themselves to his vision, slowly moving up the narrow stream. It is a British corvette of twelve guns. Without a moment's hesitation, the bold and quick-witted Frenchman hails her; finds that Captain Barr is in command; that her consort is in waiting at the river's mouth; and that he is upon the errand of planting an English colony in those parts. Bienville immediately advises him that he is within the dominions of the King of France, that he must forthwith get out of them; and that unless he does, he, Bienville will use the ample means within his command at the French fortifications a little way above, to make him. He volunteers likewise the valuable piece of geographical information, that Captain Barr is in the wrong river; for that the Mississippi is much further West. The thick-headed Englishman is at a stand, seemingly more fearful of Bienville's castle in the air, than confident in his directions; he grumbles, and asserts that the British had discovered the river half a century before, and that he will come back with force enough to substantiate the claim by seizure. He turns about,

however, for the present, and departs; doubtless, leaving the cunning Gauls in great merriment; but does not come back, and the place of this effectual deceit is yet named the English Turn.

Descending the river in another of his many expeditions, Bienville noted a bend in the tortuous stream, which assumed the shape of a crescent. Examining the land upon its margin, he resolved that notwithstanding its unpropitious appearance, here should his town be built. Staking the spot, he returned to Mobile and dispatched thence fifty convicts for the purpose of clearing the ground of the forest undergrowth. The task was a Herculean one; the means at Bienville's command to carry it forward were small; and, moreover, the project was uncompromisingly opposed by his associates in the government. Nevertheless, his will was irresistible, and all obstacles at length yielded. By the year 1723, five years after the work had begun, a thriving and prosperous town appeared from out the tangled cane-brake, overshadowed by the funereal forest of the cypress swamp, and washed upon its southern edge by the yellow current of the great river. He named the place in honor of a prince who "forgot God, and trembled at a star"—the reckless regent, Duc d'Orléans. The experience of a century and a quarter has set its seal on the sagacity of its founder. The village, a site for which he struggled so hard and so long to find, to build which cost him so many manful

efforts, has grown to be the second commercial centre of the New World. Its exports in any given year are now greater than those from the whole East Indian empire. It is the *entrepôt* from the sea for a realm well-nigh as wide as the whole vast expanse of Hindostan. But while Britain derived from the slave trade the means to build up her empire in the East, and thus again acquired boundless wealth and commercial prosperity for herself, France gained nothing from her effort to establish feudalism in the wilderness, but loss, disaster and defeat. The city of New Orleans, founded by Bienville, seems to have perpetuated in its history the characteristic traits of the man from whom it was named. There, dissoluteness walks brazen-fronted and unchecked; and by its side the divine figure of generosity. Nowhere in this country is vice so rampant, and sin so unblushingly exposed. Nowhere are men so openly eager in the pursuit of interdicted aims, and so reckless as to the methods of attaining them. Yet when the fearful figure of the plague casts his dark shadow over the swamp-engirdled town, when the pestilence walketh in darkness, and the destruction wasteth at noon-day, when it may be said almost without exaggeration that a thousand fall at your side and ten thousand at your right hand, the bravo, the gambler, and the debauchee, forget their trades of crime; the merchant, banker, and artisan quit their occupations; the gay,

frivolous and worldly leave their mirth and wine, and all are found rivalling and sometimes surpassing the self-devotion of the priest and the physician; ministering angels in the houses of woe, carrying bread, wine, and medicine to the hovels of the poor, bending over their inmates with inexpressible solicitude, and nursing them through lonely vigils with a mother's care and tenderness. Nowhere are money and life so wildly squandered; yet nowhere is wealth so bountifully bestowed in charity; or love and life so freely given at the call of suffering.

The best portion of the inhabitants of Louisiana were as yet derived from Canada. These hardy emigrants, trained by solitude, rigor, and hardship, to frugality, enterprise and virtue, became the most thrifty and reliable members of the new State. Their only property, their coarse garments, a knapsack and staff, they yet possess indomitable courage and resolution, and willingness to labor. Plantations are opened on the banks of the Mississippi, above and below the new city, in the environs of Fort Rosalie, in the Red, Yazoo, and Arkansas Rivers. Rice, tobacco, and indigo, are successfully cultivated. The fig is transplanted from Provence, and the orange from Hispaniola. Neat cottages and pretty gardens cause the wilderness to bloom in many a spot, and all wears the golden hue of promise and success. Moreover, a thriving trade is opened with the coun-

tries of the Illinois and Wabash. Lumber, tallow, beeswax, bacon, hides, peltries, are received from these middle regions and shipped again to France. *Coureurs du bois* and *voyageurs* ascend the Mississippi and its tributaries to their sources, discover hundreds of mines of gold and silver, which always prove to be copper and lead; smoke the calumet, negotiate treaties of peace and amity with the distant aborigines, and return with such stores as they have gathered in traffic, their memories overrunning with stirring and marvellous stories, the product of their fancies and adventures, more pleasing to their gossips and neighbors than their substantial gains.

Nor are the spiritual interests of the people overlooked. An Ursuline convent has been established in New Orleans; churches are built in every village, missions established in every settlement; and Jesuits go whereever the hardy trader ventures, doing their utmost to convert the red savages from their heathenism. The indefatigable Bienville, dreading the approach of the English and their traffic with the Indians on the northeast, builds Fort Toulouse, near the spot where the limpid waters of the Coosa and Tallapoosa form the Alabama. Farther to the West, on the river which bears the name, he erects Fort Tombigbee. No sooner does he receive the news that war has been declared between France and Spain, than he crosses from Mobile, captures Pensacola, blows up the forts, and leaves

the town in ashes. As the Spaniards by their advance from Mexico, are threatening his western boundaries, having built San Antonio de Bexar, and fortified Goliad, and even now having their out-posts upon Trinity River, he sends the doughty De La Harpe to protect his frontier, and stay the progress of the invaders, by building the town of Natchitoches, and establishing posts on the upper waters of the Red River.

Between the intrepid Gaul and the polite Castilian in command of his Spanish Majesty's troops upon these borders, there ensued a short and spirited correspondence, the substance of which I here lay before you. The Spanish commandant addressed De La Harpe as follows:

"MONSIEUR: I am very sensible of the politeness that Monsieur De Bienville and yourself have had the goodness to show me. The order I have received from the king my master is, to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana. My own inclinations lead me equally to afford them all the services that depend upon me, but I am compelled to say that your arrival at the Nassonite village surprises me very much. Your government could not have been ignorant that the post you occupy belongs to my government; and that all the lands west of the Nassonites depend upon New Mexico. I recommend you to give advice of this to Monsieur De Bienville, or you will force me to oblige you to abandon lands that the French have no right to occupy. I have the honor to be, sir,

"DE LA CORNE."

To these compliments and threats De La Harpe answered, denying the correctness of the representations

made by the Spaniard, asserting the right of the French to maintain themselves where he was then in position, and ending with the following pithy phrases:—

"It was the French who first made alliances with the savage tribes in these regions; and it is natural to conclude that a river which flows into the Mississippi and the lands it waters, belong to the king my master. If you will do me the pleasure to come into this quarter, I will convince you that I hold a post which I know how to defend. I have the honor to be, sir,

"DE LA HARPE."

The Spanish commander discreetly refrained from any attempt to make good his threats; both French and Spaniards maintained their advanced posts, the nearest being only nine miles apart; and their conflicting claims were only merged in the cession to Spain, 1762.

The indefatigable Bienville, not satisfied with guiding the interior concerns of his favorite colony, with infinite negotiations and intrigues, supported where necessary with unscrupulous violence, among the various Indian tribes of the Muscogee confederacy, the Natchez and those west of the Mississippi River, had in view the accomplishment of a vast scheme for the establishment of the French authority in Louisiana upon an impregnable basis. In the year 1723, after many efforts, he succeeded in causing the transfer of the seat of government from the hopeless sand-beach at Biloxi to his settlement of New

Orleans, where by natural gravitation, inhabitants, wealth and trade were rapidly accumulating. A survey of the mouth of the Mississippi having been made, the commercial capacities of the port were demonstrated. An advantageous centre of operations thus gained, almost simultaneous enterprises were undertaken to establish at the margin of an immense circle of territory such forts and settlements as should secure the colony against the Spaniards to the west, northwest, and east, and the English in Carolina to the northeast, and at the same time open and protect a sure communication with the distant sister settlements in Canada. Bernard La Harpe, as we have seen, had already fortified himself upon the Red River. An attempt was made, unsuccessfully, however, to plant a fort upon the Texan coast, near the mouth of the Colorado; Le Sueur established a fort at a point estimated to be two thousand two hundred and eighty miles from the sea, among the Sioux, upon the Blue Earth River, a branch of the St. Peter's, which joins the Mississippi. Boisbriant erected the celebrated French stronghold of Fort Chartres, in the Illinois country. Fort Condé in Mobile Bay, Fort St. Louis in Biloxi Bay, and Fort Toulouse at the head of navigation in the Alabama River, all newly stored, fortified and garrisoned, completed the series of main points upon this immense semicircle; while the outer line and the radii to the centre were made good by

numerous trading-posts, and rapid and constant communication was maintained on foot and in canoes, by traders, detachments of troops, official parties, priests and travellers.

In spite of the continued disappointments of the expectations of enormous revenue on the part of the Western Company at home, in spite of want and misery amongst improvident emigrants, as well as even amongst the troops and settlers, in spite of endless bickerings and pecuniary mismanagements between jealous and greedy colonial officials, of the excessive waste of strength, time, men and money in premature expeditions to distant wildernesses, and of the occasional murmurs and discontents discovered now in one Indian tribe and now in another, the progress of the colony on the whole was sure and onward.

But now the bursting of the fantastic bubble with whose gaudy hues John Law had so long fooled all France, gives a terrible blow to the struggling young commonwealth. Already the company have expended more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, without any equivalent receipts. With great difficulty they have from time to time continued to send uncertain shipments of supplies, and to maintain their various establishments. But the utter prostration of business which the destruction of the value of Law's fictitious money brings upon the province, holds the knife at the throat of the settlements. Every

man is loaded with debts incurred during the fatal delusion, and reckoned in paper money, which is now almost utterly worthless. Inexorable creditors, themselves hard pressed by their obligations, demand payment in silver, which does not exist in the province. The difficulty is partly evaded by despotically doctoring the currency, so as to allow the dollar, worth four *livres*, to pay seven and a half *livres* of debt, and re-establishing its former value ten months afterwards. But business is at a dead stand, and the land is full of discouraged, clamorous, starving settlers; for the supplies from France have ceased, and the undeveloped agriculture of the little farms does not suffice to give them bread. The soldiers are dispersed amongst the friendly Indians for food, and several large bodies of them mutiny and flee to the English, or are barbarously punished. The Germans established upon Law's own colony on the Arkansas River, abandoned and distressed, return *en masse* to New Orleans, intending to seek again their European homes. To avoid the pernicious effect of such an example, however, new grants of land close along the river, are made them, about twenty miles above that city. Their skillful industry soon changes the wilderness into gardens; and the "German coast" as it is yet called, long supplies the market of the little capital with all manner of delicious fruit and vegetables.

The wrath of Heaven seemed to join with the folly of man to afflict Louisiana. A terrific equinoctial tornado, in September, 1723, devastated all the southern portion of the province. At New Orleans the fearful blast levelled the church, the hospital and thirty dwelling-houses. Several vessels were destroyed; the crops of rice, just maturing, were swept off; farm-houses were blown down, and infinite injury done to plantations and improvements. This frightful calamity augmented both the famine and the discouragement; and dark indeed seemed the horizon of the future.

Bienville, however, unmoved as a rock, still held the helm of government, and his strong will, vigorous administrative talent, and marvellous energy were felt throughout every portion of the province. In spite of these multiplied misfortunes he persevered; and during the years immediately following, the colony gradually revived to something of prosperity, both in agriculture and in trade, and increased in population and wealth. In the midst of this happiness, Bienville's enemies, who had long and relentlessly pursued him with slanderous dispatches, sent to France, and with all manner of insults and machinations within the colony, at last succeeded in procuring his recall to answer charges of misconduct. Notwithstanding his explorations, the labors of a quarter of a century, and their promising results, he

was removed, and many of his friends with him; and the governorship bestowed upon M. Perrier. Disgusted with this usual return for faithful public services, Bienville remained in France in a private station.

For two years after the departure of Bienville, "the Father of Louisiana," the colony continued to increase and prosper under the authority of M. Perrier, his successor. But in 1729 a more fearful disaster than tornado or bankruptcy again came like a thunderbolt upon the hapless settlers; a disaster the more wretched, because it was the reaction of the fiendish passions of barbarians, roused into the most ungovernable rage by the wicked and tyrannical folly of the victims themselves.

The Natchez Indians, formerly a powerful nation, but now reduced by wars to a fighting force of about twelve hundred men, occupied the neighborhood of the present city of Natchez, named after them. Tall, strong, and active, of uncommon intellectual power, indicated by the high retreating forehead which was a peculiarity of the tribe, the Natchez exerted a powerful influence over the nations near them. They were, for savages, peaceful and industrious when undisturbed; but capable of the most enduring resentment, and bitter and active enemies, in revenge for an injury. After a fashion quite the reverse of the usual conduct of Frenchmen towards savages, Bienville and the

other French of Louisiana had been harassed with continual quarrels with the Indians, seemingly caused by haughty and unscrupulous maltreatment from the Europeans. Although the Natchez had received D'Iberville with respect and kindness, yet his brother Bienville, a man of strong and imperious will, had, as early as 1716, showed great harshness in settling a quarrel between the small garrison of Fort Rosalie, and the neighboring savages. Again, in 1723, a more serious outbreak occurred. By the causeless violence of some French soldiers, one warrior was killed, and another wounded; the savages, in revenge, waylaid, robbed, and murdered along the frontier; and at length a war party of eighty made an open attack upon the settlements. The assailants were repulsed, but not before two planters were slain, and many depredations committed. The chief "Suns," as they were called, of the tribe, hastened, however, to secure a peace, by treating with the commandant of the fort. Bienville now coming on to the post, ratified the agreement, and departed in apparent friendship. But with a duplicity and ferocity far more shameful than that of these ignorant children of the forest, he fell suddenly upon them, seven months afterwards, with seven hundred troops, ravaged their country with fire and sword, mercilessly destroyed men, women and children, and sternly insisted that they should buy a peace by delivering to death one of their sacred

chieftains, the Suns. The horrified but helpless Indians offered several common warriors to death, instead; two successively devoting themselves were slain, and their heads offered to Bienville. But the inexorable Frenchman persisting, at last succeeded in forcing the sacrifice, and thus having exacted his own measure of punishment for deeds provoked by his fellow Frenchmen, and having chosen in doing it to violate every feeling and passion of their savage hearts, he returned home in ruthless triumph. The unfortunate Natchez, now despairing of any reliable amity with the French, repaid for kindness with the most bitter insult and with irreparable injuries, and seeing the power and the tyranny of their foes increase together, in cautious silence began to plot revenge, and nurtured their schemes for six years, finally to be developed by the attempt to crown the long course of injuries by another gratuitous oppression, threatened by a subaltern against the nation.

Chopart, the brutal commandant at Fort Rosalie, had long been the object of peculiar hatred to the tribe; and between him and them there had long been going on an exchange of bitter injuries. Having been once even cited to New Orleans to answer to the complaints against him laid before M. Perrier by the Natchez chiefs, he managed to maintain himself in his command, and returning to his post gratified his revengeful anger by contriving new and elaborate insults.

About three leagues from the fort, upon an extensive and fertile level, stood the village of the White Apple Chief, a Sun of the Natchez tribe. In the open sunny plain, humble and happy homes were scattered here and there amongst the wide fields of corn, pumpkins and beans, and in the midst, upon an artificial mound, and near a rivulet, stood the sacred abode of the Grand Sun. Here, from time immemorial, generation after generation had lived, loved and died; around this happy spot clustered all the associations sacred to their family, their nation, their religion.

The wrathful amazement of the chief cannot be pictured, upon being rudely summoned to the presence of the brutal commander, and coolly informed that he and his nation must forthwith remove their habitations to some other spot, and permit their sprouting crops to be laid waste. Chopart pretended that he needed the ground for a military post; his intention was, at the same time to gratify his insane enmity against the Indians, and to lay out a magnificent plantation for himself upon the ruins of their dwellings. Gravely hiding his emotion, after the decorous savage manner, the Sun replies, that "their fathers for many years have occupied that ground, and it is good for their children still to remain on the same." The military tyrant threatens violence; and the chief calls his council together to determine upon

the proper action in the case. Further forbearance was decided upon, and a tribute of a basket of corn and a hen for each cabin being promised, Chopart is bribed thereby to postpone the day of destruction until the young crops shall have been gathered in. But as the time for destroying the village approaches, the smothered flame of savage indignation burns, quietly still, but hotter and hotter. In secret council the chiefs of the Natchez resolve upon revenging their cruel wrongs, and securing themselves for the future, by exterminating the whole colony; killing men and enslaving women and children. The secret is confined to the chiefs and warriors. Runners sent out in every direction advise the confederate tribes; the indomitable and ferocious Chickasaws to the north, the northern affiliated bands of their Natchez kinsmen, the Creeks to the east, and to the west, the nearly related tribe of the Tensas, that the time is at hand for the execution of the design, which together they have so faithfully guarded from suspicion, and for whose opportunity they have waited with such untiring patience, for six long years. Bundles of reeds, equal in number, are distributed to all the villages. Beginning with the next new moon, a reed is daily to be withdrawn; and upon the day when the last is taken, the attack is to be made. Chopart and the garrison receive repeated intimations of the approaching danger, but the tyrant's heart is hard-

ened—he grows even more careless of defence or circumspection, and meets the messengers with violent threats for their pains.

By some error not sufficiently explained, the Natchez bundle of reeds was exhausted too soon. A day or two before the proper time, then, the Natchez having learned that a large supply of ammunition has just reached Fort Rosalie, conceal weapons within their dress, and gradually insinuating themselves in considerable numbers within the fort, they chaffer for powder and ball, which they say they need for a great hunting match about to come off; and they offer uncommonly good bargains in poultry and corn. Utterly unsuspicious, the French eagerly take the usual white man's advantage of the simple savage, and bargain hard. In the bustle of the sales, the number of red men who have distributed themselves dispersedly all about the buildings is unnoticed. But suddenly every frightened Frenchman sees the wild light of savfury flame out of the Indian's dark eyes. The Great Sun has given the appointed signal; and before he can grasp a weapon, almost before he can cry out, the wretched victim is struck down, brained, thrust through. Like banded fiends risen through the earth, the red devils strike all together; and where but one moment before the purlieus of the fort were scattered over with laughing or scolding couples, groaning, writhing men, lie in their gore here and there, and the wild

men of the forest, drunk with the mad joy of assured success, chase hither and thither the screaming survivors, and pitilessly slay them in their hiding-places. Chopart himself, the scoundrel and tyrant who had caused the deed, was struck down among the first. Tradition says that he revived again, as if doomed by God to behold the fruits of his mad folly; and rising up wounded and bloody, amid the bloody corpses of his men, he looked round him upon the horrors of the massacre; and at last, probably still confused with his wounds and the dreadful surprise, instead of standing on his defence, fled out into the garden, and whistled to call his soldiers. They could not answer; he might have seen them lying dead all around him. The Indians come, however, at his signal, and gather about their helpless, hated oppressor with unutterable rage and exultation on their swarthy faces. They ring him in with weapons and exult about him. They say he is a "dog;" unworthy to be slain by a brave man: and so they send for a minister to some degrading heathen ceremony, whom the early writer, calls the "chief stinking-man." This base executioner kills him with a dog's blow; he knocks him in the head with a club; and thus did the wicked commandant, the first and the last of the slain, taste, in dreadful measure, the fullness of the bitterness of death.

During the massacre, the Great Sun, seating him-

self in the Company's warehouse, quietly smoked his pipe; while his warriors heaped before him in a frightful pyramid the heads of the slain. The ghastly pile is crowned with the dead features of the officers, and surmounted with the bloody visage of Chopart himself. The garrison is dead, the women, children and slaves are secured, and now the chieftain bids his warriors go to plunder. The slaves are made to bring out the spoil for distribution; the military stores are reserved for public use; and the victorious Indians give themselves up to orgies of savage triumph.

In the beginning of the attack, the houses near the fort were fired, and the smoke signalled the assault throughout the neighboring settlements. All were alike successful. The massacre began about nine in the morning. Before noon, two hundred and fifty French, every male of the colony of seven hundred souls on the St. Catherine's, except a tailor and a carpenter, spared to use their handicrafts for the Indians, and two soldiers who were away in the woods, slept in death. The like fate fell upon the colonies in the Yazoo, on the Washita at Sicily Island, and near the site of the present town of Monroe.

This dreadful blow filled the province with fear and mourning. But the revenge of the Frenchmen only ended with the utter extermination of the tribe. An expedition was sent at once against them, their

fortress besieged, their prisoners and spoil wrested from them, and the nation only by a dexterous manœuvre, evacuated the stronghold by night, and fled away to the westward. A second expedition ended in the reduction of a second fortress, defended by enormous earthworks and embracing four hundred acres, which they had erected at the confluence of the Washita and Little Rivers, and in the captivity of their principal chiefs and more than four hundred of the nation—nearly half of it. Yet unsubdued, and as fierce as ever, the remnant of their warriors having unsuccessfully attacked the French post at Natchitoches, were in turn assaulted by St. Denis, the commander there, and again dispersed with very severe loss. The chiefs and others taken in the second expedition were sold into slavery in St. Domingo. The scattered relics now left, incorporated themselves with various Indian tribes; and the Natchez nation was utterly extinct; although some few individuals of it have been seen in the town of Natchez even within the memory of those now living, still distinguished by the commanding form, lofty stature, and high retreating forehead, of their race.

But the war, although entirely successful, had drawn heavily upon the strength of the colony. For three years every nerve had been strained to the utmost to furnish men and supplies for expedition after expedition. A small tribe, of kin to the Natchez,

the Chouacas, had been exterminated on suspicion, by way of collateral security. Two dangerous domestic negro plots had to be quelled; and amid fear and exertions, watchings and anxiety at home, and wasteful war abroad, the arts of peace had but ill thriven. The Western Company, at last quite discouraged, gave up their charter, and remitted Louisiana into the hands of the crown. The colony, although always a source of loss to the company, had grown, under their management, from seven hundred to five thousand souls, and had assured its footing upon the lands of Louisiana.

A few years later, a campaign was resolved upon against the Chickasaws. This warlike nation had long been inclined to the English interest; had afforded refuge and countenance to numbers of the dispersed Natchez, and in conjunction with them, and stimulated by British traders and emissaries, had committed many outrages against the French. Growing bolder, they had latterly destroyed the thoroughfare for trade and passage on the Mississippi; and, doubtless with British advice, even stirred up the negroes near New Orleans to a third insurrection, which was rapidly ramifying and ripening, when it was discovered and cruelly quenched in the lives of its ringleaders.

Bienville, now aged, yet still ambitious, was sent to Louisiana to govern the province and command the

expedition. Trusting in his old renown among the Indians, he sends a haughty demand to the Chickasaws, for the surrender of the Natchez amongst them; which is coolly refused, and Bienville forthwith prepares to inflict upon them a summary chastisement—nothing less than the devastation of all their country with an irresistible force. He concerts with D'Artaguette, commandant at Fort Chartres in the district of the Illinois, a combined plan of operations; D'Artaguette is to come down the Mississippi with all the French and Indians he can muster, and cross to the Chickasaw country; Bienville on his part, moving by water to Mobile and up the Tombigbee, will meet him there about May 10th, 1736. Accordingly, burdened with stores and provisions, Bienville moves up the river to Fort Tombigbee, newly constructed as a military depot, and thence advancing a fortnight later than the day set for the junction with D'Artaguette, hearing nothing of him, vexed and disappointed, yet without any alternative, delivers the assault upon the Chickasaw towns with his own little army of six hundred French and twelve hundred Choctaw allies. But in spite of French valor and savage impetuosity, of arrow and musket, and hand grenade, of two desperate attacks, the indomitable Chickasaws, fortified with the help of British traders, of whom numbers are within their intrenchments, beat them off with tremendous loss. In terrible mortification, hearing

no news from D'Artaguette, hopeless of success without artillery, against fortifications so unexpectedly strong, the disappointed old chief dismisses his savage allies with gifts and good words, retreats to his fort, casts the artillery there into the river, and defeated and ashamed, returns to New Orleans. There he presently receives the bitter news that the gallant young D'Artaguette, having kept his appointment, and on his part, hearing nothing from his superior, had waited, encamped in sight of the enemy, until he could no longer restrain his Indian auxiliaries, and had against his own judgment, attacked the foe. Driving the stubborn Chickasaws from one fortified village, they occupy a second. A second furious assault dislodges them from that; and taking refuge in a third, the valor of the assailants has already a third time decided the battle, when in the moment of victory their daring young leader receives first one wound and then another, and falls. His unstable Indians, seeing this, turn and flee; the obstinate Chickasaws, thus relieved, precipitate themselves upon the thinning ranks of the French, who, few, wearied and deserted, are forced to follow. Under the command of Voisin, a lad of sixteen, they retreat desperately seventy-five miles with their enemy yet hanging close upon them; a hundred and thirty-five miles before they eat, and bearing with them the strongest of the wounded. D'Artaguette, his companion

Vincennes, his priest, the Jesuit Senat, and others of his men to the number of nineteen, are captured, and at first well-treated, with a view to ransom or negotiation with Bienville. But upon his discomfiture, the hapless men are burned alive with all the triumphant ingenuity of the Indian torture.

Bienville yet plans another campaign; he cannot rest until he shall have punished the Chickasaws. Revenged his lost countrymen, and vindicated his own and his country's fame. So he organizes a second expedition, and this time he ascends the Mississippi, designing to fall upon the foe from the north. But the old man is unequal to the occasion; he has lost the tremendous and untiring energy which had so long been the protection and life of the province, and delays and consequent sickness and famine, enfeeble his army even before the real advance of the expedition. Having wasted almost a whole year, a little phantom of an army, all that is left, advances and meets the Chickasaws; its commander, by Bienville's authority, gladly seizes the opportunity to make a treaty with the Indians, who think this insignificant force only the advanced guard of the French. And so a second time, his men and stores wasted, disappointed and chagrined, even more shamefully than before, Bienville returns down the river to New Orleans.

The Chickasaws have never been conquered. De

Soto, Bienville, D'Artaguette, and Vaudreuil, Bienville's successor, who repeated the attempt some years later with like success, all failed most memorably. Their Indian foes never overcame them: they have as yet been impregnable in their savage patriotism.

Bienville in disgrace and sorrow returned to France, superseded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil; and terminated in sadness and misfortune a long and honorable life.

Under the wise administration of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and of his successor M. de Kerlerec, the province of Louisiana began to flourish mightily. Within ten years after the close of the Chickasaw war, the French king was undisputed master of the whole vast valley of the Mississippi. His name and authority were reverenced by all the tribes; his officers and messengers governed and travelled with safety and honor; and under the shadow of his protecting power, population and wealth rapidly accumulated. The vast sweep of territory formed by the two immense valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, formed a great barrier around that narrow coast-wise strip on the comparatively barren eastern slope of the Alleghanies, which included the English possessions; and there seemed to be every reason for supposing that the French power must remain immeasurably preponderant upon the continent of North America.

So enormous a portion of the earth's meridian did

the province of Louisiana cover, that it possessed that almost certain guarantee for continued integral existence, an interior commerce almost or entirely self-sufficient and self-sustaining. Yearly the number of keel-boats and barges increased, on which there came down from the upper valley, flour, pork, bacon, hides, leather, tallow, bears'-oil, furs, lumber, all the products of fertile temperate regions; and in which there went up the equivalents; the rice, indigo, tobacco, sugar, cotton; for all these rich staples were already naturalized in the colony, on the lower banks of the Mississippi; as well as the manufactured merchandise of distant Europe. There was once or twice a destructive tornado, or a cruel frost; but the strong province no longer felt such a dispensation as anything more than a light misfortune.

M. de Vaudreuil, to check the growing incursions of the Chickasaws, led against them the expedition which has already been alluded to; but the warlike savages were fortified even better than before; and from their inaccessible holds, which were so regularly and strongly palisaded, ditched, and flanked with block-houses as to be impregnable without artillery, they safely beheld the devastation of their crops and the destruction of their wigwams; a futile vengeance, of little significance to them, and of less to Vaudreuil, who had to carry his unsatisfied wrath back with him, and unlaurelled to digest it as he might.

Now, however, commenced the old French war; that savage eight years' struggle between England and France, which was to wrench the supremacy upon this continent from the latter power, and to detain it for a few years in the hands of the former, as if in temporary trust, for the use of the strong republic in whose grasp it now remains. All along the vast frontier line, England and France meddled with frontiersmen and savages; and all along the line the hot but flickering flame of the Indian wars began to burn. The chief struggle, however, was in Canada; the settlements in Louisiana and the Illinois, girt by wide and pathless forests, remained untouched by the war, and peacefully pursued their farming and their trade. The only sorrow that fell upon them was the embarrassment arising from the inundation of government drafts and notes set afloat in payment for supplies, which it could not redeem, and which hampered and perplexed the business of the valley until the end of the war.

One day in the early part of this war, a fleet of boats and barges is descried, descending the yellow current of the river. It is moored at the city, and a toilworn band of Frenchmen, ragged, penniless, famine-struck, along with sad wives and mournful children, disembarks. They enter the astonished town, as suppliants for charity. Their doleful story is soon told. Nearly three thousand miles away,

upon the bleak northern shores of Acadia, first under the mild government of their native France, and afterwards under the harsher but unresisted dominion of the English, they had inhabited the pleasant homes which their brave industry had conquered from the inhospitable soil and climate. The English court, on the heartless, baseless, and cruel pretence that these simple hearted *habitans* would rise against their conquerors, in aid of their brethren in Canada, deliberately resolved upon the fiendish measure of rooting up, robbing, and casting forth into helpless beggary the people of the entire province. Upon this devil's errand came an army to seize them, and a fleet to carry them. Helpless and unarmed, resistance was impossible, undreamed of. Lest, however, they should seek to return to their desolate homes, their money and property are stripped from them, and those homes are burned before their very eyes. Thus houseless and destitute, the stupefied wretches are hurried aboard of the fleet, and in miserable groups, as pirates use their victims, landed naked and despairing on one and another barren sand-hill all along the desert coast of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.

The compassion of the neighboring people and authorities furnished them the necessary succor. But not able to endure the tongue even, or the companionship, of these subjects of the tyrant power,

with a desperate hardihood nearly allied to the resistless stings of instinct, they gathered up the little resources which the friendly Anglo-Americans gave them, set their faces steadfastly westward, and in spite of peril and hardship, traversed a thousand miles of pathless primeval forest; embarked on the Ohio; and floated down two thousand miles more to the settlements of their happier kinsmen.

The whole city rose up to meet them. Every heart and home was opened wide to receive the unfortunate wanderers, to minister to their wants, to relieve their sorrows. Public benevolence vied with private charity in the noble strife of kindness. An allotment of land was granted to every family, and until they should be settled in the safe possession of means for their own support, to every household was dealt out from the royal store-houses, seeds, husbandman's tools, and daily sufficient rations of food. Thus was settled next above the "German Coast," which had been allotted to the refugees from the Arkansas settlement, that stretch of the Mississippi shore yet known as the "Acadian Coast." That neighborhood yet contains many of the descendents of those wanderers from the north, and in their hearts yet burns the fire of inextinguishable hereditary enmity against the nation of their brutal oppressors, the English.

The war raged fiercely in the north; and over one

stronghold after another, the British lion replaced the white flag of France. Large numbers of Canadians, fleeing from the hated dominion of their conquerors, following upon the track of the Acadians, or across the well-known route through the Illinois country, came down the river; some halting, and settling however, on the Upper Mississippi; and thus the population of the province received a large and valuable augmentation at the expense of Britain.

In 1763, by the treaty of Paris, the beaten and humbled kingdom of France, exhausted with the long and distant struggle, unwillingly yielded the prize of the strife, and ceded to England the enormous territory of Canada and the whole Mississippi valley, east of the river, except a small portion south of Bayou Iberville (or Manchac), including New Orleans. By the same treaty Spain ceded to England the whole of Florida; and thus did Great Britain gain all North America east of the Mississippi.

The French posts in the Illinois, and Forts Rosalie, Baton Rouge, Toulouse, and Condé, were soon in the hands of English garrisons, and the southern portion of the new acquisition being erected into the governments of East and West Florida, the provincial organizations of the English were speedily completed, upon a sort of mixed footing, half military and half civil. Many of the French, impatient of

the English yoke, flee across to the western side of the Mississippi, or within the immediate dependencies of New Orleans, that they may still live beneath the beloved rule of their native monarch. But the rumor creeps about that western Louisiana too has passed away from the power of the French king; that province, people and all, have been given secretly away into the hands of Spain. As the story gains consistency and belief, murmurs of dissatisfaction and anger increase; and when at last the definite confirmation of the report comes in dispatches to M. Abadie, the governor *ad interim*, the disappointed inhabitants are in so dangerous and wrathful a ferment that the Spaniards hesitate to attempt taking possession, and for many months await the discontinuance of the excitement. But it rather increases. Conscious of dutiful and loving services to the French crown, unable to understand the reason of this heartless diplomatic transfer, hurt and angry, yet still hoping that the misfortune is not inevitable, they meet together, and appoint deputies to present the urgent and humble petition of the province, that they may by some means be retained within the paternal rule of France. Their delegate, M. Milhet, a wealthy and respected merchant, reaching Paris, enlists the aged Bienville, now eighty-seven years old, in his cause, and together they lay their entreaties and those of the province,

before the prime minister. But "reasons of State" have little to do with the rights, or wishes, or love of a people. The transfer is a foregone conclusion. The minister, resolved upon the measure, artfully manages to keep M. Milhet from an audience with the king, and he returns disappointed and discouraged. A second time he goes, and a second time comes hopeless home. Don Antonio de Ulloa, with a Spanish force, at last enters New Orleans, but perceiving the depth of the feeling he had to encounter, he delays presenting his commission, and waits for more troops. They arrive; yet he delays. It is nearly three years since the province was thus given away, and yet the popular dissatisfaction rather increases. A strong fleet is heard of at Havana; it is feared that it is intended for the province; the people are upon the verge of armed insurrection. Ulloa, a temporizing man, being at length called upon by the superior council of the province, either to produce his authority or to leave the country, determines to do the latter, and embarks on one of the Spanish vessels in the river. The populace cut the cables by night. She drops down the stream, and does not return, and her consorts follow. Once more a petition is sent to the French king; but now, a strong Spanish force, under the stern and energetic Don Alexander O'Reilly, is already on the way to the province. With short

preliminary delay, to advise the authorities of his approach, he ascends the Mississippi, anchors before the city, disembarks his troops, and in public, before the displeased and silent populace, but amidst the cheers of the soldiery, formally receives possession of Western Louisiana for the crown of Spain. The French flag is lowered, the Spanish hoisted in its stead, and the Spanish authority is forthwith installed throughout the province.

The aggregate population of Western Louisiana alone at the time of the transfer, was more than thirteen thousand five hundred souls; and the exports of the province for the past year had reached the amount of a quarter of a million of dollars.

O'Reilly, the Spanish Governor, and a true Spaniard, haughty, passionate, gloomy and false, promised oblivion for offences past, and pardon to all who should submit to his authority. Yet almost his first official act was the sudden arrest of four of the most prominent French citizens, who were treacherously seized and hurried away to a place of military imprisonment, while at an entertainment at O'Reilly's own house, upon his own invitation. Within a few days the tyrant unmasked himself still further by arresting eight more well-known citizens. Of these twelve, one was murdered by his guards in attempting to reach his frantic wife, who strove to visit him in prison; five were shot in public, and their estates

confiscated; four imprisoned in the dungeons of the Moro at Havana, and two only acquitted.

O'Reilly having thus substituted the silence of fear for the murmurs of dissatisfaction, proceeded to abolish all the French forms of government, and to erect the Spanish courts and municipal institutions instead, both in city and country. Spanish became the official language in keeping all records and proceedings; and this change having been fully completed, many Spanish immigrants began to enter the province, even so numerously, as to produce for a time a serious scarcity of provisions.

In this change of laws, the ferocious and despotic governor paid no heed to the customs or preferences of the French; and established so many regulations of a character oppressive to them, that many of the most valuable citizens of that nation fled out of that country to St. Domingo. Hereupon, the governor refused to grant further passports, and thus forced them to remain under the tyranny of his harsh administration.

O'Reilly's conduct, however, brought upon him the severe displeasure of his sovereign; and at the end of one year he was recalled to Spain in disgrace.

Under the administrations of a succession of able and moderate governors, Unzaga, Galvez, who enlarged his government by re-conquering from England for Spain the temporary possession of all Florida,

Miro, and Carondelet, the government of Louisiana was of a wise and liberal character. The oppressive restrictions of O'Reilly were rescinded, and many judicious measures were taken to confirm and increase the strength and prosperity of the province.

Under Governor Miro's administration it was that the first and only attempt was made to introduce into the province that terrific auxiliary engine of Catholic polity, the Romish Inquisition. Under his mild, wise, and popular management of the province, the Pope, not satisfied with the exclusive official recognition of the Roman Catholic faith, and with the support of its establishment by government funds, thought proper to provide for the pestilent heresies which it was apprehended would creep in from the United States by appointing a clergyman of New Orleans, Commissary of the Holy Office. Miro, under the royal instructions, notified the ecclesiastics of the king's prohibition of the exercise of this authority within the province, and forbade him therefrom; but the priest, on the usual plea of clerical usurpers, that he must obey God rather than man, coolly proceeded to the performance of the interdicted duties. Miro, however, took prompt measures to enforce his orders; and the refractory father was awakened at midnight by an officer with eighteen grenadiers, against whom his spiritual weapons not availing, he was quickly stowed aboard of a vessel

just ready to sail for Spain, and by daylight next morning was safely on his way to Europe. The discouraged Romish see made no further efforts to introduce this instrument of pontifical tyranny into Louisiana.

But now the utmost settlements and still more advanced pioneers of yet another civilization, begin to press closer and closer upon the Spanish frontiers. All the vast valley east of the Mississippi, from the distant northern lakes down to the present borders of Georgia, and the southern line of Tennessee is filling up with hunters, traders, and close behind them with the steadily advancing ranks of agricultural settlers. Agricultural products increase and multiply; and by necessary consequence the swelling currents of trade seek their natural outlet by the river, and their natural depôt at New Orleans. The free and bold Anglo-Americans will bring a vast commerce yearly to that city, but they are unaccustomed to restrictions upon trade, or to the tedious formalisms of the Spanish authorities. These last on their part, are apprehensive exceedingly of the effects to be feared from the contact of such men with the inflammable and even yet unreconciled French Creoles, and especially of their securing a footing as landed settlers within the province. The laws respecting land grants are ordered to be most strictly construed in the impediment of any applicants from the United States. A most

irritating and vexatious system of inspections and arbitrary duties is set up along the river, and enforced by fine or confiscation. The Spanish officials who, with their forms and ceremonies, have imported at least a full share of the shameful corruptions of their native tribunals, are most prone to this latter penalty; that they may turn the proceeds into their private treasures instead of that of the State. And, moreover, there is long dispute and reluctant delay on the part of Spain before withdrawing from the "Natchez District," east of the river, although it is confessedly north of the true boundary between the United States and the Spanish province of Florida.

The farmers of Kentucky and Ohio and all the wide northwest grow more and more impatient; and the hot-blooded Georgians insist upon the occupation of their rightful domain to the westward. They vow revenge against Spain, and they even threaten the federal government for delaying to secure for them their natural and necessary rights. The Spanish governors, taking advantage of their circumstances, intrigue long and industriously to induce the young commonwealths within the valley to secede, and either swear allegiance to the Spanish crown, or to set up a union for themselves under its protection. There is a party for each of these hopeful schemes. There is another and a stronger one for the armed invasion of Louisiana, and the seizure by force of a right so clear

and so pre-eminently necessary as that of a free outlet for commerce; so strong, indeed, that the federal government was more than once on the extreme verge of adopting their enterprise, or of forcibly preventing it. Spanish agents are busy here and there; and the well-known Wilkinson is the chief centre of an inextricable net of intrigue, actuated probably by many mixed motives, good and bad. While vexed with the progress of these restless, fearless, and ungovernable Anglo-Americans, the Spanish court is summoned by Napoleon Bonaparte to hand the province of Louisiana over to him. Weak and helpless, it has no resource but to obey. But finding his hands even over-full with the business which his enemies cut out for him on the continent of Europe, Napoleon resolves to give up his scheme of an armed occupation of Louisiana, and negotiates a sale of it to the United States, for sums and payments equivalent in all to sixteen millions of dollars; and so the formal cession of the province by Spain to France is completed between Governor Salcedo and the Marquis de Casa Calvo, commissioners on the part of Spain, and M. Laussat, French commissioner, November 30th, 1803. The French frame of government was barely instituted, to be superseded; and on the 20th of the following December, Governor William C. C. Claiborne received possession of Louisiana for the United States amidst great display and rejoicing.

Thus, after an intermittent possession during more than a century, counting from the landing of D'Iberville upon the sands of Dauphin Island, and for about a century and a quarter from La Salle's formal ceremony of possession, the French rule in Louisiana came to a definite termination, and the French population, as well as the small Spanish element, became in form, incorporated with the dominant Anglo-American race. But even at this present writing, the French Creoles are the mass of population in many of the Louisiana parishes, and among them the French tongue and many French customs and characteristics, are so affectionately and carefully maintained, that they are yet a peculiar, though a peaceful and law-abiding people. A large section of New Orleans itself is inhabited almost exclusively by Creoles; the local laws of the State yet contain a very decided, if not predominant, infusion of the old Roman jurisprudence transferred from the Corpus Juris Civilis, the Pandects and the Code of Justinian, through the French codes, to the State statute-book; and the laws and public proceedings and records of Louisiana are published in duplicate, in French and English.

Louisiana, as first claimed for France by La Salle, in 1682, under that name (which, however, had been selected and bestowed by "the Great Liar," as the French called Hennepin, a year earlier) is defined in

the *procès verbal* of the ceremony of taking possession substantially as including the whole valley of the Mississippi and of its tributaries, from the Ohio River to the Gulf. Upon the double cession of this vast territory to Great Britain and Spain in 1763, that portion of the valley east of the river lost the name of Louisiana, which consequently now designated the Mississippi basin west of the river, together with that small district east of it, called the Island of New Orleans, and an unsettled claim over the present State of Texas, to the Colorado River.

Don Bernard Galvez subsequently annexed, by conquest from England, the "Natchez" and "Baton Rouge" districts, thereby carrying the boundary of Louisiana east of the Mississippi to some distance north of the thirty-first degree of north latitude, and eastward nearly to the present boundary of Georgia.

The subsequent unwilling cession to the United States, of the northern portion of this territory, finally consummated in 1798, and the acquisition of the province by Napoleon, at which time Louisiana east of the river, except the Island of New Orleans, was annexed to Florida, again restricted these limits. Lower Louisiana, upon organization as a territory of the United States, was called the Territory of Orleans, and at last, upon its admission to the Union as a State, the name of Louisiana was conferred upon that

territory, some additions being made to it upon the north and east.

The annals of the French occupation of Louisiana contain many of those curious traditions and narratives of adventure and character which lend so deep a tinge of romance to the early days of colonial commonwealths. Indians, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, English, Scotch, Irish, and all manner of half-breeds and mixed bloods, trading, hunting, fighting, intriguing, wandering or settling, as the case might be, pass in fantastic confusion across the scene, and add all the interest of human passions in their fiercest play, to the wild beauty and savage grandeur of the varied landscape of that vast region. Brief relations of some few of these early tales, will both relieve the gravity of the historical narrative, and supply vivid representations of the life and manners of the times, as well as indispensable items towards the full understanding even of the present situation of the country.

The Chevalier D'Aubant, an officer in the garrison at Mobile, observed one day a female of humble dress, yet ladylike carriage, whose features he seemed to have seen before. Reflecting upon the varied sights of his erratic life, he is startled at the idea that the face of the nameless emigrant, who has come to Mobile with the German settlers for John Law's distant grant upon the Arkansas River, is one which he had seen at St. Petersburg. She is, he cannot but

believe, the same whom in that distant capital he had seen high in place, and surrounded with all the semi-barbaric splendor of the court of the great Czar Peter —the wife of the Czarowitz, or heir-apparent, the luckless Alexis Petrowitz, the victim of his brutal father's mad passions. Growing more and more certain of his opinion, he accosts the fair fugitive, yet a delicate and beautiful lady, with chivalrous respect. Confused at the recognition, she yet confesses that he is right; and upon his promise to preserve her secret, she tells him a wild adventurous story; how her half-crazy husband, the Czarowitz, had so vilely abused her, that as the only effectual escape from him she had pretended death, been actually entombed, and freed from her grave a few hours afterwards, had fled in poverty and obscurity, she scarcely knew whither, from the splendid terrors of her frightful princess-ship. Beautiful she was; accomplished and good, D'Aubant knew or believed her to be, and his sincere and ardent courtship very speedily prevailed upon her to marry him. He afterwards held various commands in the province, during one of which, at Fort Toulouse, near the present town of Wetumpka, she long occupied a little cabin near the fort, where she used to pass many hours in sporting with the Indian children. She was an attached and faithful wife, and following her husband in his wandering military life to France, and then to the Isle of Bour-

bon, in the Indian Ocean, where he died, she returned to Paris with a little daughter, and in 1771 ended, in deep poverty, a long and mysteriously eventful life.

In the same town of Mobile, where the disguised princess landed, there died in 1757, by unjust and barbarous torture, another person, whose character, prowess, adventures and fate, were yet more characteristic of the French colonial *régime*.

There was a French woodsman and solitary hunter named Beaudrot, a man of giantly size, of tremendous and athletic strength and endurance, of great renown for skill and bravery, and an especial favorite with the Indians. He was also much beloved by Bienville, the famous French governor, and often employed by him upon secret and dangerous missions of importance amongst the Creeks and other tribes, many of whose dialects, and all whose customs, he perfectly understood. Endowed with the genuine kindness of heart which so often characterizes men of great physical strength, he had repeatedly used his peculiar advantages in the interest of captives amongst the savages ; saving more lives than one, even if the ransom cost him all the profits of his rude traffic.

Beaudrot was one night returning alone through the forest upon what was called the Chattahouchie trail, from Fort Toulouse, to the commandant at which post he had carried a letter from Governor Bienville.

The night comes down upon him far within the forest, for indeed the journey is of many days. The wary and hardy wanderer, not kindling any fire for fear of discovery by Indians, according to his custom when alone, ensconces himself close beneath a huge pine log, and sleeps with the light sleep of the Indian hunter, upon the dry pine leaves, his head upon his knapsack. Light steps awaken him; listening motionlessly, his quick ears distinguish the guttural sounds of a low conversation between Indians, not so distant but that he can judge of their numbers and discern their purpose and circumstances. They kindle a fire of lightwood; the hidden giant is within the circle of its brilliant glare; and but for the shelter of his log, had surely been discovered. Stealthily peering from his concealment, he sees three stout warriors eating their supper; but his kind and brave heart beats quick at the sight of a white man their prisoner, bound, and so tied to a tree as to be obliged to stand upright. The Indians complete their frugal meal, with small care for the appetite of their prize; and leaving him to stand in sleepless weariness all night, they fall asleep. Beaudrot has recognized the prisoner, a Frenchman, owning a small plantation on the Tensas River; and waiting impatiently until the warriors are snoring in secure slumber, he noiselessly approaches. His first impulse is to discover himself, loose the captive, give him a pistol, and with him to

attack the sleepers. But the poor frightened fellow would cry out at sight of him; and the risk forbids that scheme. So, creeping along, he manages to place himself in such a position that his heavily charged carbine covers two of the warriors, lying close together. He fires; both of them are killed; the third, leaping instinctively from sleep to the attack, forgetting his gun, and armed only with his hatchet, Beaudrot fires a pistol into his stomach. The Creek whoops and falls dead. Beaudrot now hastens to untie his bewildered fellow countryman, who, however, informs him that the three warriors were only a detached party; and that ten others returning from a further expedition against the settlements, are doubtless not far off upon the trail. Beaudrot, hereupon, makes straight for the Alabama River with the rescued prisoner; builds a raft, and after floating some distance down the stream, pulls the frail vehicle in pieces, sets the fragments adrift, and the two fugitives plunge deep into a dreary swamp on the further bank. It is daylight; and quite secured against pursuit by these prompt, multiplied, and cunning precautions, they call a halt, and the intrepid woodsman revives his friend and himself, from his slender stores of bread and dried venison, and by the judicious administration of some small draughts from a certain little bottle of brandy. Thus refreshed, and with a few hours' rest, they set out again and Beaudrot's skill supports them on game, until

after a tedious march through the forest, they arrive in safety at Mobile.

By such deeds is the valiant Beaudrot endeared to the men of Mobile and thereabouts. But, at last, upon some unjust pretext, during the administration of Governor Kerlerec, some years after, we find him imprisoned at a frontier French post on Cat Island, by the tyrannical command of a monster of the Chopart school, named Duroux; who had long exercised the most degrading oppression over the helpless privates of his command. He forced his soldiers to cultivate his gardens; to burn coal, to make lime; and he sold the produce of their labor for his own profit. Those who refused the unsoldierly duty he would have tied naked to trees, to endure the poisonous stings of the bloodthirsty insects of the swamp. Some of those thus tortured fled to New Orleans with their complaints; but apparently from some fancied necessity such as often governs military discipline, of maintaining authority, however abused, Kerlerec sends them back to their duty unsatisfied. Duroux now increases his abuses, and deprives them of all food except spoiled bread. The wretched men, furious at their misery, conspire against their tyrant, slay him, strip the corpse and cast it out unburied into the sea; and then rifling the stores at the little fort, for once they enjoy sumptuous fare.

But after such mutiny they can no longer remain

in the French colony; so they release Beaudrot from prison, and compel him to act as their guide towards the English in Georgia. Doubtless, he was not much grieved at the opportunity; and so he leads them in good faith through distant and circuitous routes to the Indian town of Coweta on the Chattahoochie, and there receiving from them a formal certificate that he was not concerned in the death of Duroux, and had acted by compulsion in assisting their flight, they dismiss him, and he returns quietly to his home near Mobile.

Months afterward he is suddenly imprisoned by the commandant there; and in the dungeon he finds three of the soldiers whom he had assisted to escape. Lingering unwisely amongst the hospitable Indians about Coweta, and the circumstances coming to the knowledge of the authorities, a detachment from Fort Toulouse had arrested the poor fellows, and after due examination and communication, the order for Beaudrot's arrest had been sent from New Orleans to Mobile in a sealed package by the hands of two of his own sons, who were thus the ignorant means of their father's death. He was condemned by a court-martial, in spite of his certificate and other testimony; and amid the sympathy and horror-struck grief of the people of Mobile, was broken on the wheel—that is, bound naked to a cart wheel erected for the purpose upon a post through its axis, his

limbs broken one after another by blows from an iron bar, and so left to die. A fate even more frightful awaited the wretched soldiers. They were privates of the Swiss regiment of Hallwyl; and according to an ancient traditional barbarous usage extant amongst those troops, having been brought forth upon the esplanade before Fort Condé, they were each nailed down in a tight wooden coffin, and sawed asunder, man, box and all, with a cross-cut saw by two sergeants. These unrelenting and hideous punishments strongly exhibit the terrific and unscrupulous rigor with which military discipline was maintained in those distant regions, as well as the obedient and timid character of a population who could patiently acquiesce in them.

Bossu, a captain of marines, published, in 1771, his Travels in Louisiana, which contain many amusing accounts of his experiences while stationed there in the days of which we are speaking. Upon one occasion, having conducted a detachment to Fort Toulouse, he learned a characteristic incident illustrative of the Jesuits and of their relations to the French military officers. Montberaut, commanding the fort, a gentleman, possessed, like so many others of his nation both of the attainments and manners of a polished and courtly gentleman, and of the seemingly incongruous qualifications which led him into a sort of sworn brotherhood and great influence with the

tribes, despised the Jesuits, who were stationed at the fort, and was always at enmity with them. Father Le Roy, a Jesuit, wrote to the governor, abusing Montberaut without stint, and advising his removal. The messenger showed the letter to the commandant, who quietly pocketed it. Meeting the priest next morning, the reverend gentleman, as Bossu slily says, "according to the political principles of these good fathers," was excessively civil; whereupon Montberaut took occasion incidentally to ask him if he had written anything unfavorable to him. The Jesuit swore he had not; whereupon Montberaut called him a cheat and an impostor, and nailed up his letter at the gate of the fort; after which time, according to Bossu, there were no Jesuits to be found among the Creeks and Alabamas.

The country inhabited by those tribes, Bossu found exceedingly lovely and fertile, and thickly peopled by hospitable and happy savages. A. J. Pickett, from whose exceedingly valuable and entertaining History of Alabama we have obtained many of the facts here narrated, referring to the wild beauty of that delicious region, unaffectedly and quaintly thus laments over the so-called "improvements" of late introduced.

"But now the whole scene is changed. The country is no longer half so beautiful; the waters of Alabama begin to be discolored; the forests have

been cut down; steamers have destroyed the finny race; deer bound not over the plain; the sluggish bear has ceased to wind through the swamps; the bloody panther does not spring upon his prey; wolves have ceased to howl upon the hills; birds cannot be seen in the branches of the trees; graceful warriors guide no longer their well-shaped canoes, and beautiful squaws loiter not upon the plain, nor pick the delicious berries. Now, vast fields of cotton, noisy steamers, huge rafts of lumber, towns reared for business, disagreeable corporation laws, harassing courts of justice, mills, factories, and everything else that is calculated to destroy the beauty of a country and rob man of his quiet and native independence, present themselves to our view."

While Bossu was at the Fort, advices were brought that the Emperor of Coweta—for the early writers distributed imperial and kingly honors on every hand amongst the petty forest patriarchs with wonderous profuseness—was about to honor the French with a visit. Bossu walked forth to meet this mighty potentate, and as he took him by the hand, the guard who accompanied him discharged their muskets, and a salute was also fired from the fort, to the excessive gratification of the emperor, who, like many distinguished men now living, found great glory in a noise and a bad smell. As he alighted from his horse and advanced with deliberate and majestic pace

toward the fort, the Europeans walking behind him, enjoyed an excellent opportunity of observing his costume, which consisted of a heavy plume of black feathers in his topknot, a scarlet uniform coat most gorgeously bedizened with tinsel lace, a white linen shirt modestly flowing from beneath it, and two bare copper-colored legs. They found some difficulty, according to Bossu, in preserving the gravity proper for the occasion; although they might possibly have been puzzled to establish the logical relation between true grandeur and a pair of breeches.

Sitting down to a state feast prepared for him by D'Aubant, the husband of the fugitive princess, and then the successor of Montberaut in command of the post, the young emperor—a youth of eighteen—was much gravelled at the unaccustomed knife and fork, but a wise old chief who accompanied him as a kind of Mentor, cut the knot by coolly dismembering a turkey with his fingers, gravely remarking that "the Master of life made fingers before the making of forks."

A savage who waited behind the emperor's chair, observing the Frenchmen sedulous in seasoning their boiled beef with mustard, asked Beaudin, an officer who had lived forty years amongst the Creeks, what it was that they relished so much? Beaudin replied that the French were by no means covetous even of the best of their possessions, and to demonstrate the liberality he boasted, he handed the Indian hench-

man a generous spoonful of the fiery condiment with ostentatious gravity. The savage unhesitatingly swallowed it; but found himself quite unable, with all his Indian fortitude, to hide the tingling agony. He made divers fearful grimaces, and extraordinary contortions of body, and uttered a number of whoops indicative of his feelings, all to the unbounded merriment of the company. But at last he imagined himself poisoned, and the polite commandant was fain to appease his anger and his pain together, by the unfailing panacea of a good glass of brandy.

On another of Bossu's expeditions through the woods, having gone quietly to sleep near the river's bank, rolled up in a corner of the tent-cloth, in his bear skin, and with a nice string of fish for breakfast stowed by his side, he was startlingly awakened to find himself rapidly propelled by some invisible power through the darkness, towards the river. He roared lustily for help, but bestirring himself smartly, only managed, before help could come, to free himself and his bear skin, just in season to see his tent-cloth and his fish go under water in the jaws of an immense alligator. The horrible monster, smelling the fish, and not very particular what else he took, had carelessly seized the tent-cloth, and was trundling off commander, tent, bed and all, along with his luncheon; quite unintentionally, but with reprehensible carelessness.

A Choctaw whom Bossu met, having been baptized, and happening to have small success in his hunting just afterwards, conceived that his baptism had been a charm, and that he was bewitched. So going to Father Lefèvre, who had "converted" him, he indignantly told him that his "medicine" was good for nothing, for that since he had received it he could kill no deer, and he told him to take off the enchantment. The compliant Jesuit, sure that the baptism had safely ticketed the red man's soul for heaven, readily pretended to go through a reversal of the forms of the sacrament; and the Indian, sure enough, shortly afterwards, killed a deer, to his great relief and satisfaction, and was never a whit the worse Christian.

The history of the French in the Southwest would be very incomplete without a sketch of the fortunes and influence of a family, who, for a quarter of a century, controlled the strong tribes of the Creeks, and their allies of the neighboring region, and by means of a mingled course of war and diplomacy, contrived to maintain the territory and independence of the tribes by balancing against each other the power of the Spaniards and of the United States. This is the family of McGillivray, the celebrated half-breed Creek chief; including beside himself, his father, Lachlan McGillivray, his sisters, Sophia and Jeannette, and his brother-in-law, the roving and adven-

turous Frenchman Le Clerc Milfort, not to mention the celebrated chief Weatherford, of the next generation, the son of his half-sister Sehoy.

Lachlan McGillivray, the son of respectable Scotch parents, a youth of shrewd, roving and adventurous character, strong constitution and unfailing good temper and spirits, running away from home, had come to Charleston about the year 1735; and engaging in the service of an Indian trader, speedily commenced business on his own account by exchanging a jack-knife which his employer gave him, with an Indian for some deer skins. From this insignificant beginning he rapidly developed an extensive and profitable business, and by skill, courage, and good-nature, and very probably also by means of some secret leanings towards the French, the ancient and faithful allies of the Scottish kingdom, his trading operations extended without interruption, even to the neighborhood of Fort Toulouse. Here he married a beautiful half-blood Indian girl, Sehoy Marchand, whose father, Captain Marchand, had been slain while commanding the fort, by his mutinous soldiers, in the famine in 1722, and whose mother was a full-blooded Creek of the family of the Wind, the aristocracy of the nation, and her Indian name, Sehoy, a hereditary one in the family from time immemorial. Her Lachlan McGillivray marries; settles himself in a trading post at Little Tallase, and here, about 1745, is born Alex

ander McGillivray, their eldest child; his character, as Indian legends say, having been prefigured by his mother's dreams of great piles of manuscripts, ink and paper, and great heaps of books.

The trader, thus situated and connected, grows rich apace, and owns two valuable plantations and two stores. By the consent of his wife, to whom, according to Indian custom, the children belonged, he sends Alexander, now fourteen, to school at Charleston for some little time, and then perches him upon a counting-house stool at Savannah. But haggling and barter-trade are disgusting to him. Account-books are not the books for him; and neglecting his business, he was ever poring over histories and travels. By advice of friends, his father wisely accommodates this craving after knowledge, and placing him in charge of a clergyman of his own name—a Scotch Presbyterian it may be inferred—he falls with avidity to systematic study. In brief time the powerful and active intellect of the youth has mastered Latin and mastered Greek, and his attainments are fair in general literature; and now, as he ripens into early and ardent manhood, as if the civilized part of his nature being in some measure nurtured, the Indian in him had awakened, and was calling for wild woods and savage life; he leaves books and cities, mounts his horse, and hies back to the beautiful country of his people. the Creeks.

In a good time he arrives, for the Indians are vexed and perplexed by the lawless and brutal conduct of the Georgian frontiersmen—a race whose conduct towards the red men seems from the beginning, to have held a bad pre-eminence amongst the infinite wrongs inflicted on them by the whites; and already proud and confident in the precocious and powerful talents of the youth, they were looking with impatience to the time when he should be of age to assume that control of the affairs of his race, to which not only nature had ordained him, but his descent from the noble family of the Wind gave him a legitimate title, according to the rude Indian law of descents. With the easy confidence of born greatness, he takes his place; and so clear and strong is his immediate exhibition of administrative talent, that the British authorities, then occupying Florida, and seeking to secure in their interest the influence of the young Creek chief, compliment him with the rank and pay of a colonel in His Britannic Majesty's service. Bound to them by this early recognition and testimony of his value, as well as through his father, a staunch royalist, and actuated moreover by the continual and gratuitous injuries and insults put upon his nation by the coarse and lawless American backwoodsmen, he remains all his life faithfully attached to the English interest as against the United States.

McGillivray—this is about 1776—is holding a grand council of the Creek nation, at the great town of Coweta on the Chattahoochie. While the business of the assembly is in progress, there is introduced to him a certain young Frenchman, handsome, vivacious, accomplished, keenly intelligent. Himself French by the quarter blood, and in these other points so like, it is not singular that McGillivray was pleased with this new acquaintance; and Le Clerc Milfort—for this was he—on his part, with the singular especial proclivity towards savage life so marked in the French, enchanted with the beauty of the country, the plenteous hospitality and ease of the Indian life, the wide field for exciting adventure, the absolute freedom of the place and the time, and quite fascinated, moreover, by the splendor of the chieftain's intellect, was not long in accepting an invitation to become a permanent inmate of McGillivray's family; and during a period of twenty years these two remarkable men, in conjunction, managed in peace and war, the government of the Creeks. McGillivray was no coward, and together with Col. Tait, a British agent, had in person headed more than one expedition against the Whigs of Georgia, during the Revolutionary War. But his slender frame and weak health, his diplomatic and intellectual turn of mind, fitted him rather for the council and the cabinet, than for the field; while Milfort, daring and

enthusiastic, of iron constitution and restless activity, a trained soldier, and skillful partisan, was the very man to lead the Indians in their desultory warfare with the semi-civilized borderers. So he marries the beautiful sister of the chieftain, and is appointed Tustenuggee, or grand war-chief of the nation.

During the Revolutionary War, the Creeks unceasingly harass the Georgian frontier, Milfort taking the field as their leader, while McGillivray, remaining at home, oversees enlistments and manages refractory chieftains; his enmity against the Georgians yet further inflamed by the misfortunes of his father, who is forced at the evacuation of Savannah by the British to flee with them, and who, although he secured a large property to carry with him, lost all his real estate; which, to the value of more than a hundred thousand dollars, was summarily confiscated by the provincials; an injury which the chief, who amidst all his patriotism and politics had always a keen eye to his personal profit and aggrandizement, neither forgot nor forgave.

But the Spaniards, meanwhile, have re-conquered Florida from England. At Pensacola resides William Panton, like McGillivray's father a Scotchman, a wealthy and extensive Indian trader, and no small politician. He has bartered the use of his powerful influence amongst the Indian tribes south of the Tennessee River, with the Spanish government, for

certain special privileges; and is now, as chief partner of the great firm of Panton, Leslie & Co., conducting a business, whose out-stations are all over Florida, from the St. Mary's to the Chickasaw bluffs, whose central depôt at Pensacola usually contains fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods, and employs fifteen clerks, and for whose carrying trade fifteen schooners, all owned by the firm, were busy up and down the coast.

McGillivray is dropped by the British, who, beaten out of the country, have no further use for him. Panton, well aware of his influence and appreciating his talents, seeks to engage him in the interest of Spain; with the design of securing to his Spanish allies a valuable auxiliary, and to himself McGillivray's assistance in his trade, which ends were to be accomplished by demonstrating the value of the Spanish alliance to his nation, and moreover, by the direct personal advancement of the chieftain himself. Panton brings him to Pensacola; and on behalf of the Creek and Seminole nations he engages that the influence of Spain shall be paramount in their territories, and that Spain shall have all their trade; and for himself he receives the appointment of commissary in the Spanish service, with the rank and pay of a colonel.

For choosing the Spanish alliance, McGillivray's reasons, aside from his private aggrandizement, were amply sufficient. His primary purpose—the central

purpose of his life—was the independence and prosperity of his own people. While the Americans had exiled his father, confiscated his estates, threatened death to himself and extermination to his tribe, and had already, under the transparent pretence of an illegal and unratified treaty, appropriated a large and valuable portion of the Creek territory, known as the Oconee lands, the Spaniards wanted no land, but only trade, and they offered commercial advantages and personal honor.

Henceforward McGillivray appears almost solely as a diplomatist. The provincial Congress had appointed commissioners to treat with the southern Indians, who sent to summon the chief to meet them and enter into a treaty. He answered complaisantly and politely, with apparent acquiescence, but avoided meeting them. They departed in disappointment; and contrary to their wishes, the Georgian commissioners who had accompanied them, protesting against their intended plans, proceeded alone to conclude a treaty with the chiefs of only two towns, who with sixty warriors were the only Indians present; and the State legislature made a county out of some of the land thus pretended to be ceded, which lasted only two weeks, the settlers being driven out by the Indian lords of the soil.

Congress next appointed a superintendent for the Creeks, Dr. James White, who wrote to McGillivray

from Cusseta, announcing the fact. The chief replied in a long and involved epistle, complaining of the Georgian grievances, anticipating redress, and appointing time and place for an interview. They met in April, 1787, and White forthwith demanded the acknowledgment of the boundary claimed by the Georgians. McGillivray adroitly made a counter-proposition, that the United States ought first to establish a government under federal authority south of the Alabama; and promising that if they should, he would then ratify the line required, and giving the checkmated superintendent until the first of August to consider on it, he departed.

All this time the extensive trade of the Creeks was shut to the United States, and the Indians, incensed beyond measure at the greedy seizure of the Oconee lands, incessantly depredated upon the border, to the great wrath and injury of the Georgian squatters, who would fain have procured the invasion of the Creeks by a national army.

But Congress is reluctant to enter into another war; and a third time sends other commissioners to negotiate with McGillivray. The powerful and fearless chieftain now absolutely refuses to treat unless the Georgians shall first be removed from the Oconee lands, which the commissioners cannot do, and again they go bootless home; while McGillivray, personally interested in Panton's extensive trade, valued, flat-

tered, and amply supplied by the Spanish government, implicitly obeyed by the Creeks and by many of the Choctaws, Cherokees and Seminoles, and even supplicated to by the American Congress, is quite able to demand his own terms; and the indefatigable Tustenuggee and his warriors still unmercifully vex and devastate the disputed border.

The proud, bold and wary "Alabama Talleyrand" as Pickett the historian calls him, scornfully refused to trust the pledge of personal honor, upon which commissioners from Georgia next invited him to meet them; evaded repeated like attempts by Governor Pinckney of South Carolina; and kept the commissioners of the federal government long waiting and urging him to a meeting, on his frontier.

McGillivray at length agreed to meet them; and knowing well what use to make of the Spanish fears that he might come to an accommodation with them, and ever influenced primarily by the interests of his nation, he wrote to Panton an ambiguous letter containing the following triumphant and powerful passage:

"In order to accommodate us, the commissioners are complaisant enough to postpone it (the meeting) till the 15th of next month, and one of them, the late Chief Justice Osborne, remains all the time at Rock Landing. * * * In this do you not see my cause of triumph, in bringing these conquerors of the Old, and masters of the New World, as they call themselves, to bend and supplicate for peace,

at the feet of a people whom, shortly before, they despised and marked out for destruction?"

Leaving Panton and the Spanish authorities in considerable pain lest he should in some way put himself into the hands of the Americans, McGillivray, with two thousand warriors, met the American authorities at Rock Landing on the Oconee; and with his usual polite courtesy, so encouraged the commissioners that they considered it safe to explain the treaty they desired, which, as usual, stipulated that the boundary required by Georgia should be acknowledged; and for other concessions from the Indians. McGillivray, after the form of consulting with his chiefs, astounded the commissioners next morning by coolly refusing their terms as unjust; and in spite of their efforts he broke up his encampment and departed, writing them a curt letter of explanation, which ended as follows:

"We sincerely desire a peace, but cannot sacrifice much to obtain it. As for a statement of our disputes, the honorable Congress has long since been in possession of it, and has declared that they will decide on them, on the principles of justice and humanity. 'Tis that we expect."

The commissioners had to return in dissatisfaction. President Washington, unwilling to undertake a war, whose expense he computed at fifteen millions, resolved to attempt a personal interview with McGill-

ivray; and Col. Marinus Willet, dispatched on a secret agency to negotiate for his journey to New York, and succeeding, returned with him overland, the distinguished chief being everywhere received and treated with the utmost attention and honor.

The Spanish governor, in great alarm, sent an agent to New York to embarrass their proceedings, who however was so closely watched as to be unable to do any harm. A treaty was at last concluded, August 1790, by which McGillivray recognized the boundary line claimed by the Georgians, and stipulated to substitute for his existing relations with Spain, similar ones with the United States, for which an annual payment of fifteen hundred dollars was to be made to the nation, and their territory guaranteed to them. There was, however, a secret treaty signed by Washington, Knox, McGillivray and the chiefs with him, providing for salaries and medals to the chiefs of the negotiating tribes; and for the half-breed ruler himself, the appointments of United States agent, and brigadier-general, with twelve hundred dollars a year.

He returns with half a year's pay in advance. The terms of the treaty being published, for the first time McGillivray begins to lose the confidence at once of his tribe, of the Spaniards, and of Panton. A freebooting adventurer, named Bowles, a man of many strange experiences, in the English interest, intrigues within

the nation against the chief, who, however, journeys about and negotiates awhile, first procures Bowles to be sent to Madrid in irons and then receives from his Catholic Majesty the appointment of superintendent-general of the Creeks, with an annual salary of two thousand dollars, soon increased to thirty-five hundred.

Thus supported by the two powerful nations whom he played against each other, and even firmer than ever in his own hereditary authority, he spent a year or two in his natural atmosphere of diplomacy and intrigue, bamboozling the American authorities with multiplied excuses for delaying to execute the treaty of New York, and still privately maintaining his close relations with the Spaniards; seemingly with perfect ease, avoiding to commit himself into the hands of either, and skillfully and wisely supporting his home administration. He died in February, 1793, of a complication of disorders; probably chiefly of an inflammation of the lungs, and of gout in the stomach.

"General McGillivray," says Pickett, "was six feet high, spare made, and remarkably erect in person and carriage. His eyes were large, dark, and piercing. His forehead was so peculiarly shaped that the old Indian countrymen often spoke of it; it commenced expanding at his eyes, and widened considerably at the top of his head; it was a bold and lofty forehead.

His fingers were long and tapering, and he wielded a pen with the greatest rapidity. His face was handsome, and indicative of quick thought and much sagacity. Unless interested in conversation, he was disposed to be taciturn; but even then was polite and respectful."

For the control of men, and the conduct of political intrigues, McGillivray was probably the greatest man ever born upon this continent. He was, as seems to have been necessary to diplomatic success, pretty thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means he used; and, indeed, was in his public character a false and crafty man; but such characteristics are the less to be wondered at in one of Indian blood, whose life was spent in maintaining a small and feeble nation amid the encroachments, intrigues, and attacks of others immeasurably stronger. As an individual, he was honorable, courteous, hospitable, and generous even to chivalry. At his residence at Little Tallase and the Hickory Ground, he was accustomed nobly to entertain all reputable strangers and visitors of public character.

Three wretches, an Indian, a white renegade, and a negro having waylaid and slain a party of his guests, he sent promptly in pursuit, and although two of them succeeded in escaping, he caused the third to be carried to the place of his guilt, and there hung. A poor Choctaw Indian being sick,

apprehended that the native doctors had given him over. In this case the gentlemen of the savage faculty were accustomed to verify their diagnoses by recommending that the patient be forthwith put out of his pain, whereupon two of the nearest relatives, in full reliance upon their professional skill, jumped upon him and strangled him out of hand. Crawling desperately off to escape this prescription, while the consultation was progressing before his door, the poor wretch managed to reach the Creek nation, was kindly received by McGillivray, and by him caused to be cured. He returned home, but arrived only in time for the final ceremonies of dancing round his empty death-scaffold, and burning it, whereupon they all ran away, one man only, cornered in his house, insisting that he was a ghost, and exhorting him to hurry back to the land of spirits. Fearing that he should really be sent thither, he returned to the Creeks and spent the rest of his life under their protection.

A party of unhappy fugitives from amongst the insurgents of 1781, in the Natchez district, arrived, all haggard with their desperate forest journey, at the Hickory Ground. In imminent danger from the warriors, who believed them whigs, the Creeks being then in arms for the royal cause, they were only saved by the presence of mind of McGillivray's negro body-servant, Paro, who, his master being

absent, arrived at the moment, and would have undeceived the Indians, but in vain; until one warrior cried out, "If you tell the truth, make the paper talk." Taking the hint, Paro asked the travellers for their journal. They had none. Had they any written documents? One of them had by chance an old letter in his pocket; from which, by Paro's direction he proceeded slowly and gravely to pretend to read a complete history of their flight from Natchez; upon which the Indians, well knowing what conduct would meet the wishes of their great chieftain, gave up their evil purposes, received and refreshed the weary wanderers, and set them forward again, rested and recruited, on their journey to the eastward.

Leclerc Milfort, a year or two after McGillivray's death, returned to France, where he published an account of his life among the Creeks. And it was not long before the common ruin of the Indian tribes, these two able leaders being gone, began to come upon the Creeks, until they were utterly overcome, and scattered away from their native seats.

The name of William Augustus Bowles was mentioned above. Although his life and adventures are not strictly within the line of this narrative, his character was so extraordinary and his experiences so romantic as to justify the brief digression necessary to sketch them.

Born in Maryland in 1762, Bowles, a precocious, unruly and daring boy, at the age of fourteen enlisted as a private in the British army, served a year against his countrymen, became an ensign, accompanied his regiment to Jamaica, and thence to Pensacola. Here he is disranked for insubordination; and thoroughly disgusted with military discipline, and a wild, restless, and fearless rover by nature, he contemptuously strips off his uniform, flings it into the sea, and flees northward into the forest with some Creeks. Living upon the Tallapoosa river for several years, he thoroughly acquires the Indian language; and marrying the daughter of a chief, he rises to considerable influence amongst the savages, and the white traders and vagabonds of the region. Indeed, few men have ever possessed more completely the qualifications of a commander of savages, thieves, and pirates; for he had a noble and commanding person, an insinuating and prepossessing address, exceedingly handsome and expressive features, a quick, comprehensive, versatile and powerful intellect, the most daring personal courage, and at the same time a heart without feeling, principle, or honor—utterly abandoned and debased.

At the head of a party of Creeks, he assists General Campbell in his stubborn defence of Pensacola against Governor Galvez in 1781; accompanies the dislodged garrison to New York; falling readily

again into the habitudes of civilized life, yet gravitating to the loosest, he joins a company of comedians, goes with them to New Providence, the capital of the Bahamas, and here supports himself successfully -by acting, and by painting portraits; for in this elegant pursuit also he was fitted to become even a master: Lord Dunmore, having a quarrel with the great Indian trading-house of Panton, Leslie & Co., which had become closely leagued, as has already been stated, with the Spanish authorities in Florida, and with McGillivray, now selected Bowles to establish a trading-house on the Chattahoochie for the purpose of injuring the business of the obnoxious firm. Busily bestirring himself in this enterprise, known already as a powerful and dangerous intriguer, McGillivray, whom Bowles hated and despised, and whose interests were endangered, sends word to him by Milfort that if he does not leave the nation in twenty-four hours his ears will be taken off. Knowing that McGillivray could fulfill the threat, and probably considering that his head would most likely accompany his ears, he quickly flees back to New Providence, and along with a delegation of Creeks, Seminoles, and Cherokees, is sent to England, professedly to assist in soliciting government aid to the tribes in repelling the aggressions of the Americans. Here he is well received, enriched with many presents, and returning to New Providence, embarks

in a schooner which he teaches his Indians to help him navigate, and cruises up and down the Gulf against Panton's commerce. He takes his vessels, runs them up obscure bayous, and around the plundered goods he and his savage crew, along with abandoned whites, make the lonely woods and swamps resound with the noise of their mad debauchery. Lavishly distributing his spoils amongst the Indians, his influence over them grows apace; and impudently entering the Creek nation, he openly excites opposition to McGillivray, who had just returned from New York, and against whom there was already some dissatisfaction on account of the treaty then made. McGillivray departs to New Orleans; Bowles and his partisans says he will never dare show his face upon the Coosa again. But he comes back, nevertheless; and the unlucky Bowles, whose schemes, like all those of unbounded villains, seeming to lack any coherence or power, and to possess some inherent fatality of ill success, being seized by his contrivance is sent in chains to the Spanish governor at New Orleans, and thence to Madrid. Here he is closely imprisoned, and is long beset with offers of high rank and large pay, if he will take service with Spain and use in her behalf his Indian influence. But, probably from his intense hatred towards McGillivray, he obstinately refused. The Spaniards, counting upon his reputation as a debauchee, change their

tactics, and while keeping him in safe confinement, furnish him splendid apartments, many servants, and all manner of luxurious living. He eats, drinks, and, is merry, but still refuses. Then they threaten him with transportation to the pestilent dungeons of Manilla; and the obstinate and reckless deviltry of the man still holding out, they send him there in irons, and there he remains three or four years, until in 1797, he is ordered back to Spain. Hearing on the voyage that Spain and England are at war, he escapes at Ascension Island, and by way of Sierra Leone reaches England; is welcomed by Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, again munificently provided with the resources due to so serviceable a villain, and again dispatched in an armed schooner detailed for that service, to cruise again against Panton in the Gulf. Here, wrecked near the mouth of the Apalachicola, he is discovered by Ellicott, American commissioner to run the southern boundary line of Alabama and Mississippi; and obtaining provisions from that officer, Bowles in return supplies him many valuable charts and directions for the navigation of the intricate waters around the peninsula of Florida. In his conversations with Ellicott the freebooter repeatedly avows the most bitter enmity to the Americans and to Spain; and his intention to maintain an unending warfare upon the Florida ports of the latter power, with the Creek warriors; whom he

called "his people" as if he were the chief of the tribe. Shortly penetrating again into the Creek nation, he again began to intrigue for the breaking up of the good understanding which was at last beginning to be established between the savages and the United States, stirred up all the elements of discord and unquiet, and even levied open war upon his enemies, taking the fort at St. Mark's and plundering Panton's store there.

But the end of his world-wide rovings and multiplied and outrageous crimes approached. A large reward being secretly offered for his capture, he was suddenly seized in 1803, at a great Indian feast got up for the purpose, pinioned, and sent down the Tombigbee under guard of a canoe's crew of warriors. His guard falling asleep in the night, the ready prisoner gnawed apart his rope fetters, crept to the canoe, paddled across the river, and fled away into the canebrake. But by unaccountable oversight omitting to set the canoe adrift, his captors, awaking early, spied it on the other side, swam the river, followed in his trail, seized him once more before noon, and carried him to Mobile. Thence he was sent to Havana, and after some years, ended in the dungeons of the Moro, a life of as romantic, varied, and desperate adventure; of as mingled and incongruous genius, fortitude, boldness, dexterity, debauchery, and crime, as perhaps ever fell to the lot of man.

Long after the end of the career of McGillivray and Milfort, when the territory of Alabama had been organized, and when the Indian title to large portions of their hereditary lands had been extinguished, still another band of Frenchmen made a persevering, though ill-conducted and abortive effort to establish themselves upon those fertile regions.

Considerable numbers of Napoleonist refugees, driven from France after the imprisonment of the great Emperor at St. Helena, had gathered to Philadelphia, among whom were men of ability and eminence, and many lovely and accomplished women. Count Lefévre Desnouettes had been a lieutenant-general of cavalry under Bonaparte; had been present at the terrific siege of Saragossa; and had accompanied his master in the frightful retreat from Moscow. Handsome, graceful, and active, he was the most splendid horseman of his time. Napoleon was much attached to him, gave him many gifts, and procured for him to wife the sister of the wealthy banker Lafitte. At Fontainebleau, it was Desnouettes whom Napoleon embraced for all the officers in testimony of the affection and sorrow with which he parted from them on his way to his exile at Elba.

Colonel Nicolas Raoul, another of Napoleon's veterans, had accompanied his master to Elba; and when he escaped thence, had commanded the little advanced guard of the slender army with which the

emperor set out upon the famous triumphant progress from Cannes to Paris. Raoul was a large and noble-looking man, irascible and obstinate, and a fearless and impetuous soldier. His wife, a beautiful Neapolitan, marchioness of Sinibaldi, had been a lady of honor at the court of Murat's wife, Queen Caroline of Naples.

Marshal Grouchy, a middle-sized and unmilitary looking man, although also in Philadelphia, was unpopular with the refugees, who imputed to him the loss of the field of Waterloo, on which subject he waged a newspaper war with them; and for which, or other reasons, he did not himself come to Alabama, although one of his sons, a captain in the French army, afterwards did.

General Count Bertrand Clausel, who had served with success throughout Bonaparte's campaigns; Henry L'Allemand, lieutenant-general of artillery of the imperial guard, who married a niece of Stephen Girard; his brother Charles; Col. J. J. Cluis, formerly aid to Lefèbvre, Marshal Duke of Rovigo, secretary to the same when afterwards chief of the police of Paris, and who at one time had had charge of Napoleon's royal prisoner, Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain; were also among the refugee French at Philadelphia.

Several men of civil or literary reputations were also there at the same time; among whom were

Peniers, who, as a member of the National Assembly, had voted for the death of Lewis the Sixteenth; Lackanal, who had done the like, and who had afterwards been at the head of the Department of Public Instruction under Napoleon; Simon Chaudron, whose residence at Philadelphia was a well-known resort for the polite and witty, whose literary powers and attainments were great, and who had acquired no inconsiderable reputation as editor, poet, writer and speaker; and others.

These gentlemen deputed Nicholas S. Parmentier to obtain from Congress a grant of territory somewhere upon the public domain, upon which they intended to establish a colony, which was done March 4th, 1817, by the votes of that body, authorizing them to purchase four townships, at two dollars an acre, on a credit of fourteen years; the only other condition being that they should introduce and practise the cultivation of the vine and the olive; a stipulation from which their association was often named "The Vine and Olive Company."

After some exploration and correspondence, it was determined to settle near the junction of the Black Warrior and Tombigbee Rivers; and the company, of three hundred and forty grantees, each entitled to a share of from eighty to four hundred and eighty acres of land, a country lot and a town lot, set sail for Mobile in the schooner McDonough. After a very

narrow escape from shipwreck upon Mobile Point, they reached the city; and having been hospitably received and aided in many ways, both there and by the landed gentlemen in the vicinity, they at last established themselves upon the spot selected, near the White Bluff on the Tombigbee. Erecting scattered cabins here and there amongst the thick forest of trees and of cane which covered the site of their estate, or in the prairie openings which dotted it, they cleared little patches of ground, and put in temporary crops for immediate provision, until some definite location and partition should be made. After a time the grant was surveyed and laid off into townships and sections; and a town was laid out and named Demopolis—The City of the People.

Complicated and grievous disasters, however, besieged them. High bred and delicate, unused either to any forms of business, or to the stern hand to hand struggle which alone wrests bread from savage nature, utterly ignorant of any manual art, and even of the most ordinary processes of agriculture, especially where so stubborn a forest was first to be conquered, and moreover, unacquainted either with the language, the laws or the customs of the people around them, it would have been difficult to select from the nations of the earth a company less fit for the rugged task they had undertaken.

Three distinct and successive times, by the incredi-

ble errors or folly of their agents, were they forced to give up the tracts which they had begun to improve, and to select others. They were thus driven back from their first eligible location on the river front, into waterless and inaccessible lots within the forest. Their city of Demopolis was found to be without the limits of their claim, and was bought from the United States over their heads by a crew of speculators, at fifty-two dollars an acre. The sharking land-thieves of the border coolly "squatted" within their grants, and insultingly informed them that they should maintain themselves there at all risks. Although some suits were decided against these swindlers, yet the French, vexed and wearied with legal expenses and delays, often allowed the interlopers to remain for some small consideration. Without vehicles, cattle, slaves or servants, the German redemptioners whom Desnouettes imported, proving idle, faithless and useless, they wasted enormous amounts of labor and money to raise inadequate crops. Desnouettes himself, a rich man, the wealthiest of them all, expended twenty-five thousand dollars in opening and cultivating his own farm. Their ignorance of agriculture, and still more the unfitness of the land and of the climate, caused the total failure of their persevering attempts to cultivate the vine and the olive, according to the terms of their grant. The grapes, which after many unsuccessful attempts, they succeeded in

ripening, matured under the vivid heat of the Alabama sun, in the midst of the summer, and the must soured into vinegar before it had time to ferment into wine. The frosts of the winter, on the other hand, yearly cut down the olive shoots to the ground, and though they sprouted again in the spring, it was to meet the same fate.

Although all their schemes for establishing a settled community were abortive, from the first, and in despite of multiplied mortifications and griefs, of solitude, savages, land-thieves, vain labor, imminent poverty, venomous insects, sickly atmosphere, and exhausting fevers, the indomitable French gaiety and determined lightness of heart procured for them many happy hours. They met at each other's houses, to talk of the past, to enjoy literary conversation and female society, music, and dancing, and the occasional festive gifts of friends; and in whatever distress, seem never once to have abated any "jot of heart or hope." At one of these evening re-unions General Desnouettes, who had commanded the cavalry before Saragossa, unexpectedly met one who had been a leader within the desperately defended town. This was General Rico, a Spaniard; a man of noble presence, of great energy and decision, an opponent to the last, of Napoleon's invasion of Spain, now exiled from his country as a constitutionalist by Ferdinand the Seventh. Settling in the colony, he

became almost the only successful farmer within its limits.

At last the prospects of the little community grew definitely hopeless; and its extinction was unavoidable. Many of the settlers had sold out to American proprietors, who speedily brought the rich soil into high condition, and made valuable crops; while the foreign proprietors, thus rooted out, were scattered away in many directions. Madame Desnouettes, after an unsuccessful attempt to join her husband in Alabama, at last succeeded in obtaining for him permission from the French government to return to France; but the veteran, embarking on the ill-fated packet Albion, was lost with many more, in that vessel, on old Kinsale Head, upon the Irish coast, and before the eyes of a great crowd of people, unable to afford any assistance. Raoul established himself as a ferryman, at French Creek, three miles from Demopolis; where his striking figure, foreign features and soldier-like air, excited the wonder of many travellers. He afterwards went to Mexico, his faithful wife accompanying him; where he fought bravely in the revolution of that year; and at last returning to France he was before long again an officer in the French army. Count Clausel did not settle at Demopolis, but remaining near Mobile, he raised vegetables and sold them himself in the market. He returned to France in 1825; and became, under

Louis Philippe, a marshal of France, and governor of Algeria. The Spanish General Rico, returning to Spain, was for a time a member of the Cortes under the constitution, was again exiled, fled to England, and was once more called to assist in governing his country.

Some few of the settlers passed the remainder of their lives in Alabama, where their descendants yet live in good repute; but the colony, with these scattering exceptions, has left no trace, except the name Demopolis, Arcola, the name of another town, and Marengo, the name given in compliment to a county in which part of their grant was situated.

The whole history of the French power in the Southwestern United States, and indeed, the fate of their whole vast, but abortive scheme of empire, on the North American continent, from the icebound shores of Hudson's Bay and Labrador, Cape Breton, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the swamps of the Mississippi Delta, and the far distant sands of Galveston, twice unsuccessfully settled by the French, furnishes a clear and decided testimony of the superior inherent vitality and vivid diffusive power which, whether they reside in the physical conformation, the mental and moral character, or the political and religious constitutions of the race, have ever enabled the Anglo Saxons to seize, to hold, to consolidate and to maintain nation after nation, upon territory after territory, in every quarter of the world, with a suc-

cess compared with which the enterprises of the Gallic and other races have been either desultory or transient, or at the very best, have only attained to a sickly, convulsive, unprofitable, and unhappy existence. The feudal system contains nothing expansive or progressive. Whatever may have been its adaptation to the Europe of the Dark Ages, it had none to the settlers of a wild, free, forest country. Its doom was already foreshadowed at home; and it was, of course, that a transplanted shoot from the decaying stock should fail to grow into a strong and living tree. French chivalry yielded, after a struggle hopeless from the beginning, to the resistless spread of English constitutionalism; and the empire which Louis the Fourteenth, the greatest monarch of his time, Crozat, Law, and the company—the best of the merchants of the time—strove in vain to found, has grown up by spontaneous increase, under the benign influences of free, civilized Christian republicanism.

THE END.